













c - 1478

# PUNCH

## VOL CIV



LONDON :  
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1893.

RS.

RS.



SCENE—*The Elysian Fields, a flower-gemmed bank, by a flowing stream, beneath the sylvan shade of unfading foliage.*

Mr. PUNCH—who is free of all places, from Fleet Street to Parnassus—discovered, in Arcadian attire, attempting “numerous verse” on a subject of National importance—to wit, the approaching Royal Marriage.

Mr. Punch. Propt on this “bank of amaranth and moly,”

Beneath the shade of boughs unmelancholy,  
I meditate on Æstas and on Hymen!

Pheugh! What a Summer! Torrid drought doth try  
men,—

And fields and farms; yet when our Royal MAX  
Weds—in July—’tis fit that Phœbus stay  
His fiery car to welcome her! By Jove,  
That sounds Spenserian! Illustrious Love  
Epithalamion demands, and lo!

We’ve no official Laureate, to let flow,  
With Tennysonian dignity and sweetness,  
Courtly congratulation. DRYDEN’S neatness,  
Even the gush of NAHUM TATE or PYE  
Are not available, so PUNCH must try  
His unofficial pen. My tablets, TOBY!  
This heat ’s enough to give you hydrophoby!

Talk about Dog-days! Is that nectar iced?

Then just one gulp! It beats the highest priced  
And creamiest champagne. Now, silence, Dog,  
And let me give my lagging Muse a jog!

[Writes, with one eye on the portraits of the Duke of  
YORK and the Princess MAX, the other on the  
iced nectar-cup.

Humph! I do hope the happy Royal Pair  
(Whose counterfeit presentments front me there,  
Inspiring, in young manhood and frank beauty)  
Will think their Laureate hath fulfilled his duty,  
His labour of most loyal love, discreetly.  
Compliments delicate, piled not sickly-sweetly,  
Like washy WARTON’S, nor so loud thrasonical—  
Like Glorious JOHN’S—that they sound half ironical!  
’Tis hard indeed for loyal love to hit  
The medium just ’twixt sentiment and wit—

*[Soft barks, and a mellifluous voice soundeth, courteously intervenient, as two splendid Shades steal silently through the verdurous shadows.]*

*First Voice.* But you have hit it, never-missing-One!

*Second Voice.* For fulsome twaddle finds best check in Fun!

*Mr. Punch (with respectful heartiness).* What! Sweet-voiced

SPENSER! Chivalrous-souled SIDNEY!!

This is a joy! For heroes of your kidney

PUNCH hath a heartier homage, as he hopes,

Than the most thundering Swinburnian tropes

Could all express!

*Spenser (smiling mildly).* ALGERNON's one of Us!

In fierce superlatives, and foam and fuss,

He deals o'ermuch, but proof lies in his page.

He's of the true Parnassian lineage,

And should be Laureate—if he care to be so.

*Sidney.* Would he but heed what HORACE wrote to PRISO!

"The singing-skill of god APOLLO's giving"

Is his, however, and no lyrist living

Hath such a stretch of finger, or such tone.

*Mr. Punch.* Faith, but he sings immortal FAMES—your own,

My PHILIP, latest and not least—in strains

That thrill our nerves and mount into our brains.

If he would study less in Gosson's "School"

(That of "Abuse," o'er which you laid the rule

In your "Defence of Poesy"), and stay

Less in dim Orcus than Arcadia,

Then—well, I might have well been spared this task.

SPENSER, you penned your own; now may I ask

Epithalamion-recipes from you?

*Spenser (smiling).* Yes—when you need them! I was Laureate too!

There's enough inspiration in those faces

*[Pointing to portraits of the Duke of YORK and the Princess MAY.]*

To bring the needful Muses, and the Graces,

All to your aid!

*Mr. Punch.* By Jove! That "takes the cake."

You great Elizabethans had the knack

Of courtly compliment. Young GEORGE, fair MAY,

Shall have your *mot* upon their marriage day,

As a choice wedding gift, to pair with mine!

*Spenser and Sidney (together).* What's that?

*Mr. Punch (politely).* One you may share, if you incline.

TOBIAS, hand the new-bound Oracle here!

Take it, brave SIDNEY, take it, SPENSER dear!

It may enliven e'en this amaranth shore;

It is my new

## Volume One Hundred and Four!!!





**JANUARY xxxi Days.**

1 S. S. of Chr. 17 Tu. Franklin b.  
2 S. S. of Chr. 18 W. P. P.  
3 S. S. of Chr. 19 Th. W. b.  
4 S. S. of Chr. 20 F. Fabian  
5 S. S. of Chr. 21 S. Agnes  
6 S. S. of Chr. 22 S. of Epiph.  
7 S. S. of Chr. 23 M. P. b. 1-105  
8 S. S. of Chr. 24 Tu. Fox b. 1749  
9 S. S. of Chr. 25 W. Burns b.  
10 S. S. of Chr. 26 Th. Drayton d.  
11 S. S. of Chr. 27 F. Gibson d.  
12 S. S. of Chr. 28 S. P. d.  
13 S. S. of Chr. 29 S. P. d.  
14 S. S. of Chr. 30 M. Chas. I. bnd.  
15 S. S. of Chr. 31 Tu. B. K. d.

**FEBRUARY xxviii Days.**

1 W. Ed. Coke b. 15 W. Ash. Wod.  
2 Th. Lincoln 16 Th. Burke cre  
3 F. Jackson d. 17 F. Jackson d.  
4 S. S. of Chr. 18 S. S. of Chr.  
5 S. S. of Chr. 19 S. S. of Chr.  
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16 S. S. of Chr. 30 S. S. of Chr.  
17 S. S. of Chr. 31 S. S. of Chr.

**MARCH xxxi Days.**

1 W. St. David 17 F. St. Patrick  
2 Th. Wesley d. 18 S. S. of Chr.  
3 F. B. Merton 19 S. S. of Chr.  
4 S. S. of Chr. 20 S. S. of Chr.  
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**APRIL xxx Days.**

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**MAY xxxi Days.**

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**JUNE xxx Days.**

1 Th. Corp. Christ. 17 F. J. Wesley b.  
2 F. Harvey b. 18 S. St. Alban  
3 S. S. of Chr. 19 S. S. of Chr.  
4 S. S. of Chr. 20 S. S. of Chr.  
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14 S. S. of Chr. 30 S. S. of Chr.

**JULY xxxi Days.**

1 S. S. of Chr. 17 M. P. b. 41  
2 S. S. of Chr. 18 Tu. St. Peter d.  
3 S. S. of Chr. 19 W. P. P.  
4 S. S. of Chr. 20 Th. Margaret  
5 S. S. of Chr. 21 F. R. Burns d.  
6 S. S. of Chr. 22 S. S. of Chr.  
7 S. S. of Chr. 23 S. S. of Chr.  
8 S. S. of Chr. 24 M. Gibral. bnd.  
9 S. S. of Chr. 25 S. S. of Chr.  
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**AUGUST xxxi Days.**

1 Tu. Lammis 17 Th. Ad. Blake d.  
2 W. B. Zama 18 F. B. Spurs  
3 Th. B. M. 19 S. S. of Chr.  
4 S. S. of Chr. 20 S. S. of Chr.  
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**SEPTEMBER xxx Days.**

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**OCTOBER xxxi Days.**

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**NOVEMBER xxx Days.**

1 W. All saints 17 F. J. Wright b.  
2 Th. All saints 18 S. St. Alban  
3 S. S. of Chr. 19 S. S. of Chr.  
4 S. S. of Chr. 20 S. S. of Chr.  
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14 S. S. of Chr. 30 S. S. of Chr.

**DECEMBER xxxi Days.**

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15 S. S. of Chr. 31 S. S. of Chr.

LINLEY SAMPSON & CO. LONDON.

SWAIN & CO.



# ANGLEMANIA;

OR MEMO BY A "CONTEMPLATIVE MAN."

"We will do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing."

*The Compleat Angler.*

*First Entry.*—Since I was fourteen, and odd boy at a Buttermonger's, "retirement" has been the dream of my life. Now I am fifty-five, I have realised it, at Rose Cottage, Bramblewood. And—heigho!—Retirement is not so rosy as I had fancied. *Don't know what to do with myself!* BUMPSTEAD, my neighbour, says I want a hobby. BUMPSTEAD, who, like *Silas Wegg*, has a weakness for "dropping into poetry," thus doggerelises:—

"Eh? You're chippy, sta'e, dull cobby?  
You're the blooming hump, my BONY!  
Stir your s'rumps, and mount a Hobby!"

But what hobby? BUMPSTEAD, an enthusiastic Waltonian, says Angling! He'll play *Piscator* to my *Venator*. Knows all about it; generally smells of fish; clothes commonly speckled with scales, with slimy dabs at knees. Stuffed fish in chilly-looking glass-cases all over the house, even in bed-rooms. Says he caught 'em all himself. "All men are liars, and some are—anglers." So says JOBSON, my neighbour on 'tother side. But he's an orchidomaniac, and consequently scorns BUMPSTEAD and his hobby. Will think it over.

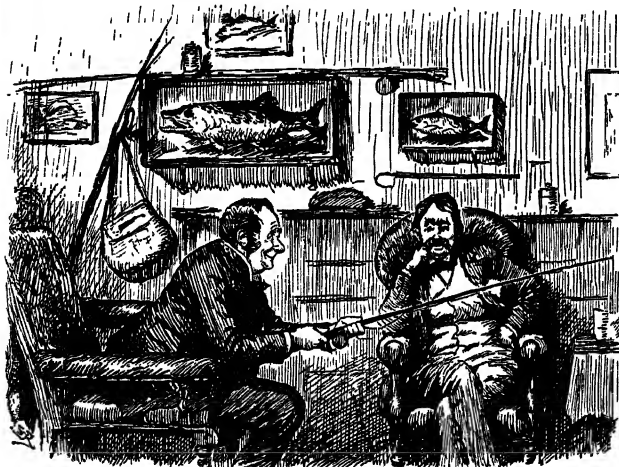
*Second Entry.*—Have thought it over—with results. Think I've bought every book on angling ever written, from Dame JULIANA BERNERS to ANDREW LANG. As to tackle! Well, you should see. I purchase one sample at least, of every article in Tackle-shop, from a twenty feet salmon-rod to a sixpenny bone disgorgers. Haven't least idea of use of one-half of them. But they nearly fill a four-wheeler, and frighten JANE, my wife, almost into fits.

BUMPSTEAD says:—

"Never care for female cackle!  
Angler's heaven is heaps of Tackle!"

But BUMPSTEAD is a bachelor.

*Third Entry.*—Have been reading books and studying tackle, till I'm half dazed. Am in great fog about baits, make an awful



mess of mounting a line; my teeth ache with biting "shots" on to the "gut," and my fingers—not to name other parts of my person—are sore from tortuous hook-pricks. I never knew anything so plaguy perverse, or so unaccountable in its vagaries, as your average fish-hook. If the fish find it half as difficult to keep clear of 'em as I do, what sport I shall have!

You should have seen me yesterday after mounting an eighteen foot rod in the garden, trying to drop the bait "gently," and "softly as a snail moves" (as IZAAK directs), into a washing-tub filled with water. Rod sprang and swished like a live thing, hooks got entangled in every unlikely thing within reach, from the seat of my pants to a flower-pot on an upper window-sill, from JANE's cap to *Fido's* tail. Ultimately, after snapping two top joints, smashing my wife's favourite myrtle, and embedding a hook in TOMMY's left ear (it had to be cut out by the surgeon), I got the whole confounded caboodle into a sort of aggravated Gordian knot and gave it up—for the day.



*Fourth Entry.*—I have caught my first fish!!! Only an eight-ounce roach. But oh! the thrill of that first tug at the line, the breathless excitement of that "play," the finished rapture of that "land." I was half hysterical with joy. Hooray! Angling for ever! Bless BUMPSTEAD, and bully for IZAAK! Pass the big stone-bottle, B., and I'll drink to my first catch.

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life  
Is the best of any!"

Woohoop!

"There, sit down, man," says BUMPSTEAD tartly, "or you'll upset the punt and frighten away all the fish!"

Didn't catch another fish that day. But I fouled my tackle fifty times at least, lost a top joint, and hooked—but failed to "land"—the frame of an old umbrella.

Went home with my one fish, feeling depressed. BUMPSTEAD says I must not be discouraged,—

"For like C nquerors and Clowns,  
Anglers have their ups and downs."

*Fifth Entry.*—BUMPSTEAD quite right. Anglers have their ups and downs. Wonder if it was first called the Gentle Craft on account of—"gentles." Horrid clammy, wriggling, evil-smelling things, which nobody but an ardent angler would touch. JANE loathes 'em. Took an extra fine lot—about half a pailful—home, in view of "a day among the roach." Got loose in night, and next morning were crawling all over place,—those that hadn't turned into bluebottles. Such a "plague of flies" as we've had ever since Egypt never equalled. Fly-traps, catch-'em-alive-ohs! *papier mouché*, and organised hunts with entomological nets and

knotted towels all equally futile. Broke ornaments, brought down cornices, and blobbel wall-papers all over. But didn't seem to diminish flies. *Dull, indeed!*—and with JANE in such a tantrum!



BUMPSTEAD sings:—

"We have gentles in our horn,  
We have paste and worms too;  
Don't they rouse the slavey's scorn?  
Give the wife the squirms, too!"

Doggerel, but dreadfully true!

Next day collected scanty remnants of the "gentle" host, and had a go at the roach. Caught two, one undersized. Have heard how many dozen bullets, on average, it takes to kill a man in battle. Wonder how many hundred "gentles" go to the hooking of an eight-ounce roach.

*Sixth Entry.*—BUMPSTEAD down with rheumatism, caught by sitting six hours in punt, and in heavy rain, at Crumples' Corner after chub. Invited to a day's dace-fishing at Staines. Arrive at 10 o'clock on a fine summer morning. Host called away on jury. Left to tender mercies of his son, who is sweet-hearting. The pair of spoons moor the punt in a capital "pitch" under some willows, and then go off together in boat. They say to fetch lunch. Two hours pass and neither they nor the lunch comes. Nor do the dace. Sun shifts, and I'm left in full glare thereof. Began to melt, and fear sunstroke. Arrange handkerchief under my straw as sort of "puggree." No use, fish keep in the shade, I can't.

Can stand this no longer. Must try to shift the punt myself. Carefully loosen chain, and drag violently at one pole. Won't leave its hold on bottom for ever so long. Finally does so suddenly with a jerk, landing me on my back in middle of punt. Hurts. Gather myself up and shift shorter pole. Punt wobbles away at an angle all across river. Plunge about with iron-shod pole trying to bring punt "up," and re-moor. Pole either won't hold, or buries itself firmly in stodgy clay of bottom, declining to come out. Perfectly horrible. Never felt so helpless in my life. Punt drifting doggedly down-stream towards weir. I have no sort of control over it. Shout for help, and strike wildly for bottom. Pole holds at last, thank heaven! By Jove it *does* hold? Punt doesn't though, but

drags itself away from me. Hold on in agony by my toes for half minute, and then find myself out of punt in mid-stream clinging on to pole as though I were trying to climb it.

If those confounded "spoons," alarmed by my yells, had not come in boat to my rescue, that would have been my last day's angling. As it is, never trust myself alone in punt again until I've learned how to handle it. The comfortable flat-bottomed phillistine looking thing, once *adrift*, is worse than skates, bicycles, or wild horses.

*Seventh Entry.*—

"When you can hook, play, and land a barbel," says BUMPSTEAD, "you may begin to fancy yourself a fisherman of the bottom-fishing sort at least." Most exciting!

"When the warm sun shines, and birds do warble,  
If you're drowsy—just you hook a barbel!  
With wet feet, red nose, and toes like marble,  
Would you warm yourself?—just play a barbel!"

DICK DUBBINS, the Richmond fisherman, promises to teach me. They call him "DORTY DICK." But he can fish.

Try for hours for a big barbel in rain. Thinking of giving it up, when DICK cries suddenly, in a sort of choked shout, "*Got him, Sir, by the Holy Moses!*"

"Seven-pounder if it's a hounce!" cried DICK. "*Be careful, Sir! Keep the point well hup! Let 'im run, Sir! Wind in a bit! Don't let the slack foul!!*" way, Sir, *towards* the on, in eager hysterical for twenty minutes at the barbel's nose is DICK extends the land-doubles himself up in merriment which punt. "Why, Sir," he he'd regained breath, Jerusalem, *it's a old*

So it was. I'd the handle, and its "played the barbel" to perfection. We fished on for another hour, and then hooked a pair of rusty scissors! "Here, I say," cries

Gently! *This* punt!! And so spasms of advice least. At last brought near, ing net, and—a convulsion of nearly capsizes gurgled, when "by the blessed frying-pan!!!" hooked it by wobbling





*Limley Samborand, Del.*

THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"BAH! BAH! BLACK SHEEP."  
(Knavish Speculation.)

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET."  
(Realism and Conventional Fiction.)

"DICKERY DICKERY DOCK."  
(Eight Hours' Work.)





THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY!"  
(Spoilt Pleasure.)

"JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL."  
(Mariage de Convenience)

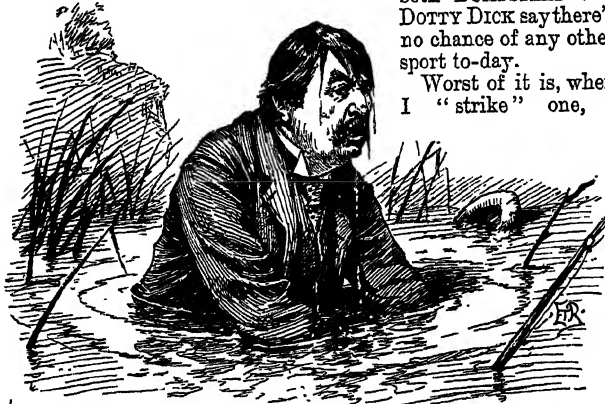
"SNAIL, SNAIL, COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE."  
(Capital and Labour.)

# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

DICK, "we'll make a shift, if you please, Sir. *Jiggered if we 'aven't been and dropped into a bloomin' ironmonger's shop!!!*"

*Eighth Entry.*—From barbel to gudgeon seems a drop. But both BUMPSTEAD and DORTY DICK say there's no chance of any other sport to-day.

Worst of it is, when I "strike" one, I



"whip" it over my head, 'tis so light. This annoys BUMPSTEAD, especially when the fish lands down his shirt-collar, and the hook in his neck. My erratic movements upset him, the swim, and pretty nearly the punt. BUMPSTEAD swears, I put down my rod and sulk. DORTY DICK catches the infection of ill-temper, and makes rude allusions to "parties with the St. Witus's dance who won't never make no fishermen—not them!" Then he drinks too much ale and gets first noisy then morose. He grimly prophesies that we shall "ketch no more fish this bout." Nor do we. A Thames fisherman once in the sulks is implacable. So ends my first day's "gudgeoning."

*Ninth Entry.*—"Bottom-fishing is the prose, fly-fishing the poetry of angling," says BUMPSTEAD.

"I'm a float! I'm a float! Ah! that's all very fine, But float-fishing is not a poetical line. If angling in Helicon bardings should try, Be sure, my dear boy, they would fish with a fly!"

"The dexterous drop and the delicate draw, Seem nicely in keeping with rhythmical law. If the angler would rise to 'the lyrical cry,' Let him try to tempt troutlings to rise to a fly!"

Poetry or not, I find wading in Thames shallows slippery and sloppy work. Slide into holes and trip over snags. Branches too, are bothersome. Pretty to talk about, "whipping a stream." But my line and hook seem to prefer to "whip" the willows, the bushes, the banks, the posts and rails, my own hat or the bottom of my creel, anything rather than the water. And I "catch" osier-sprigs, weed-tangles, bits of wood, small slimy stones, everything but dace.

At last I make a wild cast, the line quite irrespective of my wishes whirling high over a clump of osiers. What "comes back" to me is a girl's hat—and a scream. A pair of sweethearts in a canoe, spooning under the lea of that osier clump, quite unsuspected by me! Alarm of *Amanda*, rage of *Amandus*. Stepping forward hastily to apologise, I trip over a sunk branch, and flop bodily into a pool. Tableau, tangle, trip, impromptu "tub," temper!!! If this is "poetry," give me "dry" prose!

*Tenth Entry.*—"Fly-making great fun!" says BUMPSTEAD, patting his podgy book affectionately.

"Fish take flies, and flies then take 'em. Duffers buy 'em, wise men make 'em!"

Means teaching me to be wise man.

They seem to make flies out of *everything* that is out-of-the-way, useless, and hard to procure. Coloured silk, crewel, sheep's wool, hog's hair, gold and silver thread, silks of all colours, feathers of all fowls that fly, or don't fly, from peacocks to plovers, from canaries to capons, from mallards to—dodos, I daresay; snippets from my mare's tail, pullings from my dun heifer, clippings from JANE's dresses, and hairs—surreptitiously—from her head, all sorts of stickinesses and nastinesses in the way of varnish, dubbing, &c., &c., &c. JANE mocks me, immersed in multifarious "materials" like a milliner, and anathematising like an angry cabby. "Wait till I bring you home a thirty-pound salmon of my own catching!" I cry. "Ah!" says JANE, significantly.

*Eleventh Entry.*—Appreciate JANE's sardonic "Ah!" now. Been to Scotland with BUMPSTEAD and a bushel of flies. "Tossing the Caber" easy exercise compared with "throwing a fly." BUMPSTEAD wields his "pole" (as Yanks call it), as though it were a switch, and drops his fly where he pleases as deftly and delicately as "a bee on a posy." I agonise with my "pole" until my wrist feels gouty, and drop my fly, with a flop, on boulder, up a tree, in crevice of rock, in small of my back, or BUMPSTEAD's Glengary—anywhere, anywhere out of the—water!

Hook fish at last, however. "Forty-pounder, if an ounce!" swears BUMPSTEAD. Feels a hundredweight, at least. Drags me where it pleases, into stream, over slippery boulders, through painfully prickly bushes, and numerous defiles of sharp-edged rough-surfaced rocks. Feel all aches and abrasures, sprains, and smarts. Finally parts company with a plunge and a pop, carrying tackle with him, leaving me on my back in a chilly pool, with my heels in the air, and waving (like *Marmion*), "the fragment of a—rod!"

*Twelfth Entry.*—"Trolling for pike in winter is splendid sport," says BUMPSTEAD, enthusiastically.

"If there's a lark that an angler *must* like, 'Tis mounting a gorge-hook, and trolling for pike. 'Sinking and roving' You'll find sluggards loving, But give me sharp weather, and trolling for pike!"

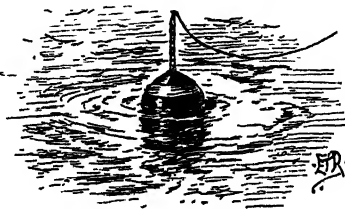
Twelve-foot trolling-rod and eighty yards of line not easy to handle—especially when one's fingers are frozen numb by cold

winds, and one's eyes half blinded with driving sleet. Try to "cast my gorge-bait" skilfully, and allow my line to "fall in free coils by my feet on left side." No go! Always shy the bait as though it were a stone, making it fall into water with huge "plash," invariably in wrong place. And the "free-coils" always get about my feet in complicated, inextricable tangles and snarls. Feel like frozen fly in a titanic spider's web. Sneeze violently and continuously—which frightens away fish, says BUMPSTEAD. So it secus, for

we certainly catch none during long December



day of "Sport." Sport to BUMPSTEAD very nearly death to me. While making this Twelfth, and last entry, am propped up in bed (a "feather-bed non-angler now) slowly recovering from attack of rheumatism. Am also quite recovered from acute attack of Angleomania. Never again with you, BUMPSTEAD! Have had plenty of time for "Contemplation," but it has not been "Recreative." Its result is that I've made JANE happy by promising to sell off my room-full of "tackle" in one cheap "Job Lot," make waste-paper of BERNERS, WALTON, COTTON & Co., and trust Providence, and be quiet, and (not) go "a-angling!"





MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 1.—NEW YORK.



THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR.

JANUARY.—Feel that the national stage requires regeneration. Doing fairly well with Dr. IRVING and Mr. TOOLE, but might do better. Will let the British Public see how *Hamlet* should be



"Hamlet invariably present."

played by appearing as the noble Dane myself. Think I will give selections. By this means avoid tedious scenes without *Hamlet*. In other words without myself. Must be supported by efficient company. Two ladies, Mrs. and Miss BOSWORTH BROWN, for *Queen* and *Ophelia*. On being approached, they are very pleased; only the performance must be for a charity. Could not think of appearing in public except for a charity. Decide that performance shall be for a charity.

FEBRUARY.—No idea it was so difficult to organise theatricals. Ladies all right, but men difficult.

All approved of the notion of producing *Hamlet*, but wanted to play the same part. In fact, *Hamlet*. So selfish of them! Playing *Hamlet* myself.

MARCH.—Amateur *Hamlet* doing nicely. Rehearsals as a whole difficult. Hard to get the company together. If *King* is available, *Queen*

obliged to go to the country. Both say they will be all right on the night. Sure I have heard that phrase before—somewhere. However, at all rehearsals, *Hamlet* invariably present. I am *Hamlet*. Believe I shall be good. Ask members of the company what they think of my reading. They reply, "Splendid; but what do I think of theirs?" I answer "Splendid!" Amateurs awfully selfish; only think of themselves. Have secured a charity. Universal Philanthropists declined. Thought play-acting wicked. Go for Fund for Ancient Omnibus Horses.

APRIL.—First of the month fixed for performance. Friends of Ancient Omnibus Horses disposed of in *tableaux vivants*. Notion of Secretary. My selections given in full. Rest of tragedy in dumb show. Mrs. BOSWORTH BROWN amusing as *Ophelia*. Fostered notion that *Hamlet* must have been mad. Miss BOSWORTH BROWN a feeble *Queen*. Frightened at the *Ghost*. And at everyone else. After paying expenses, Ancient Omnibus Horses came off rather shabbily.

"Two pounds ten and six," says Secretary, pleased.

More than forty shillings better than last charity performance. Besides his name mentioned in the Press notices. Distinct gain to the institution.

MAY.—Think painting requires patronage. Royal Academy decent, but scarcely up to the mark. Painters mean well. Directors of the New Gallery, too, have good intentions. But scarcely enough. Want new blood. Need new ideas. Don't know a good picture when they see it. Rejected mine. Not that that has much to do with it. At least, not much. However, West End hopeless. Did not appreciate selections from *Hamlet*. Went to sleep, although SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy was played by amateurs. Why not assist the East End? Viscountess FELSTEAD Honorary Treasurer. Committee meet at house of Lady UPHAM PARKE. Tea, cakes, and business. Rough idea—help the working-classes. Also idea for roughs. Levity depreciated. I suggest Pictures. Some one says, Why not frames? Idea catches on. Picture-frames better than pictures. Often more valuable. And artistic. Viscountess FELSTEAD says she can sing. No one contradicts her. Too polite. Viscountess says that, while she sings, working-classes can look at the picture-frames. Notion accepted, but without enthusiasm. Having assembled, some one suggests we

require a name. Why not Band of Amateur Benefactors? Yes—but why? Because we are benefactors—at least, *en amateur*.

JUNE.—Band of Amateur Benefactors hard at work. Proceedings take the shape chiefly of flirtation and strawberries and cream. East-End occasionally mentioned in the course of the proceedings. Exhibition of Picture-Frames growing. Viscountess FELSTEAD, going to sing. Lady UPHAM PARKE, going to dance. Eminent *maître de ballet*, teaching her. Of course step-dance. Requires long trains. Two of them—worn at the side—made of muslin, and held up like wings. Young Curates assisting with a dance of their own. Catamarango of the time of JAMES THE FIRST. Eminent *maître de ballet* teaching them too.

"Meant to represent the movement of the cockatoo," says he. When actually danced, large cloaks and rapiers necessary. Cloak has to be thrown up over head to represent raising of the feathers. Sword assists operation. At practice, umbrellas and Inverness-capes are used as substitutes. Curates volunteer to do this to amuse their poorer parishioners. Nice idea to bring class and class together. Nice idea too, to think it over in the drawing-room of Viscountess FELSTEAD'S town-house, and the grounds of the place of Lady UPHAM PARKE in the country. Matters progressing satisfactorily.

JULY.—Take it all round, the performance of the Band of Amateur Benefactors was a success. But the working-men and their wives and families, for whom the performance was organised, did not come up—but this was rather an advantage than otherwise. Left more room for the friends of the performers. The Catamarango a great success. Encored twice. Second time the Curates only gave the last figure, when the dancers go through a performance suggestive of the Cockatoos putting their heads in the sand, thinking no one can see their bodies. Slight confusion of ideas. Some slight difficulty at first because leading Curate insisted that the stage was too low to show his legs. He wanted the footlights sunk, and the scenery next. In fact, ordered the alterations. Fortunately Local Surveyor interfered, and matters were left as they were. A full audience. And, to make things complete, one working-man turned up, looking beautifully clean. Discovered, subsequently, that it was a gravedigger, who had been induced to look on, thanks to the influence of the Vicar.

AUGUST.—People going out of town. Secured a yacht—*The Lady of the North Pole*. Everything very perfect. Man-o'-war discipline on board—salute the flag on going aft as if it were a quarter-deck. Crew in jerseys embroidered with "Queen of the North Pole." Skipper in cap with badge. Have joined the Athenian Yacht Club, and am flying the burgee. Wearing correct yachting-costume—serge-blue, and crossed flags on boating-cap. Friends come on board to see me, sit on easy chairs, sip Cup, and make jokes about going down stairs, a n d s m a c k sails as if they were judging the points of a horse. Am considered an authority upon all naval matters. Answer their questions with more ease when the skipper is out of earshot. He makes me nervous as he knows more about nautical affairs than I do. Have lots of sea-books, and Lord BRASSEY'S Annual. Lengthy stay in the harbour. Say I am kept there by stress of weather. If rough condition of ocean speaks for itself, it would declare we are expecting a "capful of wind with some



Catamarango.

East in it." Sleep on board occasionally. When tired of one place, go to another. Send home the yacht by sea. Follow myself in a first-class compartment on the railway. Good arrangement—especially in dirty weather.

SEPTEMBER.—Think it a good idea to run a coach. Improve the



Turning a Corner.

breed of horses (don't know how, but that's the idea), and revive good old English custom. Call my vehicle "The Merry Times," and have relays at various points. Livery stableman manages it for me. Run from Slowborough to Nettle-on-the-Rash. Six miles there, six miles back. Quite the coachman. Livery stable-keeper supplies drivers when necessary. Drivers usually necessary, in fact, invariably. Make them do all the routine work. Guard in red with a horn. Guard has a selection of fragments. Fragments of "Tu-ra-ra boom de ay!" also "Last Rose of Summer."

"Learnt 'em," says he, in his cups, "Band—river—steam—boat."

He wears a white hat, made of beaver. So does the driver, when I am looking. Hear (from a friend) that when my back is turned they both put on flannel caps. Pity. Flannel caps spoil the effect. I wear horsey get up. White hat, small drab coat with large bone buttons. Button-hole. Horse-shoe pin. Shiny boots and white spats. Big cigar. Sometimes drive the team for a dozen yards on starting and arriving. Driver beside me to take the reins in turning a corner. Or if I meet a butcher's cart, or worse, a tricycle. Rest of the journey ride inside reading the newspaper. Passengers charged ten shillings each. That was the charge for the first day. No one came, so lowered the fare to sixpence a-piece. Company consequently more numerous than select. Coach unpleasantly full on Bank Holiday. Paid that day, but on no other. Stopped coach communication between Slowborough and Nettle-on-the-Rash abruptly.

OCTOBER.—Think I ought to retrench. To effect this desirable object will try amateur house-keeping at the sea-side. Season nearly over, so should get apartments at a moderate rate. Try Slushington-on-Sea. Landlady requires eight guineas a week for a sitting-room and a bedroom. Determine to do my own ordering. Find that a sirloin of beef weighing from seven to nine pounds cooks like a beef steak. Enough for dinner, but not for next morning's breakfast. Joint of mutton weighing from six to eight pounds produces a dish that looks uncommonly like a chop.

"Good Mother," says servant who waits on me, "brings up children on nothin'."

The children apparently live in the coal-cellar or on the roof. Must do this, as the house is quite full of other sojourners. Appears I am a great tea-drinker—get through half a pound a

day. Also fond of butter—a couple of pounds of "best fresh" twice a week. I discover, too, that I eat sacks of potatoes, and (I think) bushels of flour. Fancy, after all, I can retrench better at my Club than furnished apartments.

NOVEMBER.—Retrenchment incomplete, so shall try my hand as an amateur financier. Know CON TANGO of the Stock Exchange. CON is an awfully good fellow, and has promised to give me lots of tips when I ask him. Go to City and consult him.

"Do I want to invest, or only to flutter?"

If former, recommends Consols—if latter, Deferred Greenlanders for the rise. "Greenies" (short Stock Exchange slang for Deferred Greenlanders) expected to go up with a rush before the next account. Like his idea of a flutter. I ask if I can make more by "Greenies" than Consols. CON says, "Yes." I can make about two pounds ten by Consols in twenty years, and "six hundred quid" in five minutes by "Greenies." Prefer "Greenies." CON says "then that will be a flutter." Very well. CON asks how much I am willing to lose. Reply with a laugh that "I am willing to win as much as possible." CON rather annoyed. Says he never "plays the fool in business hours." Become serious myself. Arranged to risk six hundred on "Greenies," six hundred to be the extent of cover. CON wants to know if I will order myself, or leave it to him? As he has expressed annoyance at my levity, I say I will leave it to him. Come West and spend the rest of the day at my Club watching the tape. "Greenies" seem to be falling. They come out with Greeks, Portuguese, Italians, and Egyptian Unified. Hang all these stocks! Who cares about them? Man standing near me tells a friend that he has had a good tip. He has sold "Greenies" for the fall. They are going down like winking. Should like to ask him all about it, but can't; never been introduced. Receive later a contract-note telling me officially that I have bought some thousands of Deferred Greenlanders for the account at 37½. Look at evening paper and find that Deferred Greenlanders closed at 33½. So far as I can make out am not exactly recouping. However will leave matters in the hand of CON. He is an excellent man of business, and my friend! A fortnight later know I have lost my six hundred! CON tells me gravely (he never plays the fool in the City) that it would have been better had I invested in Consols. Give up the idea of becoming an amateur financier for the present.

DECEMBER.—Money matters becoming troublesome. Also slightly off colour. Doctor suggests Margeate. Think the



A Flutter.

idea good. So will go there—*via* Monte Carlo. A patient (especially an amateur patient) may surely choose his own route. Arrive in the Riviera, and find it pleasant. However, as an amateur invalid don't think I should run the risk of the night air, so seek shelter in the

Casino. Take three or four days in mastering the system. And then it has rather the better of it. Discover that I am penniless. End the year distinctly impoverished. Still alive, but only living *en amateur*.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



1. As we sat waiting for Dinner at Madame Picard's (12, Rue de la Bonne Friture), Vera said, "Let us go back to England at once!" So we packed up in a hurry, and ran for the Train.



2. There were no Cabs; but we caught a Wheelbarrow in the Place Purée Crotton, and put Tommy and the Luggage in it. I quite forgot to pay Madame Picard's bill, but it was too late to turn back.



3. The Wheel came off and ran down the Boulevard de la Vinaigrette, and the Barrow after it, and we and Smut after the Barrow. Such a scamper it was! and such odd people looking on!



4. We caught the Train just as it left the Passage, de l'Andouille. I asked Vera why we left in such a hurry? She said, "No Crumpets! no Piccalilli! no Mint Sauce!" (Which was quite true.)

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



5. The Train dropped us very civilly in the Rue Galantine. I told Vera to run to the Boat with Tommy and Smut, and secure berths, while I bought a Cigar at Père David's and some French Mustard.



7. He played me for it at Billiards against my Hand-bag. It was a bad table, and he fluked and won. I hit him on the head with a red-hot Billiard-cue, and he fell fast asleep and snored profusely from the nose.



6. The fact is, Père David had a little Bird that could sing "Home, sweet Home!" in four languages—Vera's favourite song! I wanted that Bird very badly, for Vera. It was the nicest bird I ever saw.



8. It was rather late, so I ran down the Quai des Risssoles with giant strides. I saw the Boat getting up steam at the end of it, amid a forest of masts, and I heard the Bell ring for non-passengers to go ashore.

[Continued at p. 20.]







#### INTRODUCTION.

PEOPLE are greatly mistaken when they imagine that Toys have no Souls. They *have*—only they don't choose to make a fuss about it. Such, at least, is now the accepted opinion among the most eminent Baby Esoteric Buddhists, who contend, moreover, that the Toy Soul is every whit as capable of Spiritual Evolution, after its own fashion, and as liable to generate what is known as "Karma" for good or evil in successive states of objective existence, as the Human Monad itself.

In less technical terms, the Toy Soul, at the end of its career in one form, is transmigrated to another, in which it reaps the reward, or pays the penalty for its conduct or misconduct in its preceding state, and the manner in which it acquits itself in each new embodiment determines whether it is to rise to a higher plane, sink to a lower, or remain where it was upon its next incorporation. This, rightly understood, is a comforting doctrine, accounting, as it does, for much of the apparently undeserved ill-usage encountered by a great majority of Toys in the Nursery world; for the striking differences in price and material which otherwise seemed to be fixed by mere arbitrary caprice; and, in short, for much that has softened many a stout wooden head, and soured much generous sawdust in the hopeless effort to comprehend and explain.

It is occasionally, though rarely the case, that a Toy Soul, after long and painful effort, succeeds in raising itself by successive stages towards a state of Spiritual Perfection, and attains a condition aptly termed by that distinguished Esoteric Buddhist, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Threshold of Nirvana—"a condition," namely, "in which a complete recollection of all the lives lived at any time in the past returns to it."

That such a retrospect, if it could but be revealed, would be fraught with instruction and interest, even to other than Toys, has long been the opinion of Mr. *Punch*, himself an adept of some standing. Accordingly he has for some time sought to impress this view upon his Guru, a powerful but unassuming Mahatma, who dwells in the utmost seclusion in a small toy-stall upon the summit of the most inaccessible peak in Thibet.

The Guru, a courteous and copious correspondent (though he will precipitate all his replies on the coloured paper that comes out of crackers!) threw difficulties in the way, as Gurus will, for a considerable period, but ultimately consented to use his influence with a Spiritual Toy, who is already all but over the Threshold, to project its reminiscences per astral current, post free, upon the brain of the most sympathetic and receptive of Mr. *Punch's* contributors, by whom they were at once committed to writing.

So here they are—and should the reader find the Toy Soul a

little tedious occasionally (as he is not unlikely to do), he must remember that its Ego has reached a state in which Time is no longer of any consequence.

#### MY FIRST BIRTH.

THE body in which I first became conscious of my existence was that of an India-rubber Ball, and it would hardly be possible to start *much* lower down in the scale of Toy Creation—unless, indeed, one were condemned to begin life as a Brick. It might be thought that a Ball has neither opportunity nor excuse for being anything but absolutely blameless—but this is a superficial view; with the best intentions, and the loftiest aims, balls are only too liable to fall, and I fear I was erratic from the first. I was always getting myself into messes, and I never could pass a puddle without rolling into it. I got out of them somehow, by dint of sheer bounce, which I could always rely upon in those days; but such habits, nevertheless, exercised a gradually deteriorating effect on my character, and left it less able to withstand a serious temptation. I was soon assailed by a sinister longing to break a pane of glass; the poor pane had never done *me* any injury, but I was none the less strongly impelled on that account—and, unhappily, I had never been trained to resist my impulses!

It was of course impossible for me to effect my criminal design unaided; but, when we have once resolved upon misdoing, the means are seldom long in presenting themselves! Chance furnished me with an accomplice, in the person of a Human Boy whom I easily induced to put me in the way of gratifying my passion for destruction. The window was smashed to atoms, and I well remember the elation with which my whole being expanded as the fragments shivered at my touch.

The Boy got a severe thrashing, and had to stand in a corner while I—the real offender—was given a week's holiday, which I spent in a drawer, cracking my sides (for I had a rudimentary sense of humour) on this curious instance of nursery equity. I little knew then, however, that, though I escaped punishment in my Ball-form, in *another*—but I shall come to that by-and-by. My retirement, I blush to say, was employed in planning fresh schemes of outrage, to which I was mortified to find afterwards that my dupe obstinately refused to lend himself. In fact, I showed a strong disposition to avoid having anything more to do with me for the future. So I was reduced to brooding over my forced inactivity; neglect told on my constitution; I lost all my old light-heartedness and elasticity; and yet, short-winded as I was, I was still impetuously meditating indiscretions. I was no powerless to commit, when Destiny interposed in the form of a nursery pin, and I felt too late how hollow was all ambition! My soul seized the opportunity to escape through the aperture, a

## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

leave behind it an empty and discredited shell, which, I believe, lingered on in an automatic unconscious fashion for some time afterwards, though my connection with it was fortunately dissolved for ever.

### MY SECOND BIRTH.

AFTER an interval (which, although I was not aware of it at the time, I spent in a sort of intermediate state known to us Buddhists as "Devachan"), I returned to the vicissitudes of nursery life as a Ninepin. Not that I was an ordinary Ninepin—at least not so ordinary as the other eight—for Fate, with its usual irony, had set upon my brow the circlet of Royalty—I was the Ninepin King. The distinction was a mere mockery, however, for it only singled me out as a special object for attack. There was a beast of a Ball, with revolutionary principles, which seemed—*why* I never could imagine—actuated by some personal animosity against me, for it was perpetually seeking my overthrow, and, what was worse, almost invariably succeeded!

I felt this acutely, for no monarch could have been more constitutional, more utterly inoffensive than myself. I was quite willing to retire, but I found myself restored as often as I was deposed! Of course I now recognise that this was nothing but a beautiful example of the retributive operation of Karma. I was only paying for that broken pane of glass, and, by an exquisitely appropriate arrangement, a Ball was selected to exact the penalty! But, as I had no recollection then of ever having been a Ball in a previous state, I found it very perplexing. My courtiers stood by me as long as they could, sharing my downfalls and my restorations; but the monotony of the life became too much for them at last, and, one by one, they abandoned me, until I was left in solitary state. Then even the Ball seemed satisfied, and gave up a persecution, which—such a creature of habit is every Ninepin!—I actually missed, and caught myself resenting its cessation as a personal slight.

However, I was not allowed to sink into obscurity; I fell into the hands of a Human Child, who, as I now firmly believe, was hopelessly mad. She insisted on attiring me in various costumes, to which my figure was not in the least adapted, and in which I must have looked a perfect fool, and she invented the wildest stories about me, relying upon my powerlessness to contradict her. I have been a selfish old Peer, reformed by a good little Lord (she said *she* was the Lord!); an African explorer; and a young Prince, in imminent danger of having his eyes put out (and I hadn't any eyes to put out!); in the course of a single afternoon! I have been the greatest and bravest General in the whole world one hour, and the next the loveliest and unhappiest Princess that ever was. What a position for an elderly Ninepin of any common sense to be placed in! At first I was indignant at being drawn into these useless deceptions, then hopelessly bewildered, until at last I insensibly lost all hold on my identity, and was ready to believe I was anybody she chose to call me! But it slowly warped my grain, nevertheless, and a crisis came at last which upset my equilibrium for ever. Some one—or so I gathered—had taken the child to a Haymarket, where she had seen, and, I suppose, conversed with, an individual called "SHAKSPEARE." What occurred in that interview I do not know even now, but, when she returned, she wrapped me in black velvet, and addressed me as "HAMLET!" The terror of being confronted with her hand, attired in a silver thimble and a pocket handkerchief, and finding

myself expected to recognise in it my father's spirit, the strong language that was put into what I must figuratively call my mouth, the shock of finding that I had stabbed an inoffensive old pincushion, who was first called "POLONIUS," and afterwards "CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark," must have strained my fibre beyond what it was capable of bearing. All I know is, that from the date of that trying afternoon I was hopelessly cracked! And that is all I remember.

### MY THIRD BIRTH.

THE Law of Karma has mysteries which are hid even from the initiated, and I am still at a loss to explain how it came about that I was next incorporated in an Organ Top. But so it was. I had been a fairly good Ninepin, but then a Ninepin's virtue is purely of the negative order, and this may have been the reason why I was not held entitled to higher promotion. Still, a Top that, when spun, emits a kind of devotional drone, with a distinct choral suggestion about it, was a rise from a Ninepin, and I had a feeling that I had a mission to perform, even though I was rather vague as to its precise nature. There were thousands of frivolous toys in the Arcade where I was spun, and I did what I could to introduce a note of deeper solemnity in my uncongenial surroundings, though, I fear, with little success. At last I was purchased and taken away by a well-meaning person, who saw in me a suitable Sunday toy for a small godchild. The godchild, unfortunately, regarded me with unfeigned alarm, and could never be induced to come near me, while the majority of the household treated the low Gregorian chant which I hummed so perpetually as an unmitigated nuisance.

There was one person, however, who seemed to find it soothing, but she was an old grandmother, and suspected of being in her dotage. Every Sunday she would spin me all the morning—ostensibly to amuse her grandson, but, in reality, with a confused sense that it was almost as satisfactory as attending church. I should have felt this a greater compliment if she had been an old lady of stronger intellect; as it was, I was dissatisfied with my limited opportunities. I longed to be of some real use, to do something sensa-

tional; and I was still occupied with these empty dreams, when a ribald member of the family, on the plea that I gave him "the dismals"—whatever *they* may be—inflicted an inglorious martyrdom upon me by filling me up with Portland cement. My last breath as I suffocated was a sigh for so futile and wasted a career.

But it was *not* wasted. I had accomplished more than most Toys, although I did not know it then. For, on one of those very Sundays when the old lady was enjoying my ministrations, a reckless and desperate tramp came in at the front door. He knew that there was no one but the helpless grandmother, one female servant, and an infant in the house, and it was his deliberate intention to commit robbery, and even murder, should he be obliged to resort to extremes. He was already slipping off his boots on the mat in the hall, when a faint sweet strain struck his ear. That was *me*. No one who ever heard me hum did so without emotion of some kind. The tramp stopped, spell-bound. Memories, long forgotten, of his innocent boyhood—when he was a white-robed chorister in the village choir, and before he had been ignominiously expelled for devouring two plums and a necta-



MY SECOND BIRTH.



MY THIRD BIRTH.

mine from the decorations at the Harvest Festival—stole back to his conscience-stricken heart. It suddenly occurred to him that he was a scoundrel, and he could scarcely bear it. His eyes brimmed with unaccustomed brine; he renounced his criminal career from that instant, and, resuming his boots, stole gently away, an altered man, with a selection of overcoats and umbrellas from the hat-stand.

I do not mention this by way of self-glorification, for, after all, the action was unintentional on my part, and, on that account, was not even entered on the credit side of my Karma. Still, it may serve as an encouragement for Toys who may be tempted to feel, as I was, that they have missed their mark altogether.

#### MY FOURTH BIRTH.

By way, I presume, of compensation for the Portland cement, I was next advanced, at a bound, to the rank of a Toy Animal. I was a large brown fur Monkey, with glass eyes, and a double row of white beads for teeth. But the Organ Top had left its indelible traces upon my individuality. I suffered from a chronic melancholy. My stuffing, which was made out of the mane and tail of a highly conscientious old bus-horse who had died in harness, was animated by a strong sense of duty; but I was a morbidly morose and pessimistic monkey. I found myself the property of a little Girl, who positively adored me; but I am ashamed to say I never responded with any real warmth to her caresses. She was a well-meaning little creature in her way; but I hated being cuddled and messed about when I was in low spirits, and I was rather easily bored. A woolly Cockatoo, who was in the same Nursery with me, was more of an intellectual companion, though I thought her frivolous, and too full of flock, until the elastic came out of her back, and she gave up dancing. Then we used to have long and serious talks on the uncertainties of Nursery Life, and the perishability of all Newness. It sometimes struck me that the Cockatoo would have been glad to guide the conversation into a channel of tenderer intimacy—but I was not the kind of monkey to encourage this. Life always seemed to me quite serious and perplexing enough, without introducing emotional complications of that description. And besides, the child claimed such devotion as I was free to bestow, for she depended almost entirely upon me for solace. She had a cousin, a brutal Boy, who did me the honour to be jealous of her evident preference of my society to his own, and paid me out by countless petty indignities whenever he caught me alone, generally placing me in some conspicuous and humiliating position, in the vain hope of lowering my patroness's respect for me. The Cockatoo was indignant on my account, and remarked, with some asperity, that the meekness with which I allowed myself to be taken by the tail and flung about the room was unmonkeylike. But it was not so much meekness after all as a

cynical acceptance of treatment I saw no use in resenting; I don't say I never felt tempted to escape through an open nursery window, but pride kept me from deserting my post, and, besides, I invariably landed too short on the sill. One day my child proprietress was taken ill, and obliged to remain in bed, and that morning I had a worse time of it than ever, for that diabolical Boy took advantage of the occasion to extract every one of my bead teeth! However, I was saved from further ill-treatment, for the little girl's illness proved to be something called "infectious," and her cousin was sent away for fear of catching it, though it seemed to me he deserved to catch it for his cruelty to me. After that I was left in peace for some time, for which I was thankful, as it gave me leisure to think out my relations to the Toy Cosmos secure from molestation, and I had just reached a comforting conviction that I was perhaps the most miserable fur monkey that ever was stuffed, when duty again summoned me from meditations that afforded me the keenest intellectual enjoyment. The child was worse, and, in her fractiousness, nothing would content her but my companionship—she was constantly calling for me. Now the question with me was, whether I was bound to undertake the worry and responsibility of watching a sick child. It was not what I had been bought for, and I really felt the need of repose. So I hid myself behind a chest of drawers; but the child's wailings penetrated even to my hiding-place, until I could not stand it any longer. The Cockatoo did her best to persuade me that I was under no moral obligation to go; but my stuffing asserted itself; and so, when the child next awoke, it was to recognise me seated on a cane chair by her bedside.

I remained by her side until her illness terminated, enduring her caresses, and bearing her peevishness—and, what it cost me in wear and tear, I cannot describe. I took no pleasure in the work; there was a certain harshness about the horsehair of which I was composed, that prevented me from feeling more than a decorous sympathy with the sufferer. I went through it from a stern sense that it was my duty, and supported entirely by my own approbation. But I pulled her through all the same; and, when the crisis was safely passed, and the patient convalescent, I felt that the credit was due to me alone. She got well so rapidly that the doctor began to talk about removing her to the seaside, which I thought an excellent plan, for I wanted a change of air myself, and it was not likely that, after such services as mine, I should be left behind. To my bitter disappointment, however, I found myself rewarded with the most heartless ingratitude. The child went to the seaside—but I did not. On the contrary, I found myself treated as a dangerous character, and put on the Nursery fire,—to reflect as I frizzled, that this was all I got for being a meritorious Monkey!

#### MY FIFTH BIRTH.

It may seem odd that I should have made my next appearance in the character of a clock-work mouse—but such was the fact,



MY FOURTH BIRTH.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

and Karma was right, as usual. For I deserved a step upwards for my strict attention to duty in my previous state, and a mechanical mouse is obviously a more highly organised Toy than a Fur Monkey. On the other hand, I had been rather too stiff and self-satisfied, and this had to be taken out of me—so I was merely a Mouse. In my ignorance I quite believed I was a *real* one, and sought the acquaintance of the genuine mice who lived behind the nursery wainscot. They were puzzled about me at first, until I innocently betrayed the fact that I was full of clockwork, and could not run about until I was wound up; it never occurred to me that *all* mice were not like that, but I soon found myself shunned as an impostor, with nothing inside him but an uncanny collection of cogwheels. Those cogwheels creaked sorely enough, and my spring was very rusty at times at the thought of my ignominy, for, if I was not a real mouse, I could not think why I should have been constructed to resemble one. But at length my thoughts were diverted to a more agreeable subject—I fell in love. The object of my passion was a beautiful slender creature, a real live Hen Canary. Now I was almost glad that I was *not* a real mouse, for, had I been one, I should have been incapable of appreciating her. It was presumptuous—mad, even—to lift my thoughts to one so far above me in every sense; but, Toy as I was, I loved that Canary with an ardour that made every wheel within me whirr till I positively shook. And all the time she twittered and chirruped in her gleaming mansion high overhead, and gave no sign of being so much as aware that I existed. How I used to watch her out of my bead eyes, how I sought to attract her notice whenever I was wound up, by the mathematical correctness of the circles I described on the floor! Now and then she would leave her residence, and flit about from one piece of furniture to another, and I always had a wild fancy that she might perch some day near the glass-lidded box which was my humble home, and that, if I could once make her acquaintance, I should excite her interest by the ingenuity of my mechanism. But it was never to be; Destiny decreed that that Canary should never fly towards my side of the floor—and perhaps it would have made no difference if she had. I had one Bird-friend, though, who took a decided interest in me. She was a Cuckoo, but she was clockwork herself—lived in a clock, in fact—which accounted for her sympathy. Never an hour went by



MY SIXTH BIRTH.

without her coming out, if only for a moment, to pass the time of day. She soon discovered my infatuation for the Canary, whom she seemed to dislike for some reason. The Cuckoo gave me excellent advice, for she was a practical, bustling creature, but I was not grateful. I found her tiresome, and she had a trick of slamming the door after her, which annoyed me. "Cuckoo!" she would cry, "what's the good of machinery if you don't make use of it? Get something to do in a clock—like me; you'll have no time for sentiment then. Cuckoo!" or else it would be—"You're running down fast, wearing yourself out for a foolish feather-headed Canary, when, all the time, if you cared to use your eyes, there is one who—Cuckoo!" And she was gone again, with a more energetic slam than usual. But I went on caring for the Canary as much as ever, though I knew too well that she could never be mine. I would have done anything for her—but what could a mechanical Mouse

do for a live Canary? Accident supplied an answer to that question. It happened that the Canary was fluttering about the room one afternoon as usual, when the kitchen Cat came up. I was out of my box at the time, and from my corner I saw the cruel brute stalking my unsuspecting love, who was preening her pretty yellow feathers on the coalscuttle. I held my spring in suspense—in another instant my dainty darling would be devoured before my eyes—unless a substitute offered himself! And then I saw my way—a substitute *should* be found. Fortunately I had been wound up that morning, but had not felt inclined to go; so, just at the critical moment, I released the catch, and ran out—shakily enough—right between her outstretched paws. As I calculated, the Cat, being young, and a fool, was deceived by the stratagem—she had me by the back in a moment. Her teeth met in my plaster back, but she seemed to find my flavour disappointing, and revenged herself by clawing all the wheels out of me one by one, till the last cog rolled into a corner, and I ceased to exist. But, long before I went, I had the satisfaction of knowing that the Canary was safe—for I could hear her chirping away as merrily as ever.

## MY SIXTH BIRTH.

IN spite of my folly, I had on the whole, behaved myself so well as a Mouse, that I was allowed to begin my next life with brighter prospects. I was a Drumming Rabbit on a wheeled car, and I first realised my own importance, when my youthful proprietor took me to cheer the bedside



MY SEVENTH BIRTH.

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N - T H A M E S.

OF A VISION."- SHAKESPEARE.



of an elderly relative who was suffering from a sick headache. My influence was simply marvellous. At the sound of my tambourine, the patient, who had appeared utterly prostrate suddenly revived, and spoke and acted with extraordinary vivacity and energy!



MY NINTH BIRTH.

rior. He was a Bull, covered like myself with real skin, but there was a cord attached to his throat, and when the cord was pulled, he bellowed in a tone that was too deep for any tambourine to drown. The more critical toys, such as the Mouth-Organ and the Penny Trumpet, admitted that my drumming was original and lively—but could I bellow like the Bull? *That* was the test of real ability.

I could only retort that no Rabbit who respected himself would condescend to bellow. But I hated the Bull—all the more because he was so confoundingly patronising; he praised my performances, and predicted that I should make a great noise in the Nursery world. I made up my mind that I would drum *him* down at all events before I had done; and I did. I drummed an impression into several influential toys that bellowing was played out, that, even as a bellow, the Bull was an overrated animal, and that he was beginning to repeat himself. I soon had my partisans; there were several toys which, though neither vocally nor instrumentally gifted themselves, were yet excellent judges of noise, and they maintained that, while my drumming was admirably true to Rabbit-nature, the Bull's bellow was utterly false and conventional. The Children with whom we were connected soon adopted this view themselves, and the Bull fell into general disrepute, though he was such a beastly magnanimous brute that he didn't seem to mind it much. "I've had my day," he told me (he would insist on being friendly up to the last); "they're tired of me—and no wonder; so it's time I made way for a newer toy!" I could not help tapping my tambourine impatiently, for I felt that this good-humour of his was an outrageous piece of humbug—he *must* be jealous of such evident superiority as mine; of course he detested me for exposing his pompous old imposture! My triumph would not have been half so enjoyable if he hadn't. Well, he drifted into the background, and the Nursery heard him no more; after which, I had the entire carpet to myself. I fear I allowed my head to be slightly turned. I overdid the drumming; I took myself just a little *too* seriously, perhaps. I felt that my drumming was an important factor in Nursery society, and was entitled to the most earnest attention—I felt bound to insist on it. This went on, and I became prouder and prouder, until one day they brought a plain square chest into the room, and it was rumoured among the toys, that the new arrival was a more wonderful musician even than myself. I endeavoured to show the absurdity of supposing that anything worthy of the name of music could be contained in such a very ordinary box; but I was a little anxious myself until they wound the thing up and it played. To my relief, it proved a very poor performance, and the drumming—the only creditable feature in it—was simply an

impudent imitation of my own manner. But somehow the thing was popular; it played tunes, which—so deplorable is Nursery culture!—were actually preferred to my tambourine, a far chaster and severer form of noise, in *my* opinion. It was no use, however, I was insulted by being made to keep quiet while that box performed. As a Rabbit of spirit, I was not going to yield without a struggle: I drummed more vigorously than ever, whenever I got the chance. I was determined to restore popular taste to a healthier condition, and I still believe I should have succeeded in time—even though, in my excitement, I had drummed a ho'e in my tambourine—but one day I felt something snap inside me, and found to my horror, that my front paws were powerless! I was now a ruined Rabbit, and met the fate of all superannuated toys—I was put on the shelf close to a dilapidated-looking quadruped on a green stand, which was now almost wheel-less. I knew him at once—it was my old rival, the Bull; he had lost his right eye and his left horn, his skin was tattered, and his bellow reduced to a mere wheeze—but he was just as cheerful and friendly as ever. "Why, you don't mean to say you've got here *already*!" he began. I told him, rather stiffly, I was only there temporarily—for rest. He cast his remaining eye on my ragged fur, my paralysed drumsticks and burst tambourine, after which he observed, mildly, that he was "very glad to hear it." I had not intended to cultivate his acquaintance, but I needed sympathy so much, that, without quite knowing how, I told him how the fickle public of the Nursery had deserted me—at a time too, when, as I knew myself, I had never drummed better!—for a meretricious Musical-Box. The Bull agreed that it was hard, but said it was the way of the Nursery world—they *did* get tired of their toys rather quickly. I asked him whether he did not think that—in *my* case at least—they would, as they grew wiser and older, see their injustice and repair it. The Bull said they *might*—but, by that time, it would probably be too late to repair *me*. I suppose I betrayed some disappointment, for he added, "After all, you know, what *does* it matter? It must end at some time—a little sooner or a little later—isn't it enough to have given any pleasure at all? Let us be philosophical—this is a very comfortable shelf, and we are in a capital position for hearing the Musical-Box, which, between ourselves, I cannot help admitting is more agreeable than either my bellow or your tambourine." I differed from him—so far as the latter



MY TENTH BIRTH.



## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

was concerned, for I am still of opinion that there never was any music that made anything like the noise of my drum. In spite of this conversation, however, my relations with the Bull never became very intimate; he never seemed to realise what retirement



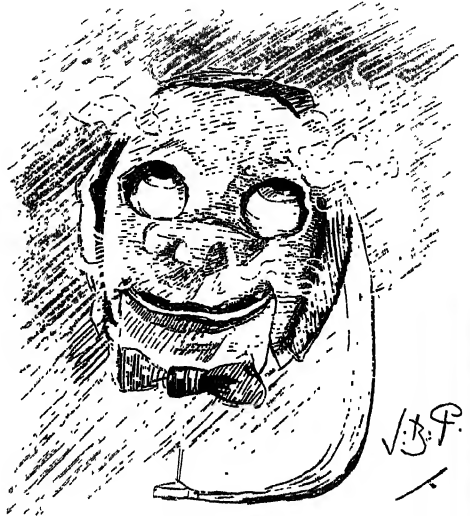
MY ELEVENTH BIRTH. (First Stage.)

### MY SEVENTH BIRTH.

HAVING satisfied my "Karma" in my previous state, I had qualified myself for a higher grade, and was accordingly honoured by receiving a nobler form. I was now a *Toy Man*. My resemblance to humanity may not have been startling, and I was only a meek little Plaster Grocer—but still I *was* a man, which was something. Unfortunately, I did not realise that the higher estate brought with it a greater responsibility. No Toy Tradesman could have started in business with better chances. I had the neatest little shop, with a counter and scales, labelled drawers, and a carefully selected stock, complete. The children who helped me to conduct my business recommended me to various toy customers, and did their utmost to complete my commercial training. Moreover, I had every motive for getting on, for I was "keeping company" with a young Shepherdess at a neighbouring toy farm. She was a buxom maid, with little black dots of eyes which sparkled under her broad-brimmed hat; she would have been nearer the classic type, perhaps, if she had possessed anything like a profile, but I was a little undefined in that respect myself, so I could not afford to be very critical. She had a little flock of remarkably crinkly sheep, each with a red ribbon round its neck, and I used to go and visit her every evening as soon as play was over for the day. Often did we stand or lie—for we were neither of us in the habit of sitting—under one of the spreading green-shaving trees, and talk, hopefully enough, of the future. I was to work very hard and gradually enlarge my premises into stores, and then we could marry, and she would superintend the dairy department. For she came from a big emporium, where there were departments for everything, so she knew all about it. But, privately, I felt a certain want of confidence in my own capacity for enterprise, although I did not confess to it then. I had already discovered that much of the stock with which I had been

meant to an energetic and ambitious Rabbit like myself, and he held views, too, about the ephemeral and insignificant nature of all toys that struck me as depressing and sordid. They took me down from the shelf one day—to my great joy, for I expected I was going to be repaired at last—but it seemed that the children were only curious to know what was inside me, and by the time they had satisfied themselves, I was disintegrated.

supplied was deceptive, and I was so inexperienced that I felt considerable difficulty in selling articles which I could not conscientiously recommend. But I *did* get over that in time. And then the labels on my drawers and things bothered me a good deal; there was a small china jar, for instance, which bore the word "Senf" written upon it in crabbed letters. What "Senf" might happen to be I had no idea, and yet *SIEM* was constantly coming in and asking for a pound of it, and I had to pacify him by representing that we were out of it for the present. So we *were*, for that matter, for the jar, like most of the drawers, was perfectly empty—but it *was* very worrying all the same. As I look back



MY ELEVENTH BIRTH. (Second Stage.)

now, with that larger, fuller knowledge which has come to me, I know of course that Senf was merely a German expression for mustard—but I was not permitted to learn that then. The children, who I began to see with alarm, were *most* unprincipled persons to be connected with, stocked my drawers with sand and sawdust, which they obliged me to palm off upon Mrs. NOAH—a most respectable lady—as the best tea and coffee! Is it any wonder that my scruples were gradually overcome under such influences? I could hardly expect to prosper—and I didn't. Mrs. NOAH objected that the tea was gritty, which was true enough, and left me in consequence, I had a most unpleasant

scene, too, with HAM and JAMIE, who returned a box of cigars I had sold them, on the ground that it was nothing but a block of painted wood. No more it was; but then, as I explained, it was the only brand I kept in stock, and I had never had any complaints before. Upon this, however, they both became so abusive that I was really obliged to tell them very severely, that I *did* think that, as *Sunday toys*, they ought to be ashamed of themselves! After a few exclamations of this sort, I grew reckless and demoralised; my weights were detected as false, and I only smiled. I told the Shepherdess frankly that, at the rate I was going on, I saw no prospect whatever of being in a position to marry, and that we had better consider our engagement at an end. She took it very quietly—she was always gentle and placid—only that very night she snapped off quite suddenly at the waist. Nursery opinion held me responsible, and I daresay I was, but I couldn't help it. Was it *my* fault if I was placed in a false position from the first? The climax soon came; my business declined, my stock, such as it was, was dispersed, and my fittings dismantled; then I was turned out of my shop, which the children subsequently converted into a school, and then into a fort. I was a plaster bankrupt with the world to begin anew. The children found me employment as a driver



MY TWELFTH BIRTH.

of a tin hansom, but, being as incompetent a cabman as I had been a grocer, I promptly fell off my perch and broke my neck. I remember that I was glad when I heard it go, and knew that at last I had done with a life of which I had made such a hopeless muddle!

#### MY EIGHTH BIRTH.

OF course I had by no means done with life yet, and I was accorded another chance of retrieving myself, and learning the meaning and value of commercial integrity. I became an animal once more—a Cardboard Donkey that kicked. But it was a position, nevertheless, of great trust and responsibility, for whenever a penny was placed in a nick on my back, I was required to deposit it in a bank behind. The business was transferred from the curb-stone to the nursery mantelpiece, where I discharged my duties with unfailing regularity, faithfully passing every coin entrusted to me to the credit of my customers. I remember having a sentimental fancy for a beautiful little Zebra on wheels, but I struggled hard against my passion, and overcame it in time. For I was too closely tied to the Bank to have any leisure for the gentler emotions. So I kicked stubbornly on, until one of those financial crises by which the best regulated nurseries are convulsed at times burst upon me unprepared. There was a panic among the depositors, which caused a run upon the bank; it broke (like myself, it was only cardboard), and my frame, already overstrained by constant attention to business, sank in consequence. But I went to pieces with the proud satisfaction of knowing that my accounts were in perfect order, and that there was sufficient in the bank to satisfy every creditor in full, which is more than every manager has been able to feel in similar circumstances.

#### MY NINTH BIRTH.

I DESERVED some promotion, and I got it. I was now a smart and wellset-up Wooden Soldier. I saw a good deal of service in carpet border warfare, in one action receiving a pea in the chest, the mark of which I carried through life. I was steady under fire, and might have looked forward to a brilliant career, but for an inveterate dislike to Human infants—which proved my undoing. It is painful even now to think that I should have disgraced my uniform by such unsoldierly conduct—but I was arrested on a charge of attempting to poison a baby who had wounded my *amour propre* by sucking all the paint off my hat. A court-martial was held, the principal witness against me being the baby herself, who was still suffering from the effects. I was broke, and dismissed the Army, after which I went altogether to the dogs, being chewed out of all recognition by a couple of fox-terriers.

#### MY TENTH BIRTH.

NEXT time I was—let me see—oh yes, I remember now: a common plebeian Dutch Doll. Need I say that I was a *sans-culotte* from birth? It disgusted me that the mere accident of being born wooden or waxen should make such an enormous difference. Why should some dolls be gorgeously attired and hardly ever played with, while others were scantily clad and in constant demand? I didn't know, but I felt such iniquities ought to be stopped. I gathered round me a small band of desperate and enthusiastic dolls, all pledged to the cause, and we harangued mass meetings on the nursery hearthrug of broken and discontented toys, whom we

informed that they were groaning under the iron heel of a kid and sawdust aristocracy. They were doing nothing of the sort; but they liked to be told they were. One or two middle-class composition and china dolls sympathised with us, or so they *said*, but I don't think they quite realised that we were in earnest. We *were*, though. We tampered with the tin soldiery until we had inoculated many of them with our zeal for a purer social state; the bricks, down to the smallest cube, were with us; we were ripe for revolution—and our opportunity came at last. A band of hostile boys invaded the nursery, and we eagerly joined them in a general attack upon that foster-bed of idle luxury, the Doll's House. It was carried by storm, all the furniture turned topsy-turvy, the swarm of do-nothing patrician dolls, who had robbed us so long of our inheritance, were expelled, and I proclaimed the New Era from the balcony. We began by abolishing rank; henceforth the only aristocracy was to be Talent—which gave the *ugly* toys a chance. Shop toys were commanded to love street ones, or take the consequences, which—to their shame be it said—they generally preferred to do. We were all free and equal, or if there

*was* any quality that conferred more freedom and equality than others, it was cheapness. As unquestionably the cheapest doll, I proposed myself for President, and, my comrades being all afraid of me and distrustful of one another, I was unanimously elected. We got over any factious opposition by previously disfranchising all electors who cost more than sixpence halfpenny—a qualification which was later reduced to one penny. After that we had things pretty much our own way. Actuated, no doubt, by some personal feeling (for I had been very much cut up by being disdainfully rejected by a lovely young wax doll with blue eyes and flaxen hair, whom I had offered to exalt to my own rank) I passed some sweeping reforms, confiscating real hair (and even tow) as being in the nature of "unearned increment," and putting down the glass eyes which had so long insulted us by their



MY FOURTEENTH BIRTH.

haughty stare. Why not? We got on very well without them. I admit now that I secretly contemplated having my own features encased in wax and furnished with a wig and a pair of blue beads—but that was merely because a certain amount of state was necessary to my position. None of the *other* dolls would have been permitted these privileges. In consideration of devoting my time and talents to the public, I occupied the Doll's House as my private and official residence. The state revenues, consisting of pins, passed through my hands, and of these I amassed by various methods an immense quantity, of which some of my subordinates had the audacity to claim their share! I need not say that I rebuked their selfish greed and vindicated the sanctity of Property—they perished miserably, and I was absolute. After thus establishing Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity throughout my dominions, I might have hoped to enjoy the love and gratitude of the people. But alas! some toys have no reverence for an established institution, they lack that instinctive respect for rank, however attained, which alone preserves the community from anarchy! Encouraged by the withdrawal of the Boys, who had done so much to place me in power, and the return of the legitimate sovereign of the nursery, they rose against my dictatorship, and, somehow or other, I was torn limb from limb with every sign of popular disapproval. Such is the reward of the disinterested Patriot who seeks to benefit his fellow toys!

### MY ELEVENTH BIRTH.

THERE must have been a heavy debit against me in the books of Karma, or I should not have found myself inhabiting perhaps the most hideous toy in existence. I was a Japanese Goblin Head, without even a body of my own, unless a piece of bent cane deserves the name. Whenever the cane was squeezed, my jaws opened and my eyes goggled in a truly horrible manner. You can fancy how bitterly I rebelled against such a lot, and how I felt that I could have been a good and respectable toy under any other conceivable form but mine. (Of course I was unaware then how many quite respectable forms I had already occupied, and what a failure I had been in most of them.) In my despair I took a savage and unholy delight in my own repulsiveness. I made a Skye-terrier frantie, a baby howl, and I frightened a goldfinch into a fit! I should have gone on from bad to worse, had not a little Dresden figure come to live on the same mantelpiece with me. I tried to terrify her, but delicate and fragile as she looked, she showed no fear of me. She merely remonstrated with me on making such extremely ugly faces, until I gradually began to wish I was a better goblin. And soon, under her sweet porcelain influence, I improved. Even my expression grew gentler, more human. Whether she ever suspected how devotedly and respectfully I loved her, I don't know—at times I hoped she might read it in my eyes—but perhaps mine were not exactly the sort of eyes to convey the subtler shades of expression. I now endeavoured to amuse instead of alarming, and ended by becoming generally respected and beloved. So, when my time came and I gasped out my life at the feet of my Dresden divinity, the last thing that met my upturned eyes was her smile of gentle approbation.

### MY TWELFTH BIRTH.

HAVING done my best as a Goblin under great disadvantages, I was once more promoted. I was a Gentleman Doll. I shared my comfortable Doll's House with a very charming china wife, whom I adored. Unhappily, I failed to understand her; I never considered her sufficiently serious to share my anxieties as a Doll, and consequently she was reduced to content herself with mere womanly pursuits, in which I encouraged her. It amused me to see her so engrossed in such trivialities as Female Suffrage, the True Position of Woman in the Household, Education, and the Emancipation of the Sex. So I suppose I ought to have made more allowance for her when I discovered, as I did one day, that she had surreptitiously written a drama on the Marriage Question, which she intended for early production at a *Matinée* at the Royal Cardboard Theatre, and had pledged my credit for the necessary expenses, which would run into several rows of pins! But I could not. I was too rigidly conventional. I'm afraid I was unnecessarily severe, I know I said "Ugh-ugh!" to her. All I thought of was the damage to my reputation as a good and respectable Doll. But just then a bulky packet fell into the letter-box—it was the manuscript of her play, declined with thanks! I was saved, and ready to forgive her everything now the danger was over. But she would not be forgiven; on the contrary she turned round and lectured me! She said I should have insisted on making a Doll of her, instead of treating her as a Woman; then she would not have wanted to write plays! She informed me we were strangers, and she would leave me—never to return, unless a miracle happened, and she learnt, by knocking about the nursery, what Doll-dom really meant, and why *Matinées* were immoral. Then she went out, slamming the door behind her.

The miracle must have been one of those which do not happen, for I never saw her again.

### MY THIRTEENTH BIRTH.

I HAVE little to record about my next state of being. I was the Little Man in the Weather Cottage, and as I now recognise, was punished for my uxorious carelessness as a Gentleman Doll. For I was constantly tormented by a firm conviction that I had an ideal helpmeet somewhere—only I never could get sight of her! As soon as I went in at one door, she went out at the other. It was unspeakably tantalising, until at last, after repeated disappointments, I realised sadly that Destiny was against us—that we never should meet on that mantelpiece! So I sought to console myself with study; and tried hard to master the weather forecast. While still occupied in these abstruse pursuits I made the acquaintance of an elderly white-bearded Mahatma in a box, and was privileged to become his pupil, or *chela*. From him I first gained a faint idea of the vast system of worlds of which our Nursery formed but an insignificant part. Through him I learned to abstract myself, to subdue the passions and desires, and in short, to become an accomplished esoteric adept. When I knew all he could teach, I, successfully projected myself out of my plaster body and, after undergoing terrible ordeals (which, as I fortunately forgot, I will not describe) freed myself from my Toy trammels for ever!

### MY FOURTEENTH BIRTH.

YES, I am a Toy no more. I have done with the Nursery at last. I am a Mystic, an Automatic Magician in a glass case, a Cave of Mystery and Divination, to which trembling mortals resort to consult the future. After their offering is deposited, mysterious music sounds, and I point out the response of the oracle inscribed upon a revolving disc at the back. In the same case with me is a fairy in short skirts, who dances jerkily while I prophesy. Nothing is hid from me now. I range back over my past lives, and from what I see there, I am enabled to recognise in this Fairy my true Affinity, or Twin Soul. I have met her frequently in my various existences, though I knew it not. She was the Cockatoo when I was the Fur Monkey, the Cuckoo who loved me as a Clockwork Mouse, the Wooden Shepherdess I jilted as a Plaster Grocer, the Striped Zebra, the Flaxen-haired Doll, the Dresden Figure, the China Woman-wife, the Fair Unknown of the Weather Cottage. And she recognises me too, and we both feel a calm and passionless satisfaction that we should have met at last in this perfect harmony and understanding.

But we do not feel even that *very* much—we have got far beyond all extreme emotion. . . . My services are required by a mortal female in a poke bonnet, who has a very tiny bar of blue ribbon stitched to her cloak. She wishes to consult the oracle. When the dial stops, I see that the reply, as indicated by my wand, is: "*Come back and see alone*," which is safe, but procrastinating. She departs, evidently impressed, and presently returns alone, more anxious than ever. Again the mystic dial revolves, and this time the answer of Fate is, "*Give up drinking Spirits*." . . . I am about to resume my lofty abstraction, when an umbrella breaks in upon my seclusion, and I soar suddenly into the Unknown!

APOTHEOSIS.—THE last solemn communication I am permitted to address to the world I have left can be but brief. I am across the Threshold at last! I am a Sixth Rounder, revolving slowly and serenely in an atmosphere of ethereal essences, absorbed in sublime and ecstatic self-contemplation; my eyes radiant with thoughts beyond all utterance, my lips parted in a perennial smile of placid content. I have a faint impression that She, my Affinity, is near me and similarly engaged, but it no longer seems of any consequence. This is Rest. This is Felicity. This is Nirvana. . . . I may say no more. . . . Farewell!

[THE END.]



APOTHEOSIS.





MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 3.—OUR ENGLISH PARLIAMENT AMERICANISED.



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



9. Too late, alas! Such a nice Boat, too, and everything so snug, and Vera and Tommy waving their handkerchiefs, and Smut standing on his hind legs. It reminded me of Hampstead Heath, near the "Spaniards."



11. I was never more surprised in all my life. They walked off my things to the Gaol in the Impasse du Radis Noir, and poor Tom Noddy walked between, with gyves upon his wrists.



10. So I went into Ste. Ciboule, and forgot to take off my hat, and my Hand-bag struck six and sang "Home, sweet Home!" in German. They opened it, and found Père David's bird and Madame Picard's clock!



12. I had a demie-tasse with the Gaoler and his Wife (who was quite a lady though plain), and played with their children, who were very nice and friendly, and reminded me of Tommy.

FORTY WINKS BEFORE DINNER. (By Tom Noddy.)



13. They forgot to bolt the Back-door, so I bolted through it myself, and ran along the Falaise de l'Asperge, the Gaoler's children sticking to me like Carameis. That's the worst of being nice to children.



15. I doubled, and took the wrong turning. The Bloodhounds were at my heels. There was the steamer sinking, with all I love, below the verge! I madly plunged off Cape Jambonneau.....



14. The whole town was up and after me, shouting, "Au voleur! À l'assassin!" The very air was dark with birds and bats and flying fish (none of which seemed very good to eat).



16. "Papa! Dinner! Wake up!" Oh joy! Madame Picard's clock was safe on the mantelpiece. Françoise was bringing in La Soupe à l'Oseille (scrumptious). All's well that ends well. So, farewell, all!

# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

## A DAY'S HUNTING.

"EIGHT o'clock, Sir!" Wonder who said that? Oh, it's JOHN. What does he mean? Can't be eight o'clock. Yes it is. Nuisance! Wish JOHN wouldn't make so much noise in waking me. Must

badly twice. Bleed much. Can't be helped. Bath. Ugh! Leather-breeches take no end of a time to button. Now for my new tops. Where on earth are those boot-pulls? On toilet-table? No. On



YOU OUGHT TO 'A TURNED UP  
BY POTTER'S COPSE

drawers? No. Under chest of drawers? No; but have knelt in a splash from the bath, and spoilt look of my leathers. Ring for JOHN. In the meantime, get on shirt and collar, and try to tie my tie. Why will that confounded laundress wash my ties so stiff? Gold pin with a fox's head. Go in, won't you? Go in, go in, go—ah! Pin bends double. Enter JOHN. "JOHN, where the devil have you shoved those boot-pulls to?" "There they are, Sir, under your 'and." Singular, so they are. Straighten pin and finally insert it. 9-25! Too late to put on boots before breakfast. Go down in slippers. Still bleeding. 9-30. In the breakfast-room. Slip in and sit down without absence of boots being noticed. Odour of recent breakfasts very strong and disagreeable. Pah! Mother and one or two others still in their places. "My dear HENRY. You're very late. I'm afraid the tea's not hot. Shall I send for more?" No time. Have to be content with rinsings. A sausage, quite cold. One poached egg. Hard. That's why everyone else left it. Wish Miss ELLINGTON wouldn't talk to me. Why hasn't she finished her breakfast and gone away? Make signs to Mother to go, and take Miss E. with her. Mother won't understand. Strange, I thought Miss E. such a nice girl last night. Limp toast. Simply beastly. Enter my brother TOM. "Hurry up, old cock; we ought to be jogging along now." Gulp down marmalade, dollop of which falls on new red coat. Capture it. Stickiest stuff in the world. Dash upstairs



Tug,  
Tug!



to put on new boots. Tug, tug, ow! Tug, tug, tug! That's one on. Horribly tight; painful pressure round leg on buttons. Tug, tug! The other boot on too. Much tighter even, and more painful. Tie bows: badly bungled. Try again. Very untidy; but will have to do. Spurs. Where are they? Round and round the room. Found. Put them on. Feel, during the process, as if I should burst. Dash downstairs. Trip. Spurred my boot badly. Horse is being led up and down by groom. "Mr. Tom's gone on, Sir. He said you knew the way, and you'd be sure to catch 'im up." Hang Tom: he might have waited half a minute. Can't find my hat anywhere. JOHN! JOHN!! JOHN!!! "I wish you wouldn't stuff everything of mine away, JOHN. Where's my hat?"

"At, Sir? It's on your 'ead, Sir." Scored off again. Must take it out of JOHN, somehow. I believe he lies in wait to catch me. Generally succeeds, too, worse luck. "My crop, JOHN." He can't find it. Triumph! He rushes off to look for it. Comes back without it. Groom produces it suddenly, like a conjuror's trick. "You give it me last night, Sir, to get clean." JOHN's face is a study. Calm consciousness of superiority, tinged with reproach, as who should say, "Why vex your faithful servant with useless messages?" Mount. Off at last. Past ten o'clock.

Shall have to push along a bit. Light a cigar first. Produce it—bite it. Match-box. Heavens! Only one match! "Steady, boy, steady! Stand, you brute, stand!" Now for it. Strike it. Horse starts. Match out. Argument with horse, points being emphasised by crop. Jog along.

Ought I to turn to left, or keep straight on? Can't remember. There's not a soul in sight. Chance it, by going straight on. Jog a mile. That left top seems to get tighter and tighter. Agony. Meet a rustic. Ask him the way. "You ought to 'a turned up by Potter's Copse, a mile back." Just my luck. Back again, and turn up by Potter's Copse. Who was POTTER? Why had he a

Copse? And why am I thinking of such rubbish? That's Pitchfork Heath in the distance. I know it by the three trees in a line. Nobody to be seen on Heath. It's past eleven. Trot on fast. Sound of a horn in the distance. Canter. Ah, there they are, right on the top of Melby Down. Can just make them out going

fast. They're going south, so I might get a short cut. Try it. First a ploughed field. Going as heavy as can be. Nasty-looking bank at far side of field. Must have it, all the same. Horse refuses. At it again. Over! Hold up, hold up—dump! Off, horse having pecked twice on landing, and gone down in another ploughed field. Very dirty. Up again. Pound on somehow. Hurray!—they're checked. Got to them at last:

"Halloa, old chap, where have you dropped from?" says one. "I see where you've dropped to," says another. "Means to try a new rotation of crops on the back of his coat," puts in Tom. Funny fellows, all of them—too witty to live. Hint this to them. They jeer, and tell me I've missed the very best thirty minutes they've had this season, "fast as smoke, and some clinking posts and rails soon after the start." The huntsman tries a cast back. No luck. Takes a wide sweep to the right. "Old Melody's got it. Hark to her!" False alarm. Potter, potter,

potter. Try another covert. So we go on for hours. Rain. More rain.

Wet through, not having taken waterproof. In pain from both boots. Why are breeches made with buttons, for top-boots to press into one's flesh? Chop a fox in covert. And that's the last we see or hear of a fox this day. Wet, cold, hungry. So is Tom. Horse has got a bad over-reach, and I've spurred him in the shoulder. It's four o'clock, and we're twelve miles from home. Both boots keep the agony going. Walk him the whole way, reaching home at 7.15. Query? Is hunting really a pleasure? Think it out before dinner. Answer—No. Recur to subject after dinner, before smoking-room fire. Answer—Yes. Sleep in arm-chair. Bed.



## THE DIARY OF A NEW M.P.

*Monday.*—Am glad election is over. Quite a new joy to be able to pass a man in the street without grinning genially upon him. Since the poll was declared, showing majority of 570 for me, have



"Grinning genially."

had quite a debauch of contradiction. Feel as if my soul was my own again, also my body. When Provost MCSMEE, Chairman of my Committee at Sawynpope, meeting me on morning after election, observed "It's a fine day," I said quite snappishly, "Do you think so? I fancy it will rain before night."

Almost made him jump. Twenty-four hours ago I should, responding to similar remark, have nervously rubbed my hands,

feebly smiled, and said, "It is, indeed!" But I owe the Provost one. He's an Elder of the U. P. Kirk, and sucks peppermint-drops through the sermon. When I first came to Cudcattleshire to begin my canvass, I stayed at his house over the Sabbath. Coming out of kirk after the morning service I observed to him, "It's a fine day, Provost."

"Ah, Mester MORIBUND," he said, gloomily shaking his head, "it's no the day to talk o' days."

*Tuesday.*—It's over at last, and I'm an honest man again. Hope we shall not have another bust-up for five or six years. When last House was sitting remember I was rather in favour of triennial Parliaments. Not so sure I was right. Conclusion seems a little hasty. Under septennial Parliaments England (I can call it

England now I'm out of Scotland; in Cudcattleshire always had to speak of Great Britain—England, I repeat, has grown in power, in wealth, in dominion



"Ah, Mester Moribund, it's no the day to talk o' days."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



*Linley Sambourne del.*

THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"DANCE A BABY DIDDIT!"  
(Nambypamby Art and Literature.)

"GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO PLAY!"  
(Open Spaces for Children.)

"HUMPIY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL!"  
(Tuff Plungings.)



THE MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE YEAR.

"LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER."  
(A Corner of Finance.)

"NEEDLES AND PINS, NEEDLES AND PINS."  
(Troubles of a Benodick.)

"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!"  
(Aliens and the Press.)



## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

Why recklessly readjust the machinery? Let this Parliament at least run its course. Time enough to consider triennial term when we see who's in at next general election.

*Wednesday.*—Mean to make my mark in Parliament now I'm in. It's all new and strange, but so was India to CLIVE when he first set foot on its coral strand. Began



"Having secured a Corner Seat, occupy it constantly. Let House grow accustomed to your presence." well. Made a friend of TONY, M.P., asked his advice. Received me most affably. Put me on the straight path at once. "Most important," he says, "to get a good start. In this House, as in ordinary ones, nature of introduction everything." "Who then should I get to bring me up to the table?" I asked. "Mr. G. and HARCOURT

wouldn't be bad in their way," he said. "Could it be managed?" Well, it was unusual.

*Thursday.*—TOBY M.P. strongly urges me to secure a corner seat below the Gangway. It is, he says, from that position all men who have risen to high estate have started. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD stepped thence to the Treasury Bench, and so, from the other side of the House, did GRANDOLPH. For many sessions the Sage of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE had a corner seat which he benevolently shared with his disciples when in turn they rose to attack someone or something. From a corner seat



"JEMMY" LOWTHER looks on a sadly changed world, and from a corner seat JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON from time to time rises to thrill the senate with burning eloquence.

*Friday.*—"Having secured a corner seat," my Mentor continues, "occupy it constantly. Let House grow accustomed to your presence. Speak on every subject that comes up for debate,



"It's the most natural thing to cheer your own Leaders—just reverse the position of affairs."

and never pass a day without putting from three to seven questions to Ministers. At the outset you will probably evoke some indications of personal distaste for your company. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they will try to howl you down. This may last for a Session, or even two. At the end of that time you'll not only win, but will have established yourself in the position of a favourite. I am old enough to remember when JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was an object of contumely. His rising was ever the signal for a storm of howls and jeers. JOSEPH went on rising, and after a prolonged contest the House not only ceased to yell at him, but hilariously cheered when he interposed in debate, and on the day he died, there was scarcely a dry eye in the place. ALPHIEUS CLEOPHAS and SEYMOUR KEAY have not reached that position yet, and probably never will, for JOEY B. is not a product a century reproduces. But they are on the way to it, and have distinctly made progress."

*Saturday.*—There is, I gathered in later conversation with my philosopher and friend, even higher game for the new M.P. to play than that indicated by examples quoted. "The worst thing any new Member can do," he says, "is to let it appear that he will fall into line and obey the Whip. Anyone can do that. It is the easiest and most natural thing to cheer your own leaders, and attack Hon. and Right Hon. Gentlemen opposite. If you, my dear MORIBUND, want to make an early mark in the House of Commons, just reverse the position of affairs. *The thing to do is to kick out behind.* If you are a Liberal, hint dislike for the proceedings on the Treasury Bench. If you are a Conservative, hesitate



doubt about the patriotism, or, more telling still, the common honesty of Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench. That is certain to secure an audience which otherwise might be lacking. Gentlemen opposite will feel bound to remain and back you up. Your own side will sit angry but interested. There will be cheering and counter-cheering. Probably you will be replied to from whichever Front Bench you may chance to have attacked, and your fortune is made. I won't mention names, but I can count off on the fingers of my two hands just as many men who are Ministers to-day, or were Ministers yesterday, who owe their emergence from obscurity directly to these tactics."

Very glad I came to the Fountain Head for advice on this subject. Seems easy enough to follow. I'll certainly try. When we get fairly to work in February, Cudatleshire shall loom large in the Parliamentary reports.

# MINOR MISERIES. HALF-COCK.

(By Mr. Punch's Hammer-Gunner.)

It was a dull December day—  
Days mostly are in mid-December;—  
From tree to tree a shrieking jay  
Made discord, as I well remember.  
"Line up, you boys," I heard him plain,  
The Keeper cried "Left hand, move faster."  
Slight sounds, but burnt into my brain  
By that dull day's supreme disaster.

Oh, sweet to one whose gun is cocked  
The pheasant's rustle mid the trees is.  
It was a covert thickly stocked  
With pheasants as with mites a cheese is.  
The line drew onward in its beat,  
And, though the sticks kept up a clatter,  
I seemed to hear a thousand feet  
Of pheasants on the dry leaves patter.

I scarce had shot a single bird.  
I know not why—these things are puzzles—  
Pheasant and rabbit both preferred  
To die that day by other muzzles.  
Or if some reckless bird aspired  
To suit me, it was very odd he  
Seemed, as without effect I fired,  
All tail, and not a scrap of body.

Some twenty rabbits, too, had crossed  
The grassy rides where I was posted.  
My score was eighteen rabbits lost,  
And only two completely "ghosted."

By shooting soon, or shooting late,  
I missed them; yet it does seem funny



That fancy thus should elongate  
The short but most deceptive bunny.

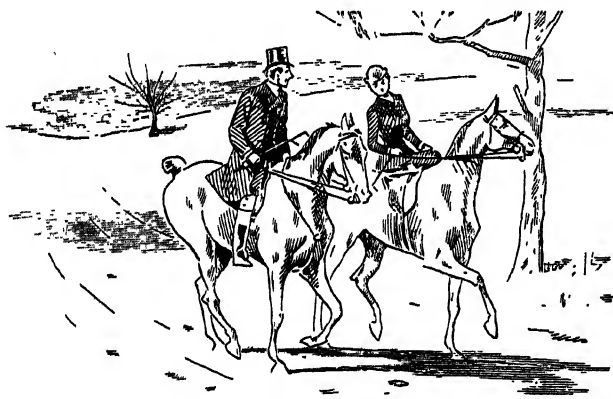
Though it were wiser not to care  
For trifles such as these, they vexed me;  
My skill—I would not boast—is fair,  
And this day's want of it perplexed me.  
So, as I stood and watched the trees,  
I vowed this time to aim much harder,  
And kill my birds in style, and please  
My host, and help to fill his larder.

At last, at last! a whirl of wings!  
Here comes a bunch of six or seven.  
To right, to left, they stream in strings,  
Some low, some soaring high as heaven.  
I raised my gun; with might and main,  
While straight above the pheasants rocket,  
I pulled and pulled, but all in vain,  
For I had quite forgot to cock it.

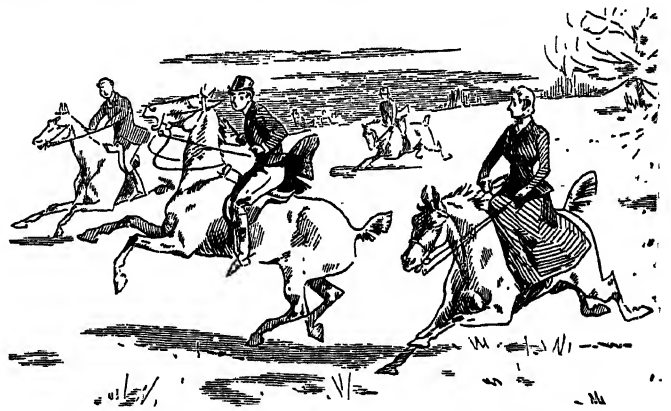
Away they flew: can pardon be  
For bursts of language double-shotted?  
When *Uncle Toby's* speech flew free,  
The word was by an Angel blotted.  
Yet if while I addressed my gun,  
That Angel marked me as I muttered,  
He must have dropped more tears than one  
To blot the hasty words I uttered.

And still, though years have passed away,  
And memories fade as men grow older,  
My dreams repeat that fatal day;  
The half-cocked gun is at my shoulder,  
I strive to cry, my voice is dumb,  
While, by my nightmare fears made bigger,  
Flocks of gigantic pheasants come,  
And bid me tug the useless trigger.

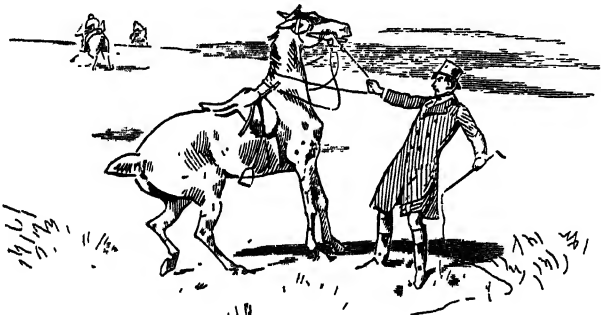
## FIND AND FINISH.—A Sporting Novel in Twelve Chapters.



CHAPTER I.—I spend Christmas with Uncle JOHN, who very kindly lends me his Boots and Breeches (my own Frock-coat answers admirably for the upward man), mounts me on his old Mare, and sends me, in his place, to take charge of Cousin MAUD with the Hounds. Very jolly this—nice girl, MAUD—should not mind taking charge permanently.



CHAPTER II.—They are off, I shall be too, if this goes on. Everybody gone mad (old Mare included). MAUD rides wildly past me, begs me to go back and bring her Hat along—pulled off—tree-branch—jumping out of Covert. "Can't hold *Crusader*," she says.



CHAPTER III.—Have no objection myself to going back, (but old Mare very imperfectly broken animal), declines to do so at any price.



CHAPTER IV.—Am joined by Kindly-disposed Individual, who advises me to let the Hat go to the D—I and follow him—he knows the Country.  
[The Finish at p. 32.]



# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



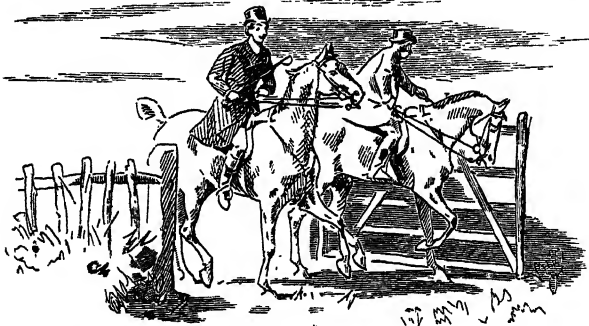
MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. No. 4.—CHICAGO.



MR. PUNCH'S DREAM OF HIS RECENT AMERICAN VISIT. NO. 5.—NIAGARA, OF COURSE, AND "AU REVOIR."

# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH.

## FIND AND FINISH. (Concluded)



CHAPTER V.—This is delightful!!! Kindly Party quite a Master of Arts in the matter of Gates. Says he does take a jump sometimes though, *when he's forced to.*



CHAPTER VII.—Have thrown it!!!! Shut my eyes and trusted to chance (mane chance). What a providential thing that horses were invented with long necks and a mane growing on the top—so much more convenient than underneath like a beard.



CHAPTER IX.—Try to pull a Rail out. Impudent Boy on pony turns up from somewhere, and wants to know why I don't bring a Carpenter out with me. Impudent Boy then vanishes. Alone; wander about for an hour—lost!



CHAPTER XI.—On my way fall in with MAUD herself at Cross-road. She thinks I have been carrying Hat about all day—deeply grateful—so sorry I should have missed the run of the Season through her! &c.



CHAPTER VI.—He's done it. "Only got to throw your heart over," he says. "Beastly long way to throw it, though," I say.



CHAPTER VIII.—Got on splendidly for two or three fields after this, and then found beastly Gate locked (shall write to *Times* about Locked Gates). Never mind—Kindly Party knows another way. He jumps it, and leaves me!



CHAPTER X.—Suddenly find myself at Covert, where I discover MAUD's Hat, by Jupiter!! Get off—pick it up—carry it home.



CHAPTER XII.—Evening—make the most of that Hat. Ask if I may keep it?—I may! MAUD promises that I may keep her too, as soon as I can!!  
HAPPY FIND (THE HAT)! BLISSFUL FINISH!!

W. T. HODGSON





### "APPARENT FAILURE."

["The Private View was not a success. . . . The dresses which we noticed were very ordinary indeed." — *"Art Notes" in a Ladies' Paper.*]

Not a success—for every toilet there  
Was commonplace and  
stupid, more or less;  
A fact which clearly made  
the whole affair  
! Not a success.

"Were not the pictures  
good?" Well, we confess

We know not, neither do  
we greatly care;  
As writers for the fashion-  
able Press,  
Artistic knowledge falls  
not to our share;  
We saw no novelties in hat  
or dress;

Therefore the Show is  
plainly, we declare,  
"Not a success."

"BANG WENT SAX-  
FENCE!"—*A propos* of the  
New Coinage, the *Pall  
Mall Gazette* is our autho-  
rity for saying, that "The  
design for the reverse of  
the half-crown has been  
prepared by Mr. Brock." Brock is a name hitherto  
associated in the popular  
mind with fireworks; and  
if the work be entrusted



"LIGHT AND LEADING."

to; this cunning artificer,  
he will make the New  
Coinage go off splendidly.  
He has, we believe, already  
submitted illuminated de-  
signs to the QUEEN.

THE KENDALS are an-  
nounced to appear at the  
Avenue Theatre. They  
start with *A White Lie*.  
This is the truth. Free  
admissions will not be  
heard of, except when  
they give *A Scrap of  
Paper*. They are also  
going to produce a new  
play entitled, *Prince Ka-  
ratoff*. The plot, to judge  
by the name, will be of  
interest to Vegetarians,  
as it is whispered that  
the hero, *Prince Karatoff*,  
falls in love with *Prin-  
cess Turnipon*.

CURIOSLY APPROPRIATE  
CONJUNCTION OF NAMES.—  
On Friday last the *Times*  
published an important  
letter on a certain fishery.  
The fish was the Salmon,  
and the writer of the letter  
was FFENNELL. We do not  
remember ever having seen  
Salmon on table without  
FFENNELL, which is a fan-  
ciful way of spelling it.  
All information concerning  
Salmon may now be ob-  
tained from a "FFENNELL  
source."

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

(Very Latest Version.)



["There is a grievance which has taken hold in the last few years, under which we are all groaning and complaining, without, as far as I can see, any present remedy. I allude to the shameful way in which our linen is destroyed and knocked about by the existing race of Washerwomen in the Metropolis."—*M. J. G.'s Letter on "London Launderies," in the Daily Telegraph.*]

WITH wristbands grubby and worn,  
With collars ragged and frayed,  
A man moaned over a shirt all rags,  
Cursing the laundress trade.

"Scrub! Scrub!—Scrub!

With lime, for extracting the dirt;  
With chemicals rot, and with wire-brushes  
rub!"—

That's the new Song of the Shirt.

Buy! Buy! Buy!  
Though I'm but a poor Clerk, with scant  
"oof,"

Yet it's buy—buy—buy!  
(My hosier's bills furnish full proof),  
And it's O! to be a slave  
To my Laundress, who's worse than a  
Turk!

I seldom look nice, and I never can save;  
And this is woman's work!

Rub! Rub! Rub!  
Till they're rugged at edge and at rim;  
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!  
Till with scissors the cuffs I must trim.  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam;  
And all the buttonholes gape, and the studs  
Drop out in a golden stream.

O Men with sisters who wash,  
With housewifely mothers or wives,

Who "do up" your linen, and *don't* "put it out,"

You lead endurable lives!

Wash—Starch—Iron!

That may mean home dampness and dirt;  
But at least your collars won't chafe your neck,

And you'll boast a wearable shirt!

But why do I dream of soap,  
Or of honest knuckle-bone?

Now most men's shirts come home in a shape

That's dreadfully like my own—

That's dismally like my own,

Unless a home laundry they keep;

Great Scott! that shirts should be so dear,  
And chloride and wire so cheap!

Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!

The wire-brush never flags;

And what's the result? A collar that's rough,

And a front that's ever in rags!

That frayed-out wristband worries me sore,  
It catches—and shows—the dirt.

And as for the collar!!!—I'll bet you a dollar

You've never one *clean* to your shirt.

Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of old country linen so sweet,

Wherein lavender was spread,

Which was dried on the grass at our feet!

For only one short week

To feel as I used to feel,

Before women washed with chloride of lime,  
And scrubbed with brushes of steel!

Oh! but for one short week

Of the good old-fashioned wash,

Before a laundry meant utter rot,

Lime, wax, and such chemical bosh!!

A little swearing would ease my heart,

At that ogress, false, inhuman;

So to the papers a line I'll drop,

On the Modern Washerwoman!

With fingers ready and fleet, i

With features indignantly red,

A poor Clerk wrote of his linen in rags,

And this is what he said:—

"Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!

Yet I can't keep a decent shirt!

The thing has reached an unbearable pitch,

So—as an appeal to the poor and the rich—

I sing the new Song of the Shirt!"

## ROBERT ON THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE DAY.

JOLLY old Crismus being cum round agen, as ushal, we had our Crismus—Heve supper, as ushal, and henjoyed owselves till a rayther latish hour, as ushal. Upon cumpareing notes, we didn't find as we had werry much to complane about, the grand and nobel old wirtue of horsepitality per-wailing much as ushal.

Howsumdever, upon cumparin notes a second time as to the most poplar subjecks of conwersashun at the warious Eleckshun Dinners, on Saint Tommas' Day, or the day when the hole of the Common Counsellmen has to go to their Constituents for to be elected—though what St. Tommas ewer had to do with it I never could dishoover, no more can BROWN—we found as they was amost all on 'em a torkin about sum grate change, as a lot of outsiders called County Counsellers was a going for to try to get made; the werry principellist being, BROWN said, that they might have occasional use of the Manshun Ouse, and so give grand Dinners to the West-End Swells, and so



## EUPHEMISM.

*Cab Tout (exasperated by the persistent attentions of Constable). "LOOK 'ERE, OLE LIGHTNIN'-KETCHER, WERE THE MISSIN' WORD ARE YER SHOVIN' US TO?"*

get them to wote for their having jolly hansum allowences with which to pay for 'em! But quiet ole JOE, who's one of them rum fellers as don't say much, but thinks a deal, says, in his quiet way, as how as it's werry much was than that, for, from what a werry ancient Deputy said, as he was a helping him to his jugged air, he had werry little dowt but that County Counsellers was acshally a going in for erbollishing the hold Copperashun altogether! if they can git the Government to be fools enuff for to promise to 'elp 'em. And then, from what he heard from others, they are a going to rob the nobel and Charytable Livery Companys of all the money as they spends so nobly; and then, not contented with that, they are a going for to ask Parlyment

to give them the command of all the sixteen thowsand Policemen as there is in the hole of London; and then, not content with that, they are a going for to erbolish all the eight Water Companys, and manage it all their-selves; and then, not content with that, they are a going to take all the Meet Markets, and the Fish Markets, includin Ancient Billingsgate, and the Fruit and Wegeral Markets; and then, just to fill up sum of their lezzur time, they are a going to erbolish the Thames Conserwaters, and manage the River their-selves; and then, as they think as them little trifles ain't quite enuff for 'em, they are a going to arsk to be aloud to take charge of all the Docks and Wharfs on the River! And then, as they will naterally want plenty of



amusement after their ard work, they arks to be aloud to take over the control of All the London Theaters!

I had a chat the other day with one of the LORD MARE'S Footmen, as I allers likes to go to the werry hiest authorities, and he finished by saying, most emfatically,—“Mr. ROBERT, I arks you this simple quesshun—If it takes about two hunderd and thirty gents to keep the grand old City in the bootiful condishun as it allus is, and to keep us all in the helthy condishun as we allus is, and with the remarkabel fine happytites as we allus has, its size being only one square mile, and our number only about fifty thousand sleepers, and about ten times as many, as cums ewery day to hearn their living, how is it possibel for a much smaller number of Gents, with werry littel hexperiens, to do the same with a plaice about a hunderd and twenty times as big, and with about five millions of peepel in it? And you may trust what I says, for I had it from our Chapling.”

“Why,” I says, boldly, “I says at once as I don't beleeve as it's posserbhel for 'em to do a quarter of it.”

“Rite you are, Mr. ROBERT!” says he. And so we parted.

ROBERT.

### AT ANCIENT DRURY.

DRURIOLANUS MAGNIFICUS has given us something gorgeous this year in “The Hall of a Million Mirrors,” the tenth Scene of his Pantomime entitled *Little Bo-Peep, Little Red Riding Hood, and Hop o' My Thumb*, who are three very small people,—“small by degrees

and beautifully less”—to make so big a Show. In the Hall of Mirrors appear all the well-known representatives of ancient Nursery Rhymes, and all the heroes and heroines of the universally familiar Fairy Stories. Down the Palace stairs they come, group after group, until the Stage, even of Old Drury, can hold no more, and there is scarcely room for them all to move, much less to indulge in any “kicking up ahind and afore,” as was the wont of the Ancient JOSEPH, whose fame is hymned in Nigger Minstrelsy. A most brilliant scene, never to be forgotten!—that is, until next Pantomime Season, when Sir DRURIOLANUS will, in all probability, show us something equally magnificent, and as perfect in design and colour.

There is such a galaxy of talent, specially of Music-hall talent, with the two MARIES, LORTUS and LLOYD, the CAMPBELL of that ilk, comical DAN LENO (who looks so comically Thin O), and

the amusing Brothers GRIFFITHS, but without the donkey, and with no quadruped to equal him, though they do make beasts of themselves by appearing as wolves, who will not be kept from the door of *Granny Green*, Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, utterly unrecognisable. Besides these is a Variety Show of other Stars, including ever-graceful EMMA D'AUBAN, and Miss MABEL LOVE, of the “skirts-so movement,” both rightly reckoned in the programme as among “the Immortals.” Only one fault can be found with the Pantomime, and that is, that there are too many brilliant Stars in it. They can't all of them, each and severally, get an opportunity of showing how he or she can shine in his or her own particular bright way; and so it happens that the earliest scenes, which are less crowded, are the best for fun, though in the latter, and specially in the one just preceding the transformation, there is some capital comic business, and “*LITTLE TICH*” is at his best in his burlesque of the Skirt Dance. We wonder that this clever diminutive person has never appeared as “*the Claimant par excellence*.” But perhaps his name is not “*TICH*” at all, and so, on his first appearance on the world's stage, he was not a “*Tich-born*.”

The *Extravaganza* portion of the Pantomime—formerly styled the “Opening”—gave us great pleasure, and the two “Comic

Scenes”—(what are all the preceding ones? Are CAMPBELL, LENO, WILLIAMS, and “*LITTLE TICH*,” all tragedians?)—gave us Great PAYNE—yclept HARRY PAYNE, the good old Conservative “JOEY.”

If the possibilities, “*per variation et mutation*” of gorgeous modern Pantomime, are exhausted—“which,” as EUCLID observes, “is impossible”—except we may “add a rider” (as the Clown in the Circle might observe) that Pantomime is, in itself, a *reductio ad absurdum*—then, perchance, Sir DRURIOLANUS MAGNIFICUS may give us next Christmas a Shorter Opening, say ten Scenes, to be followed by six Harlequinade Scenes, treating, by way of “Review,” all the leading topics of Ninety-Three. *Nous verrons*—at least, such is our hope. And so a Prosperous New Year to Sir DRURIOLANUS, and all his works.

### NOVEL, BUT NOT NEW.

(A Story of Romance in Town and Country.).

SCENE I.—*Publisher's Sanctum. Amateur Author discovered in consultation with Enterprising Publisher.*

*Enterprising Publisher.* Yes, my dear Sir, I think, if you pay all the expenses, we can see our way to giving *An Oppressed Ophelia* a chance.

*Amateur Author.* You would not take a small risk?

*Ent. Publisher.* Why no, my dear Sir. I do not see how *An Oppressed Ophelia* can be made a safe investment without your entire assistance. Possibly we may treat about your next novel, which I understand you to say is called *An English Hamlet*, on other terms. In the meanwhile, let us hope that *An Oppressed Ophelia* will be successful. [Exeunt Author and Publisher severally.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Three months have passed. Publisher and Author are discovered discussing the situation.*

*Author (gloomily).* And so you say that *An Oppressed Ophelia* is a dead failure?

*Publisher (more cheerfully).* Yes, my dear Sir, but do not be distressed. Thanks to my foresight, and your acquiescence in a business-like arrangement, my firm has lost nothing by the transaction.

*Author (dryly).* That I can readily understand! Well, I suppose you have plenty of copies you can give back to me?

*Publisher.* Well, scarcely. You see the Londoners did not take up your book very warmly; but we have made an arrangement to dispose of the rest of the issue in the country at a considerable reduction.

*Author.* And *An English Hamlet*?

*Publisher.* We shall be glad to produce on the same terms!

[Exeunt Author and Publisher severally.]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Circulating Library at Slocum-Pogis-on-the-Stodge. Author and Female Librarian discovered.*

*Author.* Well, if you haven't got the popular novels I have already mentioned, I will have a book by RIDER HAGGARD, STEVENSON, MEREDITH, or RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Librarian.* All out, Sir. Won't you have something else?

*Author.* Well, an amusing volume of travels or recollections. Can you recommend one?

*Librarian.* We did have several books of that kind in the Season, Sir, but just now our stock is a little low.

*Author (nettled).* Why, I don't believe you have a book in the shop. You seem to be out of everything!

*Librarian.* Oh, yes, we have, Sir. Here, for instance, is one of this year's novels. It's called *An Oppressed Ophelia*.

*Author (pleased).* Oh, you have got that, have you?

*Librarian.* Got it! Why, the whole place is full of them! To tell you the truth, Sir, it came down by mistake. We ordered books by BLACK, MEREDITH, STEVENSON, and the rest of them, and they sent us back, by accident, I suppose, a dozen copies of *An Oppressed Ophelia*. If you would like it, Sir, I will look you out a copy with some of the leaves cut.

*Author (shortly).* No, thankie, I've read it!

*Librarian.* Dear me, what an odd gentleman! He's the first as has read *An Oppressed Ophelia*, although I have had it in the shop these six months!



A Man of Letters.

[Scene closes in upon her astonishment.]

### "SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER."

If my memory serves me faithfully, the above heading is a quotation from the first verse of "*The British Grenadiers*," and is peculiarly applicable just now to the Lessee of the St. James's Theatre, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who has got a decided success in



"Question time."

the original Comedy, written by Mr. R. C. CARTON, entitled *Liberty Hall*, an excellent and a catching name, that perhaps might have been better bestowed on a larger picture. To play with "reserved force" until the passionate moment arrives, is all that Mr. ALEXANDER

has to do; but this he does admirably, never under-acting, never over-acting, always as natural as a quiet gentleman, of a peculiarly romantic turn of mind, yet with a keen but chastened appreciation of a practical joke, kept all to himself for five months, should be. Had he been compelled by circumstances to sustain the *alias*, and to continue playing the part of a *Burchell* in GOLDSMITH'S *Vicar of Wakefield* for one month longer, could he have done it? However, as the piece has "caught on," it may be that Mr. ALEXANDER will have to play the part of Mr. *Burchell alias Owen* for even longer than half a year; and, as he selected the piece, and as he plays this part excellently, it is mainly *Owen* that ALEXANDER that the piece is payin.' Mr. BEN WEBSTER is good as the somewhat gentlemanly-caddish mixture called *The Hon. Gould Harringay*. Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD, as a Family Solicitor, deeply interests everybody in the First Act; "and then," like *Macbeth's* "poor player," which Mr. N. G. isn't, far from it,—"is heard no more." Perhaps, during the Pantomime season, he might re-appear at the finish with a slight addition to his head-gear, as intimated in this little sketch of him, when he could observe confidentially to the audience, "Here we are again!" But this is only a hint, to the practical use of which, Mr. GOULD, by the kind permission of Mr. ALEXANDER, is heartily welcome.

Capital is Miss FANNY COLEMAN as the housekeeper and maid-of-

all-work; and, in the small part of *Todman's* shop-boy, Master RICHARD SAKER shows that, as Mr. Wardle said of Mr. *Tupman*, when he brought down the birds with his eyes shut, he is "an older hand at this than we thought for." If he works at his profession, he will show himself "a wise-SAKER." Mr. HOLMES and Miss AILSA CRAIG, in two very small but strongly-marked character-parts, add to the general efficiency of an exceptionally complete cast. Miss MAUDE MILLETT makes the indiscreet *Amy Chilworth* a very sweet person, but it is Miss MARION TERRY who has in her hands the one strong dramatic situation at the end of the Third Act. It is a situation which, no matter what might have been the author's conception of it, depends for its effect solely and only on the actress; and Miss MARION TERRY, as she sits, rises to the occasion. It is long since Mr. RIGHTON has had such a part as that of *Todman*, the quaint little old-fashioned bookshop-keeper, and to this quite Dickensian character, the actor does thorough justice; as also does Mr. H. VINCENT to the somewhat highly coloured blustering part of *Briginslaw*. Mr. ALEXANDER commences the new year well. "Prosit!" chirps



"Put a penny in the hat, and the figure will work."

THE CRITIC OFF THE HEARTH.

### A MOAN OF MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(By Our Own Dismal Dyspeptic.)

Oh, Christmas is a season when this melancholy earth Has to put on the appearance of ungovernable mirth— When you substitute a chuckle for your ordinary sigh, And you give each other presents that you can't afford to buy— When the little boys with snowballs are so shockingly unkind, And improve on the occasion to attack you from behind— When the mistletoe its terrors at the bashful person hurls, And you have to kiss a number of unpleasant-looking girls!

Oh, Christmas is a season when the children make a row, And you have to bear it patiently—although you don't know how— When they will not let you slumber in your comfortable chair, But crawl and tumble over you and ruffle up your hair— When TOM and DICK are home from school with all their nasty tricks, And have terrific combats with a pair of single-sticks— When Auntie comes to stay with us, and always takes their parts, And you smile a sickly smile, and murmur, "Bless their little hearts!"

Oh, Christmas is a season when the beef is very fat, (And it turns me topsy-turvy at the simple thought of that!)— When it seems as if your relatives could never eat enough, And you have to look contented as you sit and watch them stuff— When they give you Christmas pudding, and consider it a treat, Though they know that you are feeling far too bilious to eat— When the very house reverberates with tradesmen's constant knocks, As they call in quick succession to demand a Christmas-box!

Oh, Christmas is a season, when I long to sit alone, In some clean and quiet garret, I can really call my own; Where no Christmas Cards can reach me with their idiotic rhymes— Where I never hear of HARRIS, and his splendid Pantomimes. Where the turkey and the goose would feel distinctly out of place, Where no pallid pie-of mincemeat, dares to look me in the face; Where I don't see coloured plates from Christmas Numbers on the wall, Where, in fact, I can forget that it is Christmas-time at all!



The "Seasonable" Lawyer.



### A REMINISCENCE.

*Aunt Molly (on hospitable thoughts intent).* "YOU SHALL HAVE THIS BEDROOM, MIKE—THE SAME THAT YOU HAD LAST CHRISTMAS!"

*Mike.* "OH, NOT THAT BEDROOM, AUNT MOLLY!—IT'S CHOKED FULL OF DREAMS!"

### THE FRENCH "SERPENTINE DANCE;"

OR, PAS DE PANAMA.

THE Minuet's cold and modish grace,  
Delirium of the Carmagnole,  
Fair France has known. How will she pace  
This frantic dance, and to what goal?  
Beginning in triumphant sport,  
She's tremulous now, with terror cold.  
The whirl so dizzies, she breathes short;  
The serpent spirals seem to fold  
Laocöon-like about her limbs.  
Tarantula-bitten victims so  
Whirl madly. Shrinks her head and swims;  
This is not glory's ardent glow,

But fever's hectic, herald sure  
Of dread corruption, if unstayed.  
Dance on the footing insecure  
Of the keen edge of War's red blade,  
Rather than this mad dervish spin,  
Drunk with that serpent's poison-breath;  
The music is the devil's din,  
The dance—the modern Dance of Death!

LATEST FROM "THE GILBERT ISLANDS."  
—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN will probably stay in these islands while writing his new Opera. If successful, these islands will then be annexed by Manager D'OYLY CARTER under the style and title of "The Gilbert and Sullivan Islands."

### ON A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

["With kind regards and best wishes for 1893, from Mr. and Mrs. T. BROWN-SMITH and family."]

FROM TOM! It's thirty years ago  
Or more, since, destined to talk Tamil, he  
Set sail for foreign lands. And so  
To-day he boasts a wife and family.

Yes, Tom and I were chums at school,  
The Matron—how we used to fool her!  
We broke the very self-same rule,  
We felt the very self-same ruler.

We gladly in those  
classic groves  
Accepted all the Fates  
provided,  
And even in our school-  
boy loves  
We did not care to be  
divided.



Three years at Cambridge  
—where we spent  
Our money, "linked in  
friendly tether."  
Three years that all too quickly went,  
Then we went down, and went together.

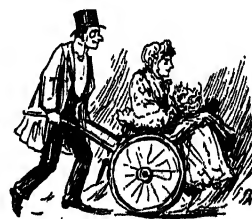
Next year 'twas TOM who went abroad;  
He vowed that he'd be married—never!  
But I was then engaged to MAUDE,  
To MAUDE, who swore to love me ever.

Perhaps she kept her plighted word—  
But, if she did, she chose as funny  
A way as I have ever heard—  
She married Some One Else and Money.

Maybe she did not feel inclined  
To risk the bread-and-cheese and kisses,  
Or else her calculating mind  
Preferred "Her Ladyship" to "Mrs."

So I'm unmarried to this day,  
And live without the great felicity  
Which, as TOM used of old to say,  
Can't fail to wait on domesticity.

That joy is his alone, not mine,  
Misogynist he liked to call himself,  
Whilst I thought every girl divine—  
Yet TOM has been the first to fall himself.



I've missed the  
sweets of mar-  
ried life,  
The bills, the  
coos, and all  
the rest of it!  
I cannot boast,  
like TOM, a  
wife,  
I wonder, tho',  
who's got the  
best of it?

Fair MAUDE, I willingly allow  
I thought my heart for ever riven.  
It wasn't so at all, and now  
Your Ladyship is quite forgiven.

And TOM, old friend—tried, trusty, true,  
Across the seas these lines will carry  
All New-Year greetings, TOM, to you  
And yours, from Yours, as ever, HARRY.

SHOULD there be a hard frost, lady-skaters  
in Hyde Park will be able to give quite a  
new turn to the "Serpentine Dance."

CRINOLINE is gradually coming in again.  
She re-enters to the air of "Steel so gently  
o'er Me steeling."



THE FRENCH "SERPENTINE DANCE;"

OR, PAS DE PANAMA.





## Montagu Williams.

BORN, 1834. DIED, DEC. 23, 1892.

[He will be missed far more by lawyers and the world at large than many men, who hold more important offices in his profession.]—*The Times*.]

COMPANIONS of his ardent youth,  
Or comrades of his riper years;  
The poor who felt his kindly ruth,  
And mourn him with unpurchased tears;  
Men of the world whose mordant sense  
Shorn of all maudlin sentiment  
Seemed the sharp touchstone of pretence;  
Soft hearts on swift world-bettering bent,  
All miss, all mourn the man whom all  
Responsive found to each high call.  
Old long-dead days of boisterous mirth,  
Far dim-seen hours of arduous fight  
When gaiety possessed the earth,  
When morning felt no fear of night;  
School-form, field, footlights, club! *Eheu*  
*Fugaces!* These, indeed, are fled,  
But thoughts of dashing MONTAGU,  
That dauntless soul now lying dead,  
After long fight with pitiless pain  
Make the old memories live again.

Before the triumphs of the Court,  
Before the honours of the Bench,  
Wild days there were of toil and sport,  
Long ere our brows had learned to blench  
At threatenings of the first grey hair.  
Ah! cordial comrade, champion stout,  
The fierce ordeal you had to bear  
Is ended; fortune's final flout  
Has fallen, and that gallant breast  
Is still at last in well-earned rest.

It was your happy lot to blend  
Sound brain and sympathetic heart;  
The loyal service of a friend,  
With worldly wisdom keen and tart.  
Shrewd advocate and councillor keen,  
You knew the world, yet pitied it;  
Compassion mild, not cynic spleen.  
Tempered the edge of caustic wit.  
Farewell! It dims much pomp and state,  
Your title—"Poor Man's Magistrate!"

## AN IDYLL OF THE CROWD.

(*A Tip (after Tennyson) to Tory Topsavvers.*)  
COME down, O Scribe, from yonder snuffy  
height; [lor sang],  
What pleasure lives in "sniff" (the Council-  
In sniff and scorn, the weakness of the  
"swells"? [cease  
But cease to move so near the clouds, and  
To sit a votary of the "Great Pooh-Pooh";  
And come, for Labour's in the valley, come,  
For Toil dwells in the valley, come thou down  
And watch him; by the dim slum threshold,  
he,  
Or hand in hand with poverty in the docks,  
Or black with stithy-swartness by the forge,  
Or troll-like in the mine; nor cares to walk  
With Wealth and Fashion in the parks and  
squares; [cold  
But follow! Come thou down, and let the  
Cramp-headed cynics yelp alone, and leave  
The mugwump scoffers there to shape and  
sleek  
Their thousand paragraphs of acrid joke  
That like a squirting fountain waste in air;  
So waste thou not; but come; for hunger pale  
Awaits thee; haggard pillars of the hearth  
Appeal to thee; slum children call, and now  
The Crowd's astir, with every man a Vote  
To give him voice, and in that voice you'll  
hear [laws,"  
Myriads of "movements" hurrying into  
The moan of men at immemorial ills,  
And murmuring of innumerable shes.

## MY LANDSCAPE.



CALM sea, the mirror of a cloudless sky,  
Blue mountains, in the purple distance  
fading,  
Tall, dark-hued pines, through which faint  
zephyrs sigh,  
A garden shading.

A view that might inspire a poet's voice,  
Or minstrel's lute to sweetest music waken—  
I came to paint this subject of my choice;  
My place was taken!

I muttered angry words between my teeth;  
I could not see the features of *la bella*,  
I only saw a dress and cloak beneath  
A great umbrella.

Perhaps some girl, her hair a touzled mop,  
Plain-featured, round in shoulder, unpoetic,  
With hygienic boots that flatly flop—  
Old style aesthetic.

I came a little closer, just to see.  
Ye gods, her looks and form were not  
alarming!  
A graceful, sweet-faced, dainty maiden she,  
Completely charming.

The landscape that I loved was what she  
drew. [thawing;  
I felt my coolness towards her quickly  
I also stayed to sketch that charming view—  
Here is my drawing.

## "SIC ITUR."



THE Old Year flits, the New Year comes,  
And, through such severance, man contrives

To parcel out in little sums  
The little measurements of lives.  
We feign the one a different year,  
Outworn, by solemn bells outrung—  
The other, founding of our sphere,  
As radiant, innocent, and young.

Farewell! we cry, to Ninety-Two,  
Its lapses and encompassings,  
We bid them all a fond adieu,  
And fix our gaze on fresher things;  
What has not been we dream will be,  
The wounds will heal, the flaws will  
mend,  
And hopes be born of Ninety-Three  
That older, cherished hopes transcend.

It is not thus; Time mocks at pause,  
In march continual onward goes;  
Th' unfailling progress of his laws,  
No respite nor effacement knows;  
This year is but the force of last,  
Not something new to mortal ken;  
Hereditary's enchainment vast  
Enthral the moments as the men.

Yet welcome still, our childish trust,  
Which breathes a truth that Science  
Our ladder, based upon the dust, [mars;  
Mounts ever nearer steadfast stars;  
And, though the rungs be still the same,  
The glimpses, as we strive to rise,  
Are, 'spite our mists of sin and shame,  
More closely neighbouring the skies.

## MIXED NOTIONS.

## No. III.—PANAMA.

SCENE, and persons as before—namely, two Well-informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man, travelling up together in a suburban morning-train to London.

*First Well-informed Man.* Jolly old mess they seem to have got into in Paris over this Panama business. I see they arrested half-a-dozen more of them yesterday.

*Second W. I. M.* Yes—and they haven't done yet. I knew, months and months ago, the crash must come. That French chap, LAMPION told me all about it. He says it'll bust up the Republic before they've done with it.

*First W. I. M.* And a good thing too. That kind of corruption only flourishes under a Republican form of government. They want a strong man in France, that's what they want.

*Average Man.* I don't believe much in your strong men. I suppose the last Emperor was a pretty fair specimen; but they seem to have had some high old ramps under him, too. Besides, look at Russia.

*First W. I. M.* You can't bring Russia forward as an example.

*Second W. I. M.* Of course not. Russia don't count.

*A. M.* Why not? I don't suppose you can make a man much stronger than the CZAR; but, if we're to believe what we're told, the whole place is honeycombed with corruption. Why—to *First W. I. M.*—you were saying yourself, only the other day, that Russia was corrupt to the core.

*First W. I. M.* Oh, but I was speaking of something quite different. Russia is a country *per se*.

*Inquirer.* I thought Russia was an Autocracy.

*First W. I. M.* It's the same thing.

*Second W. I. M.* (after a pause). Well, anyhow, we in England haven't done anything of the kind. You can't deny that.

*A. M.* No, we haven't done anything quite on the same scale lately. I admit that. But we've done our best with worthless mines, and bogus Companies of all kinds, and financial papers, and Building Societies. Seems to me we've no right to chuck stones at poor old LESSEPS.

*Inquirer.* Is that the same old chap who did something in Egypt some years ago?

*Second W. I. M.* (smiling, and superior). Yes, the very same. He made the Suez Canal.

*Inquirer.* Of course—so he did.

That was what we went to the Soudan for, wasn't it?

*Second W. I. M.* (dubiously). Well, it had something to do with it, of course. As we'd got four million pounds' worth of shares in the Canal, we couldn't afford to see it upset. And then (brightening) there was the Dual Control. That was really at the bottom of the whole business.

*Inquirer.* The Dual Control? I don't remember what that was.

*Second W. I. M.* Why, don't you remember ARABI setting himself up against the KHEDIVY? Well, naturally, we couldn't stand the two of them playing their games there; so we just had to nip in, and smash old ARABI.

*Inquirer.* Of course, I remember the whole business now; Khartoum, and the MAHDI, and all the rest of it. [A pause.]

*Inquirer* (returning to the charge). I wonder why they called it the Panama Canal?

*First W. I. M.* Why shouldn't they? It happens to be its name.

*Inquirer.* Yes, I know that's its name now. But why call it after a straw hat?

*First W. I. M.* (amazed). After a what?

*Inquirer.* After a straw hat.

*First W. I. M.* (calmly, but firmly). It isn't called after a straw hat. The straw hat's called after it. That's all.

*Inquirer* (dogged, and unconvinced). Well, anyhow, I know I bought a Panama hat last summer—and deuced expensive it was, too.

*First W. I. M.* My dear boy, it was made in Panama. Panama's a place.

*Inquirer.* Well, I'm dashed! I never knew that. But what on earth do they want a Canal there for?

*First W. I. M.* Oh, well, I'm bound to admit it would be a convenience. Just think how it would shorten the sea-route. Instead of having to go all the way round Cape What's-his-name—what is that blessed Cape's name?

*Second W. I. M.* (tentatively). Cape of Good Hope?

*First W. I. M.* No, no—they're building the Nicaragua Canal for that. Cape—Cape—why, dash it, I shall be forgetting my own name next!

*Inquirer* (brilliantly). Capricorn.

*First W. I. M.* Yes, that's it! Well, instead of having to go all round Cape Ricorn, all we've got to do is to sail to Panama, and—(impotently concluding)—there we are!

*Second W. I. M.* Ah, but I don't think they'll ever finish it.

*First W. I. M.* I'm not so sure about that; but, of course, the French couldn't do it.

*Second W. I. M.* Of course not. [Terminus.]



## "CREDE EXPERTO."

Q.C. "YES; I LIKE THE ARMY AS A PROFESSION. I MEAN TO PUT MY SON INTO IT."

Little Snooks (who was Gazetted the week before last). "AH, YOU TAKE THE ADVICE OF A MAN WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT—AND DON'T!"

## VERY CIVIL LAW.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the London County Council.)

SCENE—The Interior of the Court under the Patronage of the London County Council. Judge, appointed according to the popular view, discovered in the act of passing sentence.

*Judge.* Prisoner in the dock, or I should say, my good friend—for are we not all liable to err?—I have no wish to increase the natural embarrassment of your position. I am here, as you know, to dispense judgment. This I tell you judicially. I am, when I make this statement, merely the mouthpiece of the Law. In my private capacity, I am deeply sorry for you.

*Prisoner* (much affected). Thank you kindly, Sir.

*Judge.* My dear friend, I feel for your misfortunes. I make every allowance for them. By the Statute under whose provisions both of us are here, I notice that I have the power to sentence you to seven years' penal servitude.

*Prisoner* (startled). Seven years! But you ain't going to do it?

*Judge.* My dear friend, I will do nothing that is unjust.

*Prisoner* (angrily). You'd better not, or you'll fear of it again!

*Judge.* I hope, I do hope that is not intended as a threat! My object is to treat you courteously, and even considerately, but, as I have already remarked, the Law is, in fact, the Law. Although I represent the London County Council to a very large extent, still I am a Member of the Bar, and, by virtue of my office, a gentleman. Under these circumstances, I shall only be doing my duty—painful as its performance may be—when I sentence you to be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

*Prisoner* (indignantly). What, seven years! Why, you—  
[Scene closes in hurriedly upon a flood of language more forcible than polite. Curtain.]



THE GRAND OLD PRINTER.

SEVERAL REPORTS HAVE APPEARED IN THE PAPERS ABOUT THE PRINTING OF THE NEW HOME-RULE BILL BY AN OLD EXPERIENCED HAND WORKING IN SECRET





### AN UNDERGROUND SELL.

*First Passenger.* "THEY SAY THEY'VE PUT ON DETECTIVES 'ERE, TO CATCH COVES AS TRAVELS WITHOUT TICKETS."

*Second Passenger.* "'AVE THEY? WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I CAN TRAVEL AS OFTEN AS I LIKE FROM CANNON STREET TO VICTORIA, AND NOT PAY A 'PENNY!"

*Detective.* "SEE HERE, MATE; I'LL GIVE YOU HALF-A-CROWN IF YOU TELL ME HOW YOU DO IT."

*Second Passenger (after pocketing the Half-Crown).* "WELL,—WHEN I WANTS TO GIT FROM CANNON STREET TO VICTORIA WITHOUT PAYIN'—I WALKS!"

### "CUT AND COME AGAIN."

THE Annual New-Year's Dinner of Anti-Vivisectionists took place yesterday. The following was the menu:—

Oysters—eaten alive.  
Turtle Soup—the Turtle having been exhibited for several days previously in a Confectioner's window.  
Stewed Eels—chopped up wriggling.  
Lobsters—boiled alive.  
Prawns—ditto ditto.  
Curried Rabbit—trapped.  
Pâtés de Foies Gras.  
Roast Pork—Prize Pig, suffocated at a show.  
Roast Veal—Calf bled to death to secure an elegant whiteness.

PROBLEM.—At the stranding-of-the-*Howe* trial there appeared a Witness, whose official position, it appears, is "Hydrographer of the Navy." What is a hydrographer? clearly, by derivation, "a drawer of water." But a ship also "draws water." Therefore, logically, a Hydrographer is a ship. But a ship is never put into a witness-box, where it would be quite at sea, but in the dock, where it could be quite at home. "Truly," writes our Puzzled Correspondent, "there is a muddle somewhere." Q. E. D.

A CHEERFUL INVESTMENT. — A Laughing-Stock.

### SAFE PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR.

SOMEONE will write about the extraordinary characteristic of the Season, whether it be warm or cold.

There will be a Political Crisis in Paris on the average of once in every six weeks.

The German Emperor will continue his tours, to the great inconvenience of the Crowned Heads he favours with a visit.

Mr. GLADSTONE will lecture, write articles to the Magazines, fell trees, and govern the country, as per usual.

Someone will get a trifle tired of Home Rule, the Channel Tunnel, and General BOOTH.

A few persons will leave Europe for America, to see the Chicago Exhibition.

A crowd (more or less) will attend the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, the Derby, and the Private View at the Royal Academy.

Mrs. SMITH (after having been presented by My Lady BROWN) will present Miss SMITH, Miss ELFRIDA SMITH, and Miss VICTORIA ALEXANDRA SMITH, at Her MAJESTY'S Drawing-Room.

Mr. and Mrs. PORTLAND SNOOKS will give a dinner-party, which will be reported in the Society papers.

The First Nights at the Lyceum will be amongst the features of the Season.

There will be several failures at the Theatres, and also a success or two.

There will be half a dozen full-dress debates in the House of Commons, and as many important divisions.

The "Popular Budget" is sure, with some people, to be exceedingly unpopular.

The London County Council and the School Board will be censured by the Press.

There will be any number of railway "accidents," and avoidable "deaths by misadventure."

It will be discovered that the British Army is a myth, and that the British Navy is a snare and a delusion.

Parliament will be up in time for the partridges, even if a little late for the grouse.

Everyone will praise the United Kingdom as the land of the tourist, and promptly go abroad.

A subject of deep domestic importance will be discussed in the columns devoted to correspondence in the daily papers during the Silly Season.

A new Author will be discovered, and spring into great popularity with the Publishers, if not with the Public.

Out of every hundred novels, ten per cent. will be absorbed by the London Libraries, and the remainder carted off to the "Circulating Book Emporiums" at the seaside.

A new Magazine will be started, to supply a want hitherto unsuspected.

Someone will write his experiences, and expect someone else to read them.

The children (periodically) will return to school after the holidays, and "men" will go to Oxford and Cambridge, as occasion requires.

Calls to the Bar by the Benchers of the Inns of Court will add materially to the numbers of the Unemployed.

Several social failures will go to the Colonies, and (like a bad shilling) return again.

Professor JONES will call black white, while Professor ROBINSON insists that it is grey.

There will be bags on the moors, and sales at the poulterers'.

The Christmas Numbers will be prepared in May and published in October.

The Divorce Court will be open for the Season, and the Season will amply avail itself of the opportunity.

The year will pass in less than no time, and the Yule-tide greetings will be heard, as it were, shortly after Easter.



Going with the Times.

SUBJECT FOR FANCY PICTURE.—Fined five shillings for swearing. A bench of Magisterial Salmon from the River Tees, after considerable consultation, deciding that they cannot pass over the Dinsdale Dam, but admitted that it was quite allowable for a lady-like Salmon to say to the river, "O you Tees!"

"THE PRESENT TIMES."—Christmas and New Year.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

## THE SCHOOL FOR PATRIOTISM.

[A Fund has been raised to supply the School Board with Union-Jacks, with a view to increasing the loyalty of the pupils.—*Daily Paper*.]

SCENE—*A Room of the School Board, decorated with flags and trophies of arms. Teacher discovered instructing his pupils in English History.*

*Teacher.* And now we come to the Battle of Trafalgar, which was won by NELSON in the early part of the present century. As it is my object to increase your patriotism, I may tell you that "BRITANNIA rules the waves, and Britons never, never, never will be slaves!" Repeat that in chorus.

*Pupils.* "Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rules the waves; Britons never, never, never will be slaves!"

*Teacher.* Thank you very much; and to show how the *esprit de corps* in Her Majesty's Ships-of-War is preserved, I will now dance the Sailor's Hornpipe.

[*Does so.*]

*First Pupil.* Please, Sir, do Englishmen always win?

*Teacher.* Invariably. If they retire, they do not retreat. Can you tell me what a retirement of troops in the face of the enemy is called?

*Second Pupil.* Bolting, Sir.

*Teacher.* Nothing of the sort. Go to the bottom of the class, Sirrah! Bolting, indeed! Next boy!

*Third Pupil.* It is called "a strategic movement to the rear," Sir.

*Teacher.* Quite right; and now we come to the Battle of Waterloo, which you will remember was won on the 18th of June, 1815. But perhaps this may be a convenient time for the introduction of the Union-Jack War Dance, which, as you all know, has been recently ordered to be part of our studies by the Committee of the School Board. Now then, please, take your places.

[*The Pupils seize the flags hanging to the walls, and dance merrily. At the conclusion of the exercise they replace the flags, and resume their customary places.*]

*First Pupil.* If you please, can you tell us anything about the Union-Jack?

*Teacher.* As I have explained on many occasions, when you have been good and obliging enough to put the same question to me, I am delighted to have the opportunity. You must know that the Union-Jack represents the greatest nation in the world. This nation is our own beloved country, and it is gratifying to know that there are no people so blessed as our own. The Union-Jack flies in every quarter of the globe, and where it is seen, slavery becomes impossible, and tyranny a thing of the past. To be an Englishman is to be the noblest creature on the earth. One Englishman is worth twenty specimens of other nationalities; he is more conscientious, more clever, more beautiful than any other living man, and it is a good thing for the world that he exists. [*Looking at watch.*] And now, as we have rather exceeded our usual time for study, we will depart after the customary ceremony.

[*The Pupils then sing the National Anthem, and the School dismisses itself with three cheers for HER MAJESTY. Curtain.*]

## BUTTERS BUTTERED.

SIR,—I have been deeply thrilled by the suggestion for curing the Agricultural depression which Messrs. MACDOUGALL, of Mark Lane, have made. I am not myself an Agriculturist; still, in—or rather near—the suburban villa in which I reside, I have an old cow, and a donkey on which my children ride. Directly I heard that the way to keep animals warm and comfortable in Winter was to smear them all over with oil, thus saving much of the cost of feeding them, I tried the plan on the aged cow. Perhaps the oil I used was not sufficiently pure. At all events the animal, which had never been known before to do more than proceed at a leisurely walk, rushed at frantic speed into the garden, and tossed my wife's mother into a cucumber-frame. She has now gone home. Undeterred by the comparative failure of this attempt, I smeared our donkey with a

pint of the best castor-oil, just before setting out on its daily amble, with the children (in panniers) on its back. It did not appear to relish the treatment, as it instantly broke loose, and was found, five miles off, in a village pound, while the children were landed in a neighbouring ditch. I am writing to Messrs. MACDOUGALL, to ask for particulars of how the oil is to be applied. I am sure it is an excellent idea, if the animals could be brought to see it in the same light.

Yours, experimentally,  
DARWIN EDISON GUBBINS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—SMITH Minor, who is staying at our house for part of the holidays, said what good fun it would be to try the MACDOUGALL plan on my Uncle from India. He is always cold and shivering. We waited till he was having a nap after dinner in the arm-chair, and we coated him over with butter that SMITH Minor got from Cook. (Cook never will give me butter.) When we got to his hair he unfortunately woke up, so that is probably why the plan did not succeed. We thought he would be pleased to feel warmer, but he wasn't. Uncles are often ungrateful, SMITH Minor says. And it *did* succeed in one way, because he seemed awfully hot and red in the face when he found what we had been doing. Perhaps we ought not to have tried smearing him on his clothes, but how could we get his clothes off without waking him? SMITH Minor says it's a pity we

didn't drug him. N.B.—I have been stopped going to the Pantomime for this, and SMITH Minor is to be sent home!

Your dejected TOMMY.

SIR,—I want to bring an action against Messrs. MACDOUGALL, of Mark Lane. I tried their smearing plan on a horse in my stable that had a huge appetite, and was always getting cold if left out in the wet. I used paraffin, and at first the animal seemed really grateful. In the night I was called up by a fearful noise, and found that the horse's appetite had not got at all less owing to the oil; on the contrary, it seemed to have eaten up most of the wood-work of the stable, and was plunging about madly. The paraffin caught light, and the stable was burned, and the horse too. In future I shall feed my horse in the usual way, not on the outside.

Yours,

TITUS OATS.



"ON NE 'PATINE' PAS AVEC L'AMOUR."

(With Apologies to the Shade of Alfred de Musset.)

THE THIN BROWN LINE.

["Decidedly the most gratifying feature in the accounts of these engagements which have reached us, is the proof which they contain of the remarkable progress in all soldierly qualities made by the fellaheen forces, under the guidance and instruction of their British Officers."—*The Times*.]

*Tommy Atkins, loquutor:—*

"We've fought with many men across the seas,  
And some of 'em was brave, an' some was not;"  
(So Mister KIPLING says. His 'ealth, boys, please!)  
'E doesn't give us TOMMIES Tommy-rot.)  
We didn't think you over-full of pluck,  
When you scuttled from our baynicks like wild 'orses;

But you're mendin', an' 'ere's wishing of you luck!

Wich you're proving an addition to our forces.  
So 'ere's to you, though 'tis true that at El Teb you cut and ran;  
You're improvin' from a scuttler to a first-class fighting man;  
You can 'old your own at present when the bullets hiss and buzz,  
And in time you may be equal to a round with Fuzzy-Wuz!

You've been lammed and licked sheer out of go an' grit,  
From the times of Pharaoh down to the Khe-dive;  
Till you 'ardly feel yerself one bloomin' bit,  
And I almost wonder you are left alive.  
But we've got you out of a good deal of *that*,



Sir EVELYN and the rest of us. You *foller*;  
And you'll fight yer weight in (Souda-  
nese) wild cat [oller.  
One day, nor let the Fuzzies knock you  
Then 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah, and the  
missis and the kid!  
When you stand a Dervish devil-rush, and  
do as you are bid, [Coptic sort;  
You'll just make a TOMMY ATKINS of a quiet  
And I shouldn't wonder then, mate, if the  
Fuzzies see some sport.

Some would like us lads to clear out!  
Wot say you? [their fakes;  
We don't tumble to the Parties and  
But I guess we don't mean scuttle. If we  
do, [mistakes;  
We shall make the bloomingest o' black  
With the 'owling Dervishes you've stood  
a brush, [spear;  
With a baynick you can cross a shovel-  
But leave yer to the French, and Fuzzy's  
rush? [year.  
That won't be a 'ealthy game for many a  
So 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah! May you  
out and run no more,  
Though the 'acking, owling, 'ayrick-'eaded  
niggers rush and roar,  
We back you, 'elp you, train you, and to  
make the bargain fair,  
We won't leave you—yet—to Fuz-Wuz—  
him as broke a British Square.

You ain't no "thin red" 'eroes, no, not  
yet, [brown line."  
But a patient, docile, plucky, "thin  
May be useful in its way, my boy, you bet!  
All good fighters may shake fists, you  
know—'ere's mine!  
You're a daisy, you're a dasher, you're a  
dab! [spree  
I'll fight with you, or join you on a  
Let the skulkers and the scuttlers stow  
their gab, [three times three!  
TOMMY ATKINS drinks your 'ealth with  
So 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah! 'E who  
funked the 'ot Soudan,  
And the furious Fuzzy-Wuzzies, grows a  
first-class fighting-man:  
An' 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah, coffee 'id-  
and inky hair  
May yet shoulder stand to shoulder with me  
in a British Square!

#### REFLECTION BY A READER OF "REMINISCENCES."

YES, life is hard. Our fellows judge us  
coldly; [fettlers;  
We mostly dwell in fog, and dance in  
But sweeter far to face oblivion boldly.  
Than front posterity through a *Life and  
Letters*.  
That Memory's the Mother of the Muses,  
We're told. Alas! it must have been the  
Mnemosyne her privilege abuses.— [Furies!  
Nothing from her distorting glass secure is.  
Life is a Sphinx; folk cannot solve her  
riddles,  
So they've recourse to spiteful taradiddles,  
Which they dub "Reminiscences." Kind  
fate,  
From the fool's Memory preserve the Great!

"HOW LONDON THEATRES ARE WARMED."  
—By having first-rate pieces. This prevents  
any chance of a "frost."

SONG FOR THE LIBERATOR SOCIETY, AND  
OTHERS.—"Oh, where, and oh where, is our  
J. S. B-L-F-R gone?"

WHEN the *P. M. Gazette* by a Tory was  
book'd, [Cooke'd.  
The Editor "Cust," and its readers were



#### "SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID—"

"AND WHOM DID YOU TAKE INTO SUPPER, MIKE?" "MAUD WILLOUGHBY."  
"YOU LUCKY BOY! WHY, SHE'S A DARLING!"  
"YES—BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER FELLOW ON HER OTHER SIDE!"

#### ON AN OLD QUARTETTE.

[*Pantaloen, Clown, Harlequin, and Colum-  
bine* are the characters of an old sixteenth-century  
drama, acted in dumb-show. "*Pantaloene*" is a  
Venetian type; *Columbine* means a "little dove." ]

WHILE Fairyland and Fairy tales  
'Neath flaunting pageants fall,  
And over Pantomime prevails  
The Muse of Music Hall,  
Still echoes, wafted through the din,  
A lilt of one old tune—  
Of Columbine and Harlequin,  
Of Clown and Pantaloen.

Their faded frolics, tarnished show  
Are shadows faint and rude  
Of mimes who centuries ago  
Joked, caramboled and wooed,  
Of masques Venetian, Florentine,  
Of moyen-age renown—  
Of Harlequin and Columbine,  
Of Pantaloen and Clown.

Not horseplay rough, the Saraband  
They danced in vanished years,  
But Love and Satire hand-in-hand,  
And laughter linked with tears,  
And Youth equipped his dove to win,  
And Age, who grudged the boon;—  
Sweet Columbine, bold Harlequin,  
Cross Clown and Pantaloen.

Our Children-Critics now who deign  
To greet this honoured jest,  
Acclaiming, "Here we are again!"  
With patronising zest,  
They mark no soft Italian moon  
Which once was wont to shine  
On Harlequin and Pantaloen,  
And Clown and Columbine!

But, spangled pair of lovers true,  
And, whitened schemers twain,  
The scholar hears in each of you  
A note of that quatrain;  
The dim Renaissance seems to spin  
Around your satin shoon,  
Fair Columbine, feat Harlequin,  
Sly Clown and Pantaloen!

EVERYONE sincerely hopes that Sir WEST  
RIDGWAY will make a good bag during his  
visit to the Moors. "Ridgway's Food" is  
something that can be swallowed easily, and  
is so palatable as to be quite a More-ish sort  
of dish. Good luck to the experienced and  
widely-travelled Sir EAST-AND-WEST RIDG-  
WAY. Our English ROSEBERRY couldn't have  
made a better choice.

TO A BREWER (by *Our Christmas Clown*).  
—"Wish you a Hoppy New Year!"



## THE MAN WHO WOULD.

## VI.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A SOUL.

LINCOLN B. SWEZEY was a high-toned and inquiring American citizen, who came over to study our Institutions. He carried letters to almost everybody; Dukes, Radicals, Authors, eminent British Prize-fighters, Music-hall buffoons, and he prosecuted his examination steadily. He did not say much, and he never was seen to laugh, but he kept a note-book, and he seemed to contemplate in his own mind, The Ideal American, and to try to live up to that standard. When he did speak, it was in the interrogative, and he pastured his intellect on our high-class Magazines.

LINCOLN B. discovered many things, and noted them down for his work on *Social Dry Rot in Europe*, but one matter puzzled him. He read in papers or reviews, and he vaguely heard talk of a secret moral institution, the Society of Souls. They were going to run a newspaper; they were not going to run a newspaper. There was a poem in connection with them, which mystified LINCOLN B. SWEZEY not a little; he "allowed it was darned personal," but further than that his light did not penetrate. He went to a little Club, of which he was a temporary member; it was not fashionable, and did not seem to want to be, and SWEZEY thought it flippant. There he asked, "What are the Souls, anyhow?" "*Societas omnium animarum*," somebody answered, and SWEZEY exclaimed "Say!" "They are a congregation of ladies. Their statutes decree that they are to be *bene natae, bene vestite, and mediocriter*,"—I don't remember what."

SWEZEY perceived that he was being trifled with, and turned the conversation to the superior culture and scholarship of American politicians, with some thoughts on canvas-backed ducks.

He next applied to a lady, whom he regarded as at once fashionable and well-informed, and asked her, "Who the Souls were, anyhow?"

"Oh, a horrid, stuck-up set of people," said this Pythoness. "They have passwords, and wear a silver gridiron."

"Why on earth do they do that?" asked SWEZEY.

"No doubt for some improper, or blasphemous reason. Don't be a Soul—you had better be a Skate. I am a Skate. We wear a silver skate, don't you see" (and she showed him a model of an Acme Skate in silver), "with the motto, *Celer et Audax*—Fast and Forward."

SWEZEY expressed his pride at being admitted to these mysteries—but still pursued his inquiries.

"What do the Souls do?"

"All sorts of horrid things. They have a rule that no Soul is ever to speak to anybody who is not a Soul, in society, you know. And they have a rule that no Soul is ever to marry a Soul."

"Exogamy!" said SWEZEY, and began to puzzle out the probable results and causes of this curious prohibition.

"I don't know what you mean," said the lady, "and I don't know why you are so curious about them. They all read the same books at the same time, and they sacrifice wild asses at the altar of the Hyperborean Apollo, IBSSEN, you know."

These particulars were calculated to excite SWEZEY in the highest degree. He wrote a letter on the subject to the *Chanticleer*, a newspaper in Troy, Ill., of which he was a correspondent, and it was copied, with zinc-type illustrations, into all the journals of the habitable globe, and came back to England like the fabled boomerang. Meanwhile SWEZEY was cruising about, in town and country, looking out for persons wearing silver gridirons. He never found any, and the more he inquired, the more puzzled he became. He was informed that a treatise on the subject existed, but neither at the British Museum, nor at any of the newspaper offices, could he obtain an example of this rare work, which people asserted that they had seen and read.

Finally SWEZEY made the acquaintance of a lady who was rumoured darkly to be learned in the matter. To her he poured forth expressions of his consuming desire to be initiated, and to sacrifice at the shrine.

"There is not any shrine," said his acquaintance.



"Then what in the universe is it all about?"

"Well, I guess I want bad to be a Soul—an honorary one," of course—a temporary member."

"There are conditions," said the Priestess.

"If there's a subscription"—SWEZEY began.

"There is not any subscription."

"If there's an oath"—

"There is not any oath."

"Well, what are the conditions, anyhow?"

"Are you extremely beautiful?"

Among the faults of SWEZEY, personal vanity was not reckoned.

He shook his head sadly, at the same time intimating that he guessed no one would turn round in Broadway to look at the prettiest Englishwoman alive.

Afterwards, he reflected that this was hardly the right thing to have said.

"Are you extremely diverting?"

SWEZEY admitted that gaiety was not his forte. Still, he pined for information.

"What does the Society do?" he asked.

"There is not any Society."

"Then why do they call themselves Souls?"

"But they don't call themselves anything whatever."

"Then why are they called Souls?"

"Because they—but no! That is the Mystery which cannot be divulged to the profane."

"Then what in the universe is it all about?" asked SWEZEY; but this was a problem to which no answer was vouchsafed.

SWEZEY is still going around, and still asking questions. But he has moments of despondency, in which he is inclined to allow that the poor islanders possess, after all, something akin to that boasted inheritance of his native land, the Great American Joke. "Guess they've played it on me," is the burden of his most secret meditations.

## THE INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Revised to date by Mr. Punch.)

Question. What is an Infant?

Answer. A guileless child who has not yet reached twenty-one years of age.

Q. What is a year?

A. An unknown quantity to a lady after forty. And this reply is distinctly smart.

Q. What is "smartness"?

A. The art of appearing to belong to a good set.

Q. What is a good set?—A. A clique that prefers modes to morality, *chic* to comfort, and frivolity to family ties.

Q. What is *chic*?—A. An indefinable something, implying "go," "fast and loose style," "slap-dash."

Q. What is a dinner-party?

A. A large subject, that cannot be disposed of in a paragraph.

Q. What is a subject?—A. Something distinct from Royalty.

Q. Can one be distinct after dinner?—A. Yes,—with difficulty.

Q. What is a difficulty?

A. When of a pecuniary character—the time following the using up of the pecuniary resources of your friends.

Q. What is a friend?

A. A man who dines with you—a past enemy or a future foe.

Q. What is bad champagne?—A. A fruity effervescing beverage costing about thirty shillings the dozen.

Q. What is good?—A. Cannot reply until I have received samples.

Q. How can an inexperienced diner discover that he has taken bad champagne?

A. By the condition of his head on the following morning.

Q. What is a head?—A. A necessary alternative to money.

Q. What is money?

A. The only satisfactory representative of credit.

Q. What are representatives?

A. The mouthpieces of voters mustered in the House of Commons.

Q. What is mustard?

A. The chief ingredient of breakfast, after a night of it with your friends, when your appetite requires coaxing.

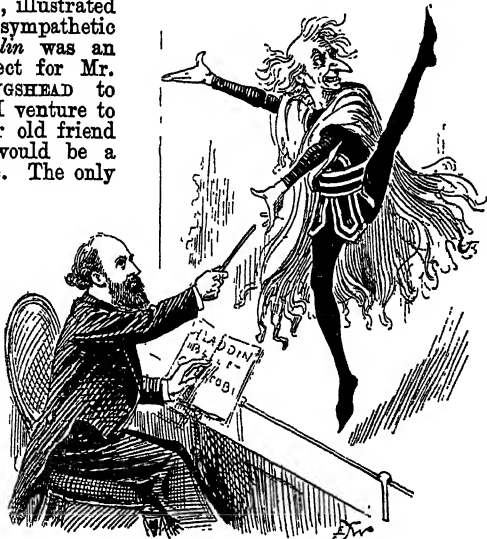
Q. What is the future?—A. To-morrow, and the coming centuries.

Q. And the past?—A. Two minutes ago, and all that went before.

Q. And the present?—A. The right time for bringing the current instalment of the Infant's Guide to a prompt conclusion.

### "ENCORE, ALADDIN!"

ALADDIN at the Alhambra is a genuine "Ballet Extravaganza," the story being told in pantomimic action, illustrated by M. JACOBI's sympathetic music. *Aladdin* was an excellent subject for Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD to take, though I venture to think that our old friend *Blue Beard* would be a still better one. The only fault I find with *Aladdin* is that it is too soon over. It certainly will take rank among the most superb and the most dramatic spectacles ever placed on the Alhambra stage. *Aladdin* ought to have been made much more of, as a sort of *L'Enfant Prodiges*. What a chance there would have been for him in games with the street-boys! Mlle. LEGNANI—so called, of course, from the graceful facility with which she remains for



Notes for the Storey of *Aladdin*, supplied by M. Jacobi.

several seconds at a time on one leg—is both a pretty and nimble representative of the Dancing Princess. The *Slave of the Ring* does not appear in this story, as far as I could gather, only the *Spirit of the Lamp*, Signorina POLLINI, puts in an appearance, and a very splendid appearance it is too! Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD is to be congratulated on having struck out a new line—though how he or the LORD CHAMBERLAIN could "strike out a new line" where there is no dialogue, will ever remain a mystery, even to M. JACOBI who knows most things well, and music better than anything. Mlle. MARIE is a slightly *Aladdin*, her pantomimic action being remarkably good. How many *Aladdins* have I seen! Whatever may become of other fairy tales—though all the best fairy tales are immortal—this of *Aladdin* will serve the stage for ever. At least, so thinks

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Marie-Aladdin and the Electric Light Pollini.

PRIVATE BOX.

### CHEAP LAW IN THE CITY.

Probable Development of the new "London Chamber of Arbitration," for the economical Settlement of Disputes without recourse to Litigation.



**BASQUEING IN A NEW LANGUAGE.**—Much interest has been excited by the report that Mr. GLADSTONE, during his stay at Biarritz, used up his spare moments by studying the Basque tongue. AUTOLYCHUS hears that, contrary to his usual habit, the Right Hon. Gentleman has in this matter an ulterior purpose. Occasionally, in the heat of debate in the House of Commons, Mr. ABBAHAM drops into his native tongue, and addresses the SPEAKER in Welsh. Mr. GLADSTONE, desiring to add a fresh interest to Parliamentary proceedings, will, in such circumstances, immediately follow the Hon. Member for the Rhondda Valley, and continue the debate in Basque.

EVIDENT, "WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT."—At what most patriotic moment of a most patriotic French exile must his feelings be most bitter?—When his love turns to Gaul.

### "TO BE CONTINUED."



A Tale Continued in our Next.

What rage was mine to meet the line,  
"Continued in our next!"

How eagerly those tales I read  
While still of tender years,  
Of murder strange, of Haunted Grange,  
And gory Buccaneers!  
But, at the most exciting point,  
Abruptly ceased the text—

Sometimes, indeed, misfortune sharp

The Journal would attend—  
The funds would fail, and so the tale  
Remain without an end.

Now, when I take a serial up,  
I cry, in accents vexed,—  
"I've read enough—why is the stuff  
"Continued in our next"?"

Ah well, the things we valued once  
Enliven us no more!

(Remarks like these, if morals please,  
I've furnished by the score.)

And should these verses but result  
In making you perplexed,

You'll learn with glee they will not be  
"Continued in our next"!

"OH, these Christmas Bills!" cried PATER-FAMILIAS. "That's what I do," rejoined IMPY QUNIOUS. "My sentiments and practice precisely—Owe these Christmas Bills"—and many others.

## BUILDING THE SNOW MAN.

BILLY and JOHNNIE were two little boys, Who wearied of lessons, and tired of their toys. Says BILLY, "I've hit on an excellent plan; Let's go out in the cold, JOHN, and build a Snow Man!"

Johnnie (blowing his fingers). Oh, I say, BILLY, isn't it cold, either?

Billy (stamping). Is it, JOHNNIE? I haven't noticed it myself.

Johnnie. Oh, you're as hard as nails, you are. My fingers are quite numb.

Billy. Then work away briskly. That'll warm 'em! Snow's a bit less binding than I expected to find it. Result of the severe frost, I suppose. But peg away, and we shall podge it into shape yet, JOHNNIE.

Johnnie. Ye-e-e-s! (Shivers). But what—er—er—what pattern, or plan, or model, have we—that—is—er—have you—er—decided on, BILLY?

Billy (winking). Well, that's as it happens, JOHNNIE! Remember the one we built in '86—eh?

Johnnie (shuddering). I should think I did. Don't mean to say we're to go on those lines again, BILLY?

Billy. I mean to say nothing of the kind. Many things have happened since then, JOHNNIE. For one thing, we've had heaps of advice.

Johnnie. Hang it, yes! And where are the advisers? Standing aloof and criticising our work—in advance. Where's that bold, blustering, bumptious Behemoth, BILL STREAD?

Knew all about building Snow Men, he did; had a private monopoly of omniscience in that, as in most other things, BILL had. And now he's licking creation into shape for sixpence a month, and shying stones at us whenever he sees a chance. Little cocksure LARRY, too! Oh, he's a nice boy! If BILL takes all Knowledge for his province, HENRY considers himself sole proprietor of Truth, and he lets us have Truth—his Truth—every week at least—in hard chunks—that hurt horribly. All in pure friendliness, too, as the Bobby said when he knocked the boy down to save him from being run over. Gr-r-r! Believe he's hiding behind the hedge there, with a pile of hard snowballs to pelt our Man out of shape as soon as we've licked him into it—if ever we do. TEDDY REED, too, he's turned nasty, though he does come from "gallant little Wales;" and now here's WALLACE, the Scotch boy—though he was all right anyhow!—cutting up rough at the last moment, and complaining of our Snow Man (which they've all

been howling for for six years), because he fancies its head is likely to be a little too Hibernian for his Caledonian taste! Oh, they're a nice loyal, grateful lot, BILLY! And where are the Irish boys themselves, in whose interests we are freezing our fingers and nipping our noses? Standing off-and-on, as it were, bickering like blazes among themselves, and only uniting to land us a nasty one now and then—just to encourage us!

Billy (patting and punching away vigorously). Loyal? Grateful? Ah, JOHNNIE, you don't understand 'em as well as I do. Cold has

got on your liver.

You're a brave boy, JOHNNIE, but just a bit bilious. Building Snow Men isn't just like arranging bouquets, my boy. Let them bicker, JOHNNIE, and listen to what they say! It may all come in handy by-and-by. We've had gratuitous advice and volunteer plans all round, from ARTY BALFOUR and JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, as well as HENRY, and TEDDY, and TIM and JOHN E., and the rest of 'em. Let them talk whilst we build, JOHNNIE. 'Tis a cold, uncomfortable job, I admit; and whether "friendly" advice or hostile ammunition will do us the most damage I hardly know—ye t. Fierce foes are sometimes easier to deal with than friendly funders. A "Thunderer" in open opposition affrights a true Titan less than a treacherous Thersites in one's own camp. But, JOHNNIE, we've got to build up this Snow Man somehow, and on some plan! I only hope (entre nous, JOHNNIE) that a thaw won't set in, and melt it out of form and feature before it is fairly finished! [Left hard at it.



## A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Wilkins. "BEG PARDON, SIR POMPEY, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THAT YOUNG GEN'L'MAN IS YOU JUST TOOK OFF YER 'AT TO?"

Sir Pompey (pompously). "HE'S NOT A GENTLEMAN AT ALL, WILKINS. HE'S A NOBLE LORD—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT SPEEDICUTTS—A FRIEND OF MINE."

Mr. Wilkins. "INDEED, SIR POMPEY! BUT, I S'POSE SOME OF 'EM'S GEN'L'MEN, SOMETIMES?"

GREAT consternation at hearing of the arrest of "M. BLONDIN" in connection with the Panama scandals. Of course there can be only one BLONDIN, and some wiseacres at once applied the proverb about "Give him enough rope," &c. But BLONDIN never fell. It was quite another BLONDIN. The Hero of Niagara was not the Villain of the Panama piece—if villain he turn out to be. BLONDIN is still performing; always walking soberly, though elevated, on the rope that is quite tight. Maybe the rope gets tighter than ever at this jovial period, but BLONDIN, the BLONDIN, our BLONDIN's acts are in the sight of everybody, his proceedings are intelligible to all, though far above the heads of the people.

STILL, whatever financial accident may have happened to M. BLONDIN, he has always kept his balance—on the rope.





THE SNOW MAN.





## TO CHLORINDA.

(With a Fan.)

All in your glory you to-night  
Will dance, and me they don't  
invite

Your charms to scan;  
And, as a seal might send its  
skin [win,  
To please the girl it may not  
I send a fan.

Behind this fan some other  
Your hand will hold; [man  
Your fearless eyes, so bright  
and brown,  
Will hide their gladness,  
glancing down,  
No longer cold.

And your pale, perfect cheek  
will take  
That colour for another's sake,  
I ne'er controll'd,—  
Yet, ere you sleep, stray  
thoughts will creep  
To days of old.

Of old! For in a single day,  
When love first gilds a maiden's  
way,

The world grows new;  
And from that new world you  
will send  
Sweet pity to the absent friend  
Who so loved you.

Loved — for my love will  
wither then;  
I cannot share with other men  
The dear delight

That dwells in your austere tone,  
That latent hope of joys unknown—  
Though now you will not be my own,  
Some day you might.

My trusted little friend of yore,  
Of course you'd think my love a bore,  
It's not romantic:  
I've passed beyond the football stage,  
And e'en despair is saved by age  
From growing frantic.

No, like a veteran grim and grey,  
With sling and crutch,  
I am but fit to watch the fray  
Where, in the world-old, witching way,  
In other hands your fingers stay  
With lingering touch,  
That may mean nothing, or it may  
Mean, oh! so much.

I'll wed some woman, prim of face,  
Who'll duly fill the housewife's place,  
And with her hard, domestic grace  
Illusions scatter;  
But sometimes when the stars are full,  
While at my season'd pipe I pull,  
I'll see my little love once more,  
With brilliant lovers by the score,  
Whose tributes flatter.  
And, thinking of the light gone by,  
Murmur with philosophic sigh,  
"It doesn't matter."

And then, perchance, this fan you'll find,  
When all the new romance is over.  
Sweet, may you ne'er with troubled mind  
Half wish you never had resigned,  
Your truest lover.

LAST week, Dr. ADLER gave, as appears  
by the extracts, an excellent Lecture on  
"Jewish Wit and Humour." He himself  
is well known as the *The Jew d'Esprit*.

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF NAME. — Will  
Poplar Hospital be styled, "Un-pop'lar  
Hospital?"



## "THE VERY LATEST."

"A Cookery Autograph-book is the last idea.  
Each friend is supposed to write a practical recipe  
for a dainty dish above his or her signature."

The Graphic.]

No, MABEL, no;—though your behest  
I always heed with rapt attention,  
Most fervently I must protest  
Against this horrible invention;  
Your word has hitherto been law,  
But this appears the final straw!



Obedient to  
imperious  
looks,  
I've had to  
write, at  
your sug-  
gestion,  
The answers  
in confes-  
sion-books  
To many an  
idiotic ques-  
tion;  
I'll vow my  
favourite  
tint is blue  
(The colour  
mostly  
worn by  
you);

I'll gladly draw a fancy sketch,  
I'll make acrostics with elation,  
I'll write you verses at a stretch,  
Or give my views on vaccination;  
But, even to fulfil your wishes,  
I cannot manufacture dishes!

I know, in theory, how to make  
The matutinal tea and coffee,  
And, when at school, I used to bake  
A gruesome mess described as toffee;  
But these, which form my whole cuisine,  
Are scarce the kind of thing you mean.

Of course I'd learn some more by heart,  
If this could gain me your affection,  
But fear the anguish on your part  
Produced by faulty recollection;  
On me, my MABEL, please to look  
As lover only—not as Cook!

## CRINOLINE.

RUMOUR whispers, so we glean  
From the papers, there have been  
Thoughts of bringing on the scene  
This mad, monstrous, metal screen,  
Hiding woman's graceful mien.  
Better Jewish gabardine  
Than, thus swelled out, satin's sheen!  
Vilest garment ever seen!  
Form unknown in things terrene;  
Even monsters pliocene  
Were not so ill-shaped, I ween.  
Women wearing this machine,  
Were they fat or were they lean—  
Small as WORDSWORTH's celandine,  
Large as sail that's called lateen—  
Simply swept the pavement clean:  
Hapless man was crushed between  
Flat as any tinned sardine.  
Thing to rouse a Bishop's spleen,  
Make a Canon or a Dean  
Speak in language not serene.  
We must all be very green,



And our senses not too keen,  
If we can't say what we mean,  
Write in paper, magazine,  
Send petitions to the QUEEN,  
Get the House to intervene.  
Paris fashion's transmarine—  
Let us stop by quarantine  
Catastrophic Crinoline!

"MORE butter is coming from Victoria,"  
says the P. M. G., "to the Mother Country."  
Our Colonies are not given to supplying us  
with this article of food to any great extent.  
It is generally the Mother Country that has  
battered the Colonies.

## On Three Poets.

(By the Fourth Party.)

SWINBURNE, AUSTIN, MORRIS,  
Bardic busybodies,  
Threnodies they wrote:—  
They were the Three Noddies!

MRS. R. says that, in this cold weather,  
whenever she wants to know if there is to  
be a change, she consults her *thermo-*  
*meter*.

THE amusing article, "A Man's Thoughts  
on Marriage," ought not to have appeared in  
*The Gentleman*, but in the *United Service*  
*Magazine*. This is evident.

## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

BEFORE I proceed with the order of subjects which I have proposed to myself as the proper one to follow, I feel that I must revert for a moment to the question of "ladies at lunch." You may remember that some two or three weeks ago I ventured to offer some observations on this topic. Dear ladies, you can read for yourselves the winged words in which your adoring *Punch* settled the matter. "By all means," I said, "come to lunch, if you must." What can be plainer or more direct? Bless your pretty, pouting faces, I am not responsible for the characters of my fellow-men, nor for the harsh language they use. If they behave like bores, and show an incomprehensible distaste for your delightful presence, am I, your constant friend, to be blamed? I cannot alter the nature of these barbarians. But what has happened since I published an article which had, at any rate, the merit of truthful portraiture? Why, I have been overwhelmed with epistolary reproaches in every variety of feminine hand-writing. "A CAREFUL MOTHER" writes from Dorset—a locality hitherto associated in my mind with butter rather than with blame—to protest that she has been so horrified by my cynical tone, that she does not intend to take me in any longer. She adds, that "*Punch* has laid upon my drawing-room table for more than thirty years." Heavens, that I should have been so deeply, so ungrammatically, honoured without knowing it! Am I no longer to recline amid photograph albums, gift-books, and flower-vases, upon that sacred table? And are you, Madam, to spite a face which has always, I am certain, beamed upon me with a kindly consideration, by depriving it wantonly of its adorning and necessary nose. Heaven forbid! Withdraw for both our sakes that rash decision, while there is yet time, and restore me to my wonted place in your affections, and your drawing-room.

But all are not like this. Here, for instance, is a sensible and temperate commentary, which it gives me pleasure to quote word for word as it was written:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — I want to tell you that, although I am what one of your friends called "a solid woman," and ought to feel deeply hurt by what you said about ladies at lunch, yet I liked that article the best. I think it was awfully good. But don't you think you are all rather hard on ladies at shooting-boxes? My idea is that there ought to be some new rules about shooting-parties. At present, ladies are asked to amuse the men—at least that is my experience—and it is rather hard they may not sometimes go on the moors, if they want to. But, at the same time, I quite understand that they are horribly in the way, and I am not surprised that the men don't want women about them when they are shooting. But couldn't they arrange to have a day now and then, when they could shoot all the morning, and devote themselves to amusing the women on the moors after lunch? Otherwise, I think there ought to be a rule that no women are to be invited to shooting-boxes. It is generally very dull for the women, and I feel sure the men would be quite as happy without them. I suppose the host might

want his wife to be there, to look after things; but *she ought to strike*, [and ask her lady-friends to do the same; and then they could go abroad, or to some jolly place, and enjoy themselves in their own way. Really we often get quite angry—at least I do—when men treat us as if we were so many dolls, and patronise us in their heavy way, and expect us to believe that the world was made entirely for them and their shooting-parties. There must be more give and take. And, if *we* are to give you our sympathy and attention, *you* must take our companionship a little oftener. We get so dull when we are all together.

Your sincere admirer,

A LADY LUNCHEON.

I confess this simple letter touched an answering chord in my



## TOO AFFECTIONATE BY HALF.

Auntie. "OH, YOU NAUGHTY BOY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SMOKING! WHY YOU 'LL NEVER GROW!"

Artful Nephew. "THAT'S JUST IT, AUNTIE. I DON'T WANT TO GROW. I WANT TO KEEP THE SAME SIZE ALWAYS, SO THAT I CAN SIT ON YOUR LAP, AN' LOVE YOU!"

little woman says. She don't mean half of it. Get the hostess to strike!"—here he laughed loudly—"now that's a real good 'un. Why, they haven't got it in them. Fact is, they can't stand one another's company. She says as much, don't she? 'We get so dull when we are all together.' Well, that scarcely looks like goin' off on the strike together, does it? Don't you be alarmed, old quill-driver, they 'll never run a strike of that kind for more than a day. They 'll all come troopin' back, beggin' to be forgiven, and all that, and, by gum, we shall have to take 'em back too, just as we 're all congratulatin' ourselves that we shan't have to go to any more blessed pic-nics. That's a woman's idea of enjoyin' herself in the country—nothin' but one round of pic-nics. I give you my word, when I was stayin' with old FRED DERRIMAN, in Perthshire, they reg'larly mapped out the whole place for pic-nics, and I 'm dashed if they didn't spoil our best day's drivin' by pic-nickin' in, 'oh, such a sweet

heart. I scarcely knew how to answer it. At last a brilliant thought struck me. I would show it to my tame Hussar-Captain, SHABRACK. That gallant son of Mars is not only a good sportsman, but he has, in common with many of his brother officers, the reputation of being a dashing, but discriminating worshipper at the shrine of beauty. At military and hunt balls the Captain is a stalwart performer, a despisier of mere programme engagements, and an invincible utter-out of timid youths who venture to put forward their claims to a dance that the Captain has mentally reserved for himself. The mystery is how he has escaped scathless into what his friends now consider to be assured bachelor-hood. Most of his contemporaries, roystering, healthy, and seemingly flinty-hearted fellows, all of them, have long since gone down, one after another, before some soft and smiling little being, and are now trying to fit their incomes to the keep of perambulators, as well as of dog-carts. But SHABRACK has escaped. I found him at his Club, and showed him the letter, requesting him at the same time to tell me what he thought of it. I think he was flattered by my appeal, for he insisted on my immediate acceptance of a cigar six inches long, and proposed to me a tempting list of varied drinks. The Captain read the letter through twice carefully, and thus took up his parable:—

"Look here, my son, don't you be put off by what the



MR. PUNCH'S SKATING PARTY.



place.' Truth is, they can't get along without us, my son, only they won't admit it, bless 'em! And, after all, we're better off when they're in the house, I'm bound to confess; so I don't mind lettin' 'em have a pic-nic or two, just to keep 'em sweet. Them's my sentiments, old cock, and you're welcome to them."

I thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and withdrew. But if the whole thing is merely a matter of pic-nics, it is far simpler than I imagined.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"HAVE you read," asks one of the Baron's Assistants of his Chief, "Miss BRADDON's Christmas Annual? It is entitled, *The Mistletoe Bough*, and contains some of the best short stories I have read lately. One of them, 'In Mr. CARTWRIGHT's Library,' is a remarkable combination of quaint, dry humour, and literary skill. Who is the clever author? But here are other stories, too, that interest and please, and, not least among them, a charming sketch, by the ever welcome editress. Bravo, Miss BRADDON!

"*Brownies and Rose-leaves*, by ROMA WHITE (LNNES & Co.), is a pretty little book, prettily written, prettily illustrated by LESLIE BROOKE, and prettily bound," he continues. "Miss WHITE has a charming knack of writing musical verse, simple, rhythmical, delightful. To children and their parents, I say, take my tip (the only one parents will get at this season), and read ROMA WHITE's dainty, delicate, fresh and breezy book."

### ROBIN POOR FELLOW!

*ROBIN GOODFELLOW*, by Mr. CARTON, is not a brilliant play, as its dialogue lacks epigrammatic sparkle; neither is it an interesting play, as the plot, such as it is, is too weak for words,—which, by the way, at once accounts for the absence of the sparkle above-mentioned.

Three questions must have occurred to those who have already seen the play, and which those who may hereafter see it will be sure to ask themselves,—and they are these:—

First. Why should *Grace's* father, *Valentine Barbrook*, tell her



Nearly burning his fingers. Mr. Hare acting with Grace.

of the means by which he had brought about the betrothal of *Hugh Rokeby* to *Constance*?

Secondly. This being so, why allow six weeks to elapse when

a word from the one girl, who knows, to the other, who doesn't, would explain everything?

Thirdly. If a sudden shock would kill the grandmother, surely, in the course of six weeks, *Grace* would have found out that her shortest and best way was to tell the truth to her cousin, without mentioning it to the old lady.

If in doubt, why didn't she confide in the Doctor, who would at once have told her whether the nature of the communication she had to make was of a sufficiently startling nature to kill the old lady right off or not?

The fact is, it was necessary to keep the lover, *Mr. Stanley Trevenen*, away for some time, in order to allow of there being a glimmer of probability in the announcement of his having thrown over the girl to whom he is devotedly attached, and having married somebody else whom he met abroad. "Now," says the dramatist, "what is the shortest possible space of time I can allow for this? Ahem!—say a month." So he gives him a month. "Then," says he, next, "what is the shortest possible time we can allow for an engagement and a marriage? Say six weeks. Good. Six weeks be it. Only, hang it, this muddle has to last for six weeks! Well, it can't be helped. I can't give any more trouble to the bothering plot; and, as after all, there's a capital character for Mr. HARE, and not at all a bad one for Miss RORKE, with a fairish one for FORBES ROBERTSON, why, if Mr. HARE will accept the play, and do it, I should say that, cast and played as it will be, it is pretty sure to be a success."

So much for the Author and the Play. As to the Actors, Mr. HARE has had many a better part, and this is but an inferior species

of a genus with which the public has long been familiar; but there is no one who can touch him in a part of this description. Admirable! most admirable! *Barbrook* is in reality a silly elderly scamp, with all the will to be a villain, but not endowed with the brains requisite for that line of life. Thus, the Author, unconsciously, has created him. But Mr. HARE invests this feather-headed scoundrel with Iago-ish and Mephistophelian characteristics, that go very near to make the audience believe that, after all, there is something in the part, and also in the plot. But the part is only a snowman, and melts away under the sunlight of criticism. Miss KATE RORKE is charming. It is a monotonous and wearisome part, and the merit of it is her own. Miss NORREYS is very good, but the girl is insipid. Miss COMPTON, as the good-hearted, knowing, fast lady, wins us, as she proves herself to be the real *Robin Goodfellow*, the real good fairy of the piece. *Robin Goodfellow* is a misnomer, unless the aforesaid *Robin* be dissociated from *Puck*; but it is altogether a bad title as applied to this piece for, as with Mr. CARTON's piece at the St. James's, *Liberty Hall*, it is a title absolutely thrown away. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON is as good as the part permits, and it is the Author's fault that he is not better. Mr. GILBERT HARE gives a neat bit of character as the Doctor, and Mr. DONALD ROBERTSON may by now have made something of the rather foolish Clergyman (whether Rector, Vicar, or Curate I could not make out), whose stupid laugh began by making a distinct hit, and, on frequent repetition, became a decided bore. It is played in one Scene and three Acts, and no doubt in the course of a fortnight certain repetitions and needless lines will have been excised, and the piece will play closer, and may be an attraction, but not a great one, for some time to come. At all events, the part of *Valentine Barbrook* will add another highly-finished picture to Mr. HARE's gallery of eccentric comedy-character. I think of him with delight, and exclaim once more—



The Happy Pair.

Admirable! I think of him with delight, and exclaim once more—

PRIVATE BOX.

At Drury Lane the Baddeley Cake Meeting was a Goodly sight.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS. THE KEEPER.

(With an Excursus on Beaters.)

OF the many varieties of keeper, I propose, at present, to consider only the average sort of keeper, who looks after a shooting, comprising partridges, pheasants, hares, and rabbits, in an English county. Now it is to be observed that your ordinary keeper is not a conversational animal. He has, as a rule, too much to do to waste time in unnecessary talk. To begin with, he has to control his staff, the men and boys who walk in line with you through the root-fields, or beat the coverts for pheasants. That might seem at first sight to be an easy business, but it is actually one of the most difficult in the world. For thorough perverse stupidity, you will not easily match the autochthonous beater. Watch him as he trudges along, slow, expressionless, clod-resembling, lethargic, and say how you would like to be the chief of such an army. He is always getting out of line, pressing forward unduly, or hanging back too much, and the loud voice of the keeper makes the woods resound with remonstrance, entreaty, and blame, hurled at his bovine head. After lunch, it is true, the beater wakes up for a little. Then shall you hear WILLIAM exchanging confidences from one end of the line to the other with JARGE, while the startled pheasant rises too soon and goes back, to the despair of the keeper and the guns. Then, too, are heard the shouts of laughter which greet the appearance of a rabbit, and the air is thick with the sticks that the joyous, beery beaters fling at the scurrying form of their hereditary foe. It is marvellous to note with what a venomous hatred the beater regards the bunny. Pheasant or partridge he is careless of; even the hare is, in comparison, a thing of nought, but let him once set eyes on a rabbit, and his whole being seems to change. His eye absolutely flashes, his chest heaves with excitement beneath the ancient piece of sacking that protects his form from thorns. If the rabbit falls to the shot, he yells with exultation; if it be missed, an expression of morose and gloomy disappointment settles on his face, as who should say, "Things are played out; the world is worthless!"

All these characteristics are the keeper's despair; though, to be sure, he has staunch lieutenants in his under-keepers; and towards the end of the day he can always count on two sympathising allies in the postman and the policeman. These two never fail to come out in the afternoon to join the beaters. It is amusing to watch the demeanour of the beaters in the policeman's presence. Some of them, it is possible, have been immersed by the law, and have made the constable's acquaintance in his professional capacity. Others are conscious of undiscovered peccadilloes, or they feel that on some future day they may be led to transgress rules, of which the policeman is the sturdy embodiment. None of them is, therefore, quite at his best in the policeman's presence. Their attitude may be described as one of uneasy familiarity, bursting here and there into jocular nervousness, but never quite attaining the rollicking point. You may sometimes take advantage of this feeling to let off a joke on a beater. Select a stout, plethoric one, and say to him, "Mind you keep your eye on the policeman, or he'll poach a rabbit before you can say knife." This simple inversion of probabilities and positions is quite certain to "go." A hesitating smile will first creep into the corners of the beater's eye. After an interval spent in grappling with the jest, he will become purple, and finally he will explode.

During the rest of the day you will hear him repeating your little pleasantry either to himself or to his companions. You can keep it up by saying now and then, "How many did the constable pocket that last beat?" (*Shouts of laughter.*) Thus shall your reputation as a humorist be established amongst the beating fraternity—"that 'ere Muster JACKSON, 'e do make a chap laugh, that 'e do," is the

formula)—and if you revisit the same shooting next year, a beater is sure to take an opportunity of saying to you, with a grin on his face, "Policeman's a comin' out to-day, Sir; I'm a goin' to hev my eye tight on 'im, so as 'e don't pocket no rabbits," to which you will reply, "That's right, GEORGE, you stick to it, and you'll be a policeman yourself some day," at which impossible anticipation there will be fresh explosions of mirth. So easily pleased is the rustic mind, so tenacious is the rustic memory.

But the head-keeper recks not of these things. All the anxiety of the day is his. If, for one reason or another, he fails to show as good a head of game as had been expected, he knows his master will be displeased. If the beaters prove intractable, the birds go wrong, but the burden of the host's disappointment falls on the keeper's shoulders. His are all the petty worries, the little failures of the day. The keeper is, therefore, not given to conversation. How should he be, with all these responsibilities weighing upon him? Few of those who shoot realise what the keeper has gone through to provide the sport. Inevitable nights spent in the open, untiring vigilance by day and by night, a constant and patient care of his birds during the worst seasons, short hours of sleep, and long hours

of tramping, such is the keeper's life. And, after all, what a fine fellow is a good keeper. In what other race of men can you find in a higher degree the best and manliest qualities, unswerving fidelity, dauntless courage, unflinching endurance of hardship and fatigue, and an upright honesty of conduct and demeanour? I protest that if ever the sport of game-shooting is attacked, one powerful argument in its favour may be found in the fact that it produces such men as these, and fosters their staunch virtues. Think well of all this, my young friend, and do not vex the harassed keeper with idle and frivolous remarks. But you may permit yourself to say to him, during the day, "That's a nice dog of yours; works capitally."

"Yes, Sir," the keeper will say, "he's not a bad 'un for a young 'un. Plenty of good blood in him. His mother's old *Dido*. I've had to leave her at home to-day, because she's got a sore foot; but her nose is something wonderful."

"Did you have much trouble breaking him?"

"Lor' bless you, Sir, no. He took to it like a duck to the water. Nothing comes amiss to him. You stand there, Sir, and you'll get some nice birds over you. They mostly breaks this way."

That kind of conversation establishes good relations, always an important thing. Or you may hint to him that he knows his business better than the host, as thus:—

"I must have been in the wrong place that last beat. Not a single bird came near me."

"Of course you were, Sir. I knew how it would be. I wanted you fifty yards higher up, but Mr. CHALMERS, he would have you here. Lor, I've never known birds break here. Now then, you boys, stop that chattering, or I sends you all home. Seem to think they're out here to enjoy themselves, instead of doing as I tells 'em. Come, rattle your sticks!"

Thus are the little beaters and the stops admonished.

### FROM A MODERN ENGLISH EXAMINATION-PAPER

Which young Mr. D. Brown went in to floor, but which floored him.

Question. What is the meaning of "to deodorise." Give the derivation.

Answer. "To deodorise" is to gild the statue of a heathen deity. Literally "to gild a god." This compound verb is derived from "Deus," dative "Deo," and the Greek verb "δερξω, i.e. to gild."

Q. What is a "Manicure"? Give its derivation.

A. It is another term for a Mad Doctor. Its derivation is obvious—"Mania Cure." The last syllable of the first word being omitted for the sake of convenience in pronunciation.



On their Beat.



### THE COMING OF THE BOGEYS.

(Mr. Punch's Dreadful New Year's Dream after a Surfeit of Mince Pies and "Times" Correspondence.)

## THE COMING OF THE BOGEYS.

I HAD a Dream, which was not all a Dream.  
(By Somnus and old Nox I fear 'twas *not*!)  
Common-sense was extinguished, and Good Taste

Did wonder darkling on the verge of doom.  
I saw a Monster, a malign, marine, [Bogey,  
Mysterious, many-whorled, mug-lumbering  
Stretched (like Miltonian angels on the marl)  
In league-long loops upon the billowy brine.  
Beshrew thee, old familiar ocean Bogey,  
Thou spectral spook of many Silly Seasons,  
Beshrew thee, and avault! Which being put  
In post-Shakspearian vernacular, means  
Confound you, and Get out!!! The mon-  
strous worm

Wriggling its corkscrew periwinkly twists  
Of trunk and tail alternate, winked huge  
goggles

Derisively and gurgled. "Me get out,  
The Science-vouched, and Literature-upheld,  
And Reason-rehabilitated butt  
Of many years of misdirected mockery?  
You ask omniscient HUXLEY, cocksure oracle  
On all from protoplasm to Home Rule,  
From Scripture to Sea Serpents; go consult  
Belligerent, brave, beloved BILLY RUSSELL!  
Verisimilitude incarnate, I  
Scorn your vain sceptic mirth!

Besides, behold  
The portent riding me, as Thetis rode  
The lolloping, wolloping sea-horse of old!  
Is it less likely that I should remain  
Than *she* return?"

Then, horror-thrilled, I gazed  
At her, the Abominable, the Ogreish Thing;  
The soul-revolting, sense-degrading She,  
Who swayed and sickened, scourged and  
scarified

The unwilling slaves of fashion and discom-  
A quarter of a century since! [fort

She sat,  
A spectral, scraggy, beet-nosed, ankle-less,  
Obtrusive-panted, splay-foot, slattern-shape,  
Of grim Medusa-faced Immodesty,  
Caged cumbrously in a stiff, swaying, swollen,  
Shin-scarifying, hose-revealing frame  
Of wide-meshed metal, like a monster mouse-  
Hideous, indecent, awkward! [trap—

Oh, I knew her—  
This loathly revenant, revisiting  
The glimpses of the moon. She shamed my  
sight, [men's art,  
And blocked my way, and marred my young  
Twenty years syne and more. 'Twas  
CRINOLINA,

The long-abiding, happily banished horror  
We hoped to see no more. *Shall* she return  
To vex our souls, unsex our wives and  
daughters,

And spoil our pictures as she did of old?  
Forbid it, womanhood and modesty! [sense  
And if *they* won't, let manhood and sound  
Arise in wrath and warn the horror off,  
Ere she effect a lodgment on the limbs  
Of pretty girls, or clothe our matron's shapes  
With shame as with a garment.

"Get thee gone!"  
Cries *Punch*, and shakes his gingham in her  
face.

"The Silly Season's Nemesis we may stand,  
But thou, the loathlier Bogey? *Garn away!*  
(As 'Liza said to amorous 'ARRY 'AWKINS)  
Avault, skedaddle, slope, abquatulate,  
Go, gruesome ghoul—go quickly—and for  
ever!!!"

MRS. R.'s nephew read out an announce-  
ment to the effect that Messrs. MACMILLAN  
were about to publish Lord CARNARVON's  
"Prometheus Bound." "Indeed!" exclaimed  
Mr. R.'s excellent aunt. "That's very  
vague. Doesn't it say how it's to be bound?  
—whether in calf or vellum?"



## "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE."

*Hostess.* "ER—ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE—ER—MR. CORNELIUS P. VAN DUNK, FROM CHICAGO—MR. KEMBLE MACREADY KEAN, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN, AND MANAGER OF THE PARTHENON."

*Mr. Van Dunk.* "MR. KEMBLE MACREADY KEAN! SIR, YOUR NAME'S VERY FAMILIAR TO ME, AND I'M PROUD TO KNOW YOU!—AND I SHALL TAKE AN EARLY OPPORTUNITY OF ASKING YOU FOR SOME ORDERS FOR YOUR THEATRE!"

## LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

"There is scarcely one of us who does not violate some rule of English grammar in every sentence which he speaks."—*Daily News.*

NEVER we dreamt of this horrible blundering!

Up to the present, we cheerfully spoke  
Quite unaware of our errors, nor wondering  
How many rules in each sentence we broke.

Now we can scarcely pronounce the admission  
that

Grammar and parsing we freely neglect,  
Scarcely can dare to make humble petition that  
Someone or other will cure this defect!

Often we err in the use of each particle,  
Seldom observe where our adverbs belong,  
Wholly misplace the indefinite article,  
In our subjunctives go hopelessly wrong!

What can we do? Will the *Daily News*  
qualify

As an instructor in matters like these?  
How can we quickest successfully mollify  
Those whom our errors must sadly dis-  
please?

Scarce can we venture the veriest platitude,  
May not its grammar be shamefully weak?  
You, *Mr. Punch*, can rely on our gratitude,  
If you will tell us—how *ought* we to speak?

A DARK SAYING.—HAD HILDA DAWSON—who, as reported in the *D. T.* one day last week, was haled before Sir PETER EDLIN—been a character in some play of SHAKESPEARE's, to whom the Bard had given these words to utter—"And this is what you call trial by Jury! Why they are not fit to try shoemakers!" what voluminous suggestions and explanations of the meaning of this phrase would not the learned Commentators have written! What emendations, alterations, or amendments of the text would not have been proposed! Perhaps, some hundreds of years hence, this dark saying of HILDA DAWSON's will engage the close attention of some among the then existing learned body of Antiquaries.

"SOUNDS RATHER LIKE IT."—In France the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has gone to the DEVELLE.



## THE HAYMARKET HYPATIA.

THAT I never could struggle through CHARLES KINGSLEY's novel *Hypatia*, is, as far as I am personally concerned, very much in favour of my pronouncing an unbiassed opinion on the "new classical play" ("Historical," if you like, but not "classical," and there is not the slightest chance of its becoming a "classic") written by G. STUART OGILVIE, entitled *Hypatia*, and "founded on KINGSLEY's celebrated Novel," which "celebrated Novel" is, for me at least, not only "celebrated," but "remarkable," as being one of the very few works of fiction (excepting always the majority of KINGSLEY's works) completely baffling my powers of endurance.

Mr. STUART OGILVIE's Drama may be a clever adaptation of a story difficult to adapt; but that his play is powerfully dramatic, even when it arrives at what, as I conceive, was intended to be its strongest dramatic situation in the Second Scene of the Third Act, no one but an *Umbra* (to be "classical"), a sycophant, a "creature," or a contentuous noodle, could possibly assert. Yet, as a series of *tableaux vivants*, illustrating scenes in the public and private life of *Issachar the Jew*,—and that Jew Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, so artistically made up as to be absolutely unrecognisable by those who know him best,—the action is decidedly interesting up to the end of the Third Act. After that, all is tumult. The gay and seductive *Orestes*, Prefect of Alexandria (carefully played by Mr. LEWIS WALLER) is slain, anyhow, all higgledy-piggledy, by the Jew, *Issachar*, whose seductive daughter represented by Miss OLGA BRANDON) Prefect has contrived, not, apparently,



Cyrillus Fernandez Gladstonius Episcopus.

"Where they goes, or how they fares, Nobody knows and nobody cares."



The Tip for the Alexandrian Park Meeting. "Heracian must win." Notice the *Rara Nativa Oysteriana Shrub* in the background.

*Ruth* (sweetly and gently this gay LOTHARIO of a Jew, with any great difficulty, to lead astray, or, to put it "classically," to seduce from the narrow path of such virtue as is common alike to Pagan, Jew, and Christian. As for handsome *Hypatia* herself, magnificent though Miss JULIA NELSON be as a classic model for a painter, she is nowhere, dramatically, in the piece, when contrasted with the unhappy Jewish Family of two. It is the story of *Issachar*, his daughter and *Orestes*, that absorbs the interest; and, as to what becomes of *Cyril* and his Merry Monks, of *Philammon* (which, when pronounced, sounds like a modern Cockney-rendering of PHILIP HAMMOND, with the aspirate omitted and the final "d" dropped), of old *Theon* (who never appears but he is immediately sent away again, and therefore might be termed "The-on-and-off-'un"), and, finally, of even that charming specimen of a Girt-on Girl-Lecturer on Philosophy *Hypatia* herself, well—to adopt Hood's couplet about the Poor in London,—

The entire interest is centred in *Issachar*, and had the author devised some strong dramatic climax (such as occurs in that play of SARDOU's, where SARAH B. stabs PAUL BERTON) with which to finish the piece, when the Prefect should have been killed either by *Issachar* or by *Miriam* (SARDOU would have made *Issachar*'s daughter the heroine—the SARA BERNHARDT of the piece) then, in the penultimate Act, anything tragic, or otherwise, might picturesquely and appropriately have happened to the classic Girt-on girl, *Hypatia*, and

Master Phil 'Ammon, the good young Monk so inclined to go wrong, to the great contentment of the audience.

Mr. TREE makes a thoroughly oriental type of *Issachar*, and it is within an ace of being a grand impersonation. What that ace exactly is, it is somewhat difficult to say, but what is wanting is wanting in his great scene with his daughter. If the dramatist had given him such another final chance as I have already suggested, the character might have been dramatically perfected in Mr. TREE's hands. As it is, both by author and actor it is left "to be finished in our next."

Mr. TERRY is good as the amatory Monk, and Miss JULIA NELSON is statuesquely graceful as *Hypatia*. If I say "she is making strides in her profession," I must be taken to allude not to her vast improvement histrionically, but to the long steps which she takes across the stage.

The costumes are admirable, especially that of *Issachar*, on whose attire the Messrs. NATHAN as Israel-lights-and-leaders must be considered high authorities.

Mr. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., is responsible for the designs of the scenery by Messrs. JOHNSTONE, HANN, HALL and HARKER. [Great chance for 'ARRY'ere! "Scenery by 'ANN—a lady artist of course—then 'ALL and then 'ARKER, from designs by HALMA TADEMA." "I



From an Ancient Vase found in the Haymarket.

suppose HALMA's a artistic shemah, 'ARRY would say: "cos I know as there's another HALMA on the stage, leastways on the Music 'All

stage, and she's HALMA STANLEY." Whatever the designing ALMA may have done, I cannot say much for the reproduction of his favourite game of marbles. The "marble halls" lack polish; but the Market Place, The Court of *Hypatia's* House, *Issachar's* snuggery, and a Street in Alexandria, are highly effective pictures. But I should like to know if in Mr. ALMA TADEMA's design for the Monk's dress, Mr. FRED TERRY found a small black and silver crucifix of very modern workmanship suspended from the girdle, as this religious emblem did not come into use until a much later date. By the way, ecclesiastical ornaments must have been cheap in those days to warrant Bishop Cyril (strongly rendered by Mr. FERNANDEZ) flaunting about the streets of Alexandria in such rainbow robes as, in a later age, would have led people to imagine that he had just broken out of the stained glass window of a Gothic Cathedral. Two thousand years hence the New Zealand dramatist may represent the Archbishop of CANTERBURY as walking about London in his lawn sleeves with coronation cope and mitre, or Cardinal HERBERT VAUGHAN as wearing his scarlet hat and robes, and riding in a Hansom cab, having been unable to pick up his own Cardinal's train. All this were hypercriticism, but that the name of ALMA TADEMA, R.A., is a public guarantee for academical accuracy.

Anyhow, *Hypatia*, if not "a famous victory"—is at least a fine spectacle, with some fine acting in it, but this is mainly confined to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. As the very heavy father, Mr. KEMBLE has not been allowed half a chance. Why should he not alternate characters with Mr. FERNANDEZ, and for three nights a week appear as Cyril the Bishop, while FERNANDEZ would be *Hypatia's* parent who has to grovel on the steps while his highly educated child is lecturing, who has to comfort her in her terror, and be turned out neck and crop whenever nobody on the scene wants him, which by the way, happens rather frequently.

The music to a Drama is generally a minor affair, but, in this instance, it is both major and minor, and has been specially written for the piece by Dr. HUBERT PARRY. As this play is not an "adaptation from the French," the music of this Composer is the only *article de Parry* about the piece, and, being strikingly appropriate, it proves an attraction of itself. It is conducted by the Wagnerian ARMSTRONG, who, with his Merry Men, is hidden away under the stage, much as was the Ghost of *Hamlet's* father whom *Hamlet* irreverently styled "Old Truepenny." Altogether a notable piece. *Prosit!*

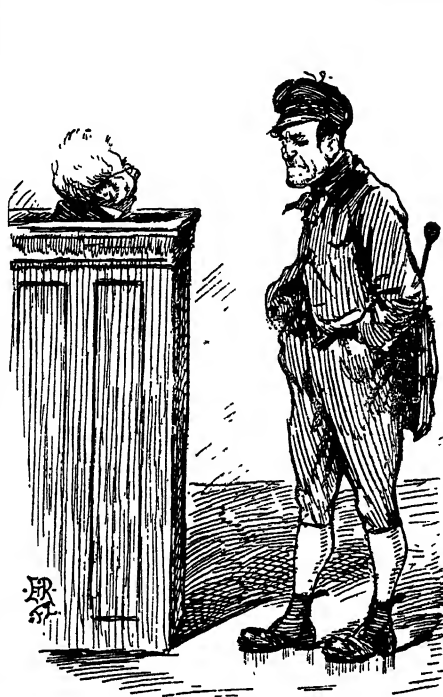
THE B IN A BOX.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE one volume entitled *My Flirtations*, written by MARGARET WYNMAN (so like a real name!), and published by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS, consists of short stories setting forth the varied experiences of an uncommonly 'cute young lady. It is a literary portfolio of lively sketches of men and women, "their tricks and their manners," all most amusing, and told in a naturally easy and epigrammatic style. Some of the characters are evidently intended for portraits, which anyone living in the London world could easily label—(which by changing "a" into "i" would be the probable consequence)—were he not baffled by the art of the skilful writer, and by the equally skilful illustrator—our Mr. PARTRIDGE—who have, the pair of them, combined to throw the reader off the right scent. The one mistake—not a fatal error, however,—which this authoress has made, is that of getting herself engaged in the last story. Not married, fortunately; only engaged. Consequently the match can be broken off. Let her be "engaged" on another volume. She can be married at the end of volume three, and may give us her experiences as the wife of Mr. Whoever-it-may-be. Will the clever authoress accept this well-meant hint from her literary and critical admirer, THE GALLANT BARON DE B.-W.?

#### CHEAP LAW IN THE CITY.

Probable Development of the new "London Chamber of Arbitration," for the economical Settlement of Disputes without recourse to Litigation



"'Ave yer got sich a thing as a second-hand murder defence, Guv'nor?"



"Could you direct me to the Breach of Promise Department?"

#### ROBERT WITH THE CHILDREN AT GILDHALL.

WELL, I don't quite kno as I quite hunderstans what's bin a goin on in our old Sacred Gildall, or weather it's all xactly what sum of our werry sollemest Holldermen, or ewen our werry anahent Deputys, might admire; but I must say, for myself, that too thowsand more owdashus boys, and larling gals, I never seed nor herd than I did on Toosday larst, for about fore hours, in old Gildall aforesaid!

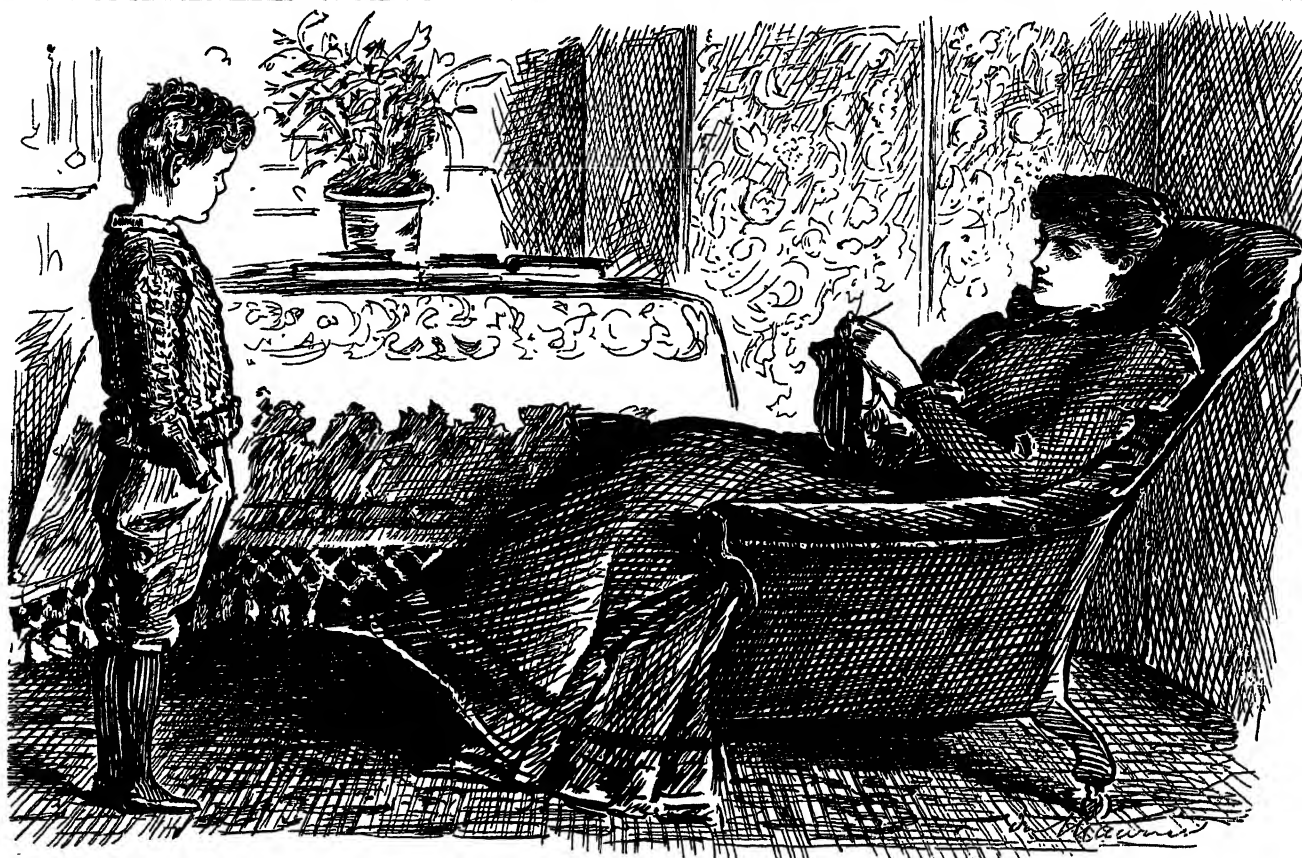
Jest to show how the werry best, aye and the werry wisest on us, gets carried away by the site of swarms of appy children a enjoying thereselves, as praps they never did afore, I feels myself compelled to state, that our good kind Lord MARE was so delighted to see sich swarms of appy children all round him and looking up to him so appy and so grateful, that, jest afore it was time to go, he acshally told 'em a most wonderful story all about two great Giants as lived in the rain of King LUD, on Ludgate Hill. I was that estonished when he begun, as to amost think that Goe and MAGOG, as stood on both sides of him, would begin to grin, but that was, of course, only a passing delushun. But didn't all the children lissen with open mouths when the Lord MARE told 'em that one of the Giants had too heads, and the other three! and that a very good boy named JACK managed to kill 'em both!

And so all was ended but the cheering, and that the pore delited children kept up till they all marched out, smiling and appy, and wishing as such glorious heavenings was in store for them in grand old Gildall for many, many years to come, and with sitch a Lord Mare to see as everything was done as it had been done that jolly heavening.

ROBERT.

DWARFS.—Of course there are dwarfs. Lots of 'em all over the world. At least no experienced traveller ever yet made a stay in any country without becoming acquainted with plenty of people who were "uncommonly 'short' just at that moment,"—"that moment" being when the impecunious traveller wanted to obtain a slight loan. The author of *Borrow in Spain* would have been an authority on such a subject.

TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—Dear Sir, I see by the paper that "Mr. EDMUND YATES has been made a J. P." Odd! What does "J. P." stand for? Oh, of course, "JOE PARKINSON." But does "E. Y." on becoming "J. P." cease to be "MOI-MÊME"?—Yours, M. MUDDLE.



### A TOO INQUIRING MIND.

'HOW WAS I MADE, MAMMIE DARLING? WAS I KNITTED?'

### THE LATEST TRADE OUTRAGE!

(Scene from the New and Unpopular Sensation Drama of "The Monopoly-Monster and the Maid Forlorn.")

"A large number of complaints have reached the Board of Trade with regard to increase in the new rates adopted by Railway Companies as from January 1. . . . among other complaints of increase of rates for the conveyance of milk, grain, hay and other agricultural produce, firewood, live stock, coal and coke, iron and hardware." — Sir COURTENAY BOYLE to the Secretary of the Railway Companies Association.]

Oh! who'll bring a rescue or two to the help of a much-injured Maid,  
Thus cruelly bound hand and foot, and by miscreants ruthlessly laid  
On the lines, in the Pathway of Peril? The Monster snorts nearer! Bohoo!  
'Tis a Melodrame-crisis of danger! — and who'll bring a rescue or two?

The Maid (British Trade), has been harried and hunted by villains and robbers,  
By bold, bad, black-masked foreign foes, and by home-bred monopolist jobbers.  
In town or in country alike the poor dear has been cheived and chased,  
By rivals deceitful and dark, and by kindred deboshed and debased.

She once was a proud reigning beauty, who now is a maid all forlorn,  
As hopeless and helpless, and tearful as RUTH midst the alien corn.  
Or poor Proserpine snatched by dark Pluto afar from the day and the light;  
Torn away—like this maiden—from Ceres, and wrapt—like this maiden—in night.

Perchance she was just a bit haughty in virginal safety and pride;  
No rival too near her high throne, Prince FORTUNIO aye at her side;  
But now a poor PERDITA, prone at the feet of her foes she lies bound,  
And that melodramatic thud-thud draweth near—a most menacing sound!

Ah! sure 'twas enough to deprive the lone Maid of Protection, her trust!  
But this is the last straw of burden that bows her poor back to the dust.  
That Monster *should* be her sworn henchman, and now she lies bound in his path!

Oh! where is the hero who'll rush to her rescue, in chivalrous wrath?

Such champion always turns up—on the stage! CHAPLIN, WINCHILSEA, BOYLE, HOWARD-VINCENT & Co., here's your chance.  
Shall she be that big Monster's mere spoil?  
Ah! Surely the Maid is too lovely to leave to the murderous crew

Of the Monster Monopoly's myrmidons!  
Who'll bring a rescue or two?

#### Her First Appearance.

"WHAT! a new Magazine!" just so.  
First number, January. "Oh!  
So far? yet farther sure will go  
*The Mother.*"

"SCHOOL ATTENDANCE IN BAD WEATHER."  
—"SANDFORD" writes of this to the *Times*.  
Why doesn't MERTON—our TOMMY MERTON—speak? And what has the venerated Mr. BARLOW got to say?

"THE SITUATION IN EUROPE." — Monte Carlo (i.e., for the winter months).

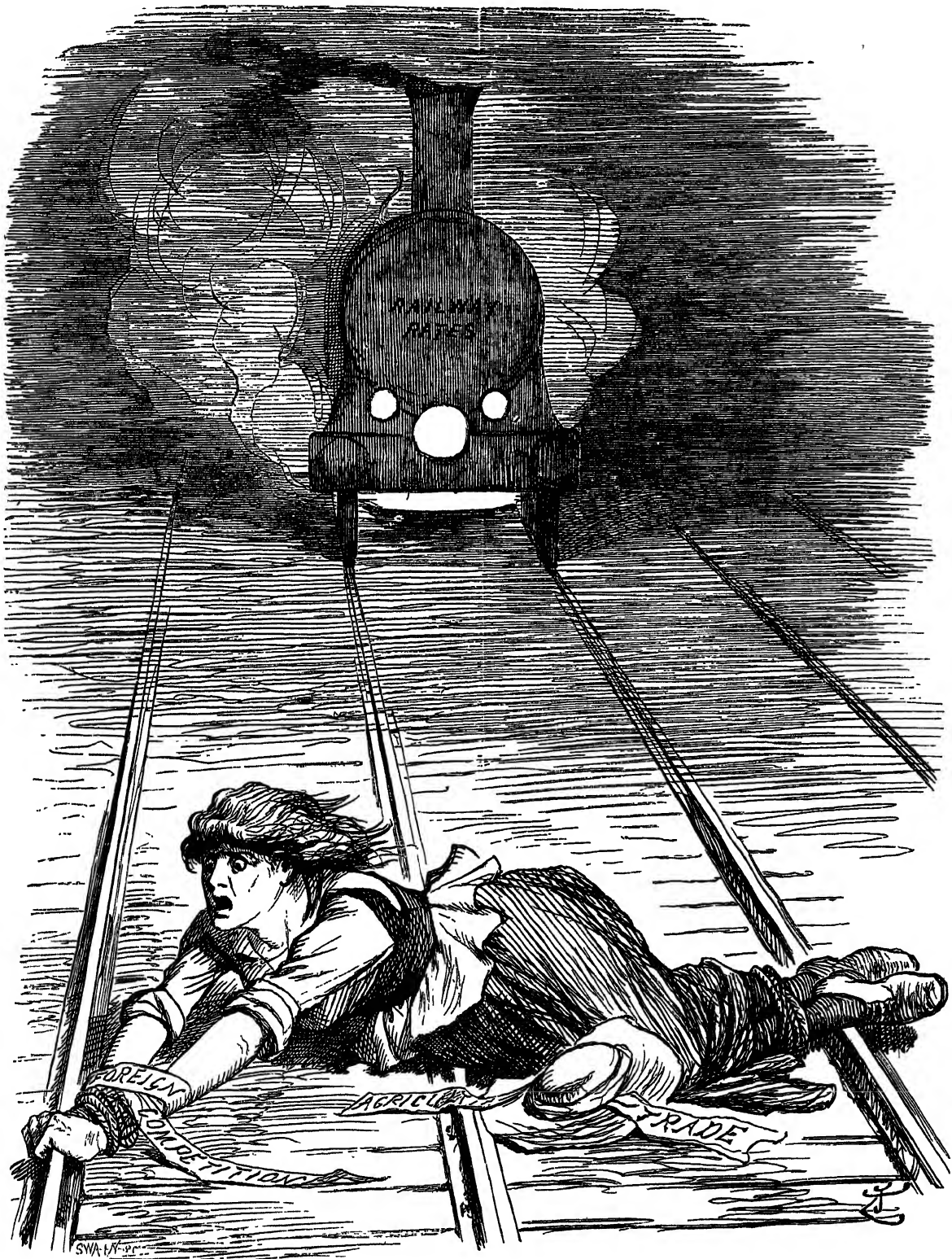
### ETHNOGRAPHICAL ALPHABET.

A is an Afghan, whose knife bids one quail;  
B is a Boer, who made England turn pale;  
C is a Chinaman, proud of his tail;  
D is a Dutchman, who loves pipe and ale;  
E is an Eskimo, packed like a bale;  
F is a Frenchman, *à Paris fidèle*;  
G is a German, he fought tooth and nail;  
H is a Highlander, otherwise Gael;  
I is an Irishman, just out of gaol;  
J is a Jew at a furniture sale;  
K is a Kalmuck, not high in the scale;  
L is a Lowlander, swallowing kale;  
M a Malay, a most murderous male;  
N a Norwegian, who dwells near the whale;  
O is an Ojibway, brave on the trail;  
P is a Pole with a past to bewail;  
Q is a Queenslander, sunburnt and hale;  
R is a Russian, against whom we rail;  
S is a Spaniard, as slow as a snail;  
T is a Turk with his wife in a veil;  
U a United States' Student at Yale;  
V a Venetian in gondola frail;  
W Welshman, with coal, slate,—and shale;  
X is a Xanthian—or is he too stale?—  
Y is a Yorkshireman, bred by the Swale;  
Z is a Zulu;—and now letters fail.

THE LATEST PARADOX.—JOHN STRANGE WINTER is taking Summer-y proceedings against the Coming Crinoline. Henceforth she will be always known as "the WINTER of our Discontent."

"GOOD BUS." — From the *Times* money article we learn that PARR'S Banking Co., Limited, is paying 19 per cent. The price of the shares, therefore, must be considerably "above par." Capital this, for *Ma*!





## SHOCKING TRADE OUTRAGE!

*(Scene from the New and Unpopular Sensation Drama of "The Monopoly-Monster and the Maid Forlorn.")*

"OH! WHO'LL BRING A RESCUE OR TWO TO THE HELP OF A MUCH-INJURED MAID, THUS CRUELLY BOUND HAND AND FOOT, AND BY MISCREANTS RUTHLESSLY LAID ON THE LINES, IN THE PATHWAY OF PERIL? THE MONSTER SNOOTS NEARER! BOHOO! 'TIS A MELODRAME-CRISIS OF DANGER!—AND WHO'LL BRING A RESCUE OR TWO?"







Everett Hopkins.

## SUBACIDITIES.

*Gladys.* "OH, MURIEL DEAR, THAT HEAVENLY FROCK!—I THINK IT LOOKS LOVELIER EVERY YEAR!"

## THE LAY OF THE (MUSIC-HALL) LAUREATE.

AH! Who talks of the reversion of the Laurel,  
Of your MORRISSES, and SWINBURNES, and that gang?  
I could lick them in a canter—that's a moral!  
I'm the most prolific bard who ever sang.  
Of the modern Music Hall I'm chosen Laureate,  
My cackle and my patter fill the Town;  
I'm more popular than BURNS, a thing to glory at;  
My name is PINDAR BOANERGES BROWN.  
You have never heard it mentioned? Highly probable  
A hundred duffers flourish on my fame;  
But the Muse is so peculiarly rob-able,  
And I am very little known—by name?  
But ask the Big BONASSUS—on the Q. T.—  
Or ask the Sisters SQUORKS, of P. B. B.  
And they'll tell you Titan Talent, Siren Beauty,  
Would be both the frostiest fizzles but for Me!  
Gracious Heavens! When I think of all the cackle  
I have turned out for the heroes of the Halls!!!  
No wonder that the task I've now to tackle—  
Something new and smart for TRICKSY TRIP!—appals.  
I have tried three several songs—and had to "stock 'em,"  
She's imperative; her last Great Hit's played out,  
And she wants "a new big thing that's bound to knock 'em."  
And "she'd like it by return of post!"—No doubt!!!  
She does four turns a night, and rakes the shekels;  
She sports a suit of sables and a brougham.  
Five years ago a lanky girl, with freckles,  
First fetched 'em with my hit, "*The Masher Groom.*"  
And now her limbs spread pink on all the posters,  
And now she drives her pony-chaise—and Me!  
Poet-Laureate? I should like to set the boasters  
The tasks I have to try for "*TRICKSY T.*"

I am vivid, I am various, I am versatile;  
I did "*Up to the Nines*" for DANDY DOBBS,  
And "*Smacky-Smack*" for "TIDDLUMS."—Isn't hers a tile?—  
"*Salvation Sue*"—the stiffest of stiff jobs—  
For roopy-raspy-voiced and vain "*CEOLIA*,"  
Who dubs herself the SCHNEIDER-PATTY BLEND;  
And now, a prey to stone-broke melancholia,  
I sit and rack my fancy, to no end!

My ink runs dry, my wits seem gone wool-gathering;  
And yet I know that over half the town  
My "stuff" the Stars are blaring, bleating, blathering,  
Sacking a tenner where I pouch a crown.  
I know that my—anonymous—smart verses,  
Are piling oof for middlemen in sacks,  
My verse brings pros. seal-coats and well-stuffed purses  
My back care bows, whilst profits lade *their* backs.

If you'll show me any "Poet" more prolific,  
If you'll point to any "patterer" more smart,  
One whose "patriotic" zeal is more terrific,  
Who can give me at snide slang the slightest start,  
Who can fit a swell, a toff, a cad, a coster,  
At the very shortest notice, as I can,  
Why, unless he is a swaggering impostor,  
I will gladly hail him as the Coming Man!

But he'll have to be a dab at drunken drivel,  
And he'll have to be a daisy at sick gush,  
To turn on the taps of swagger and of snivel,  
Raise the row-de-dow heel-chorus and hot flush.  
He must know the taste of sensual young masher,  
As well as that of aitch-omitting snob;  
And then—well, I'll admit he is a dasher,  
Who, as Laureate (of the Halls) is "on the job!"

[Left lamenting.]

## THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES

SCENE I.—*Breakfast-room at No. 92a, Porchester Square, Bayswater. Rhubarb-green and gilt paper, with dark olive dado; curtains of a nondescript brown. Black marble clock on grey granite mantelpiece; Landseer engravings; tall book-case, containing volumes of "The Quiver," "Mission-Work in Mesopotamia," a cheap Encyclopædia, and the "Popular History of Europe." Time, about 9'45. Mr. MONTAGUE TIDMARSH is leaving to catch his omnibus. Mrs. T. is at her Davenport in the window.*

*Mr. T. (from the door).* Anything else you want me to do, MARIA?

*Mrs. T.* Don't forget the turbot—and mind you choose it yourself—and the lobster for the sauce—oh, and look in at SEAKALE's as you pass, and remind him to be here punctually at seven, to help JANE with the table, and say I insist on his waiting in clean white gloves; and be home early yourself, and—there, if he hasn't rushed off before I remembered half—(Mr. T. re-appears at the door.) What is it now, MONTAGUE? I do wish you'd start, and have done with it, instead of keeping JANE at the front door, when she ought to be clearing away breakfast!

*Mr. T.* Very sorry, my love—I was just going, when I met a Telegraph-boy with this, for you. I hope there's nothing wrong with Uncle GABRIEL, I'm sure.

*Mrs. T.* Don't stand there holding it—give it to me. (She opens it.) "Regret impossible dine to-night—lost Great Aunt very suddenly.—BUCKRAM." How provoking of the man! And I particularly wished him to meet Uncle GABRIEL, because he is such a good listener, and they would be sure to get on together. As if he hadn't all the rest of the year to lose his Aunt in!

*Mr. T.* That's BUCKRAM all over. Never can depend upon that fellow. (Gloomily.) Now we shall be thirteen at table!

*Mrs. T.* Nonsense, MONTAGUE—we can't be! Let me see—Uncle GABRIEL and Aunt JOANNA, two; the DITCHWATERS, four; BODFISHES, six; TOOMERS, eight; Miss BUGLE, nine; Mr. POFFLEY, ten; CECILIA FLINDERS, eleven, and ourselves—we are thirteen! And I know Uncle will refuse to sit down at all if he notices it; and, anyway, it's sure to cast a gloom over the whole thing. We must get somebody!

*Mr. T.* Couldn't that Miss—what's her name? SEATON—dine, for once?

*Mrs. T.* The idea, MONTAGUE! Then there would be one Lady too many—if you can call a Governess a Lady, that is. And I do so disapprove of taking people out of their proper station!

*Mr. T.* I might wire to FILLETTER or MAKEWAT—but I rather think they're both away, and it won't do to run any risk. Shall I bring home STERNSTUHL or FEDERFUCHS? Very quiet, respectable young fellows, and I could let one of 'em go off early to dress.

*Mrs. T.* Thank you, MONTAGUE—but I won't have one of your German clerks at my table—everyone would see what he was in a minute. And he mightn't even have a dress-suit! Let me think... I know what we can do. BLANKLEY supplies extra guests for parties and things, I remember seeing it in the paper. We must hire a man there. Go there at once, MONTAGUE, it's very little out of your way, and tell them to be sure

and send a gentlemanly person—he needn't talk much, and he won't be required to tell any anecdotes. Make haste, say they can put him down to my deposit account.

*Mr. T.* I don't half like the idea, MARIA, but I suppose it's the only thing left. I'll go and see what they can do for us.

[He goes out.]

*Mrs. T.* I know he'll make some muddle—I'd better do it myself! (She rushes out into the passage.) JANE, is your Master gone? Call him back—there, I'll do it. (She calls after Mr. T.'s retreating form from the doorstep.) MONTAGUE! never mind about BLANKLEY'S. I'll see to it. Do you hear?

*Mr. T.'s Voice (from the corner).* All right, my love, all right! I hear.

*Mrs. T.* I must go round before luncheon. JANE, send Miss SEATON to me in the breakfast-room. (She goes back to her desk; presently Miss MARJORY SEATON enters the room: she is young and extremely pretty, with an air of deflected endurance.) Oh, Miss SEATON, just copy out these menus for me, in your neatest writing, and see that the French is all right. You will have plenty of time for it, as I shall take Miss GWENDOLEN out myself this morning. By the way, I shall expect you to appear in the drawing-room this evening before dinner. I hope you have a suitable frock?

*Miss Seaton.* I have a black one with lace sleeves and heliotrope chiffon, if that will do—it was made in Paris.

*Mrs. T.* You are fortunate to be able to command such luxuries. All my dresses are made in the Grove.

*Miss Seat. (biting her lip).* Mine was made when we—before I—

[She checks herself.] *Mrs. T.* You need not remind me quite so often that your circumstances were formerly different, Miss SEATON, for I am perfectly aware of the fact. Otherwise, I should not feel justified in bringing you in contact, even for so short a time, with my relations and friends, who are most particular. I think that is all I wanted you for at present. Stop, you are forgetting the menus.

[Miss SEATON collects the cards and goes out with compressed lips as JANE enters.]

*Jane.* Another telegram, if you please, M'm, and Cook would like to speak to you about the pheasants.



"Montague, don't say you went and ordered him!"



THE POET LAUREATE OF THE MUSIC HALLS. A STUDY.

[See p. 38.]



Mrs. T. Oh, dear, me, JANE! I wish you wouldn't come and startle me with your horrid telegrams—there, give it to me. (Reading.) "Wife down, violent influenza. Must come without her. TOOMER." (Resentfully.) Again! and I know she's had it twice since the spring—it's too tiresomely inconsiderable—no, it isn't—it's the very best thing she could do. Now we shall be only twelve, and I needn't order that man from BLANKLEY's, after all. Poor dear woman, I must really write her a nice sympathetic little note—so fortunate!

SCENE II.—Mrs. TIDMARSH'S Bedroom—Time 7.15. Mrs. T. has just had her hair dressed by her Maid.

Mrs. T. You might have given me more of a fringe than that, PINNIFER. You don't make nearly so much of my hair as you used to! (PINNIFER discreetly suppresses the obvious retort.) Well, I suppose that must do. I shan't require you any more. Go down and see if the lamps in the drawing-room are smelling. (PINNIFER goes; sounds of ablutions are heard from Mr. T.'s dressing-room.) MONTAGUE, is that you? I never heard you come in.

Mr. T.'s Voice (indistinctly.) Only just this moment come up, my dear. Been putting out the wine.

Mrs. T. You always will leave everything to the last. No, don't come in. What? How can I hear what you say when you keep on splashing and spluttering like that?

Mr. T.'s Voice (from beneath a towel.) That dozen of Champagne Uncle GABRIEL sent has run lower than I thought—only two bottles and a pint left. And he can't drink that Saumur.

Mrs. T. Two bottles and a half ought to be ample, if SEAKALE manages properly—among twelve.

Mr. T.'s V. Twelve, my love? you mean fourteen!

Mrs. T. I mean nothing of the sort. Mrs. TOOMER's got influenza again—luckily, so of course we shall be just twelve.

Mr. T.'s V. MARIA, why didn't you tell me that before? Because I say, look here!—

[He half opens the door.]

Mrs. T. I won't have you coming in here all over soap, there's nothing to get excited about. Twelve's a very convenient number.

Mr. T.'s V. Twelve! Yes—but how about that fellow you told me to order from BLANKLEY's? He'll be the thirteenth!

Mrs. T. MONTAGUE, don't say you went and ordered him, after I expressly said you were not to mind, and that I would see about it myself! You heard me call after you from the front door?

Mr. T.'s V. I—I understood you to say that I was to mind and see to it myself; and so I went there the very first thing. The Manager assured me he would send us a person accustomed to the best society, who would give every satisfaction. I couldn't be expected to know you had changed your mind!

Mrs. T. How could you be so idiotic! We simply can't sit down thirteen. Uncle will think we did it on purpose to shorten his life. MONTAGUE, do something—write, and put him off, quick—do you hear?

Mr. T.'s V. (plaintively.) My love, I can't write while I'm like this—and I've no pen and ink in here, either!

Jane (outside). Please, Sir, SEAKALE would like a word with you about the Sherry you put out—it don't seem to ta—smell quite right to him.

Mrs. T. Oh, never mind Sherry now. (She scribbles on a leaf from her pocket-book.) Here, JANE, tell SEAKALE to run with this to BLANKLEY's—quick.... There, MONTAGUE

I've written to BLANKLEY's not to send the man—they're sure to keep that sort of person on the premises; so, if SEAKALE gets there before they close, it will be all right.... Oh, don't worry so.... What? White ties! How should I know where they are? You should speak to JANE. And do, for goodness sake, make haste! I'm going down.

Mr. T. (alone). MARIA! hi.... She's gone—and she never told me what I'm to do if this confounded fellow turns up, after all! Hang it, I must have a tie somewhere!

[He pulls out drawer after drawer of his wardrobe, in a violent flurry.]

## THE RAILWAY SERVANT'S VADE MECUM.

(For Use in the Training School when the proposed Institution has been established.)

Question. What are the duties of a Porter?

Answer. To move passengers' luggage with the greatest possible expedition.

Q. Is there any exception to that general rule?

A. Yes, when the passenger is late, and there seems some doubt about the bestowal of a tip.

Q. How would he inform passengers that they have to change carriages for, say, Felstead, Margate, Highgate, Winchester and Scarborough.

A. By shouting, in one word, "Change-Felgit-Highhester-and-Boro!"



Q. If he had to call a Cab for an elderly Lady with three boxes, or a military-looking Gentleman with an umbrella, which passenger would first claim his attention?

A. Why, of course, the Captain.

Q. What is the customary charge of a Guard for reserving a compartment?

A. A shilling for closing one of the doors, half-a-crown for locking both.

Q. What are the duties of a Booking-Clerk?

A. If very busy, a Booking-Clerk may walk leisurely from one pigeon-hole to the other, and ask the passenger to repeat his demand, and then take some time in finding the required amount of change. If the passenger is irritable, and in a hurry, the Clerk can stop to explain, and remonstrate. In the case of an inquiry as to the progress of the trains, a busy Booking-Clerk can refer impatient passengers to the time-table hanging outside the station.

Q. When is a Booking-Clerk usually very busy?

A. When he happens to be in a bad temper.

Q. Ought a suggestion from the Public that the Public will write to his superiors have any effect upon a Booking-Clerk?

A. Not if the Public has just taken an express ticket in London either for Melbourne, Australia, or Timbuctoo.

Q. What is the best course for the Public to pursue under such circumstances?

A. To bear it either with or without a grin.

Q. Is there much point about a Pointsman?

A. Not after he has been on duty some eighteen hours.

Q. And does his application of the break suggest anything?

A. Yes, a break in this catechism. More on a future occasion.

A SUGGESTION FOR PANTOMIME.—The good Fairy, Sir DRURIOLANUS, triumphing over Evil Spirits, King Fog, Frost ("he's a nipper, he is!"), and Slush, the obstructionists. Evil Spirits disappear, Good Spirits prevail, and, as Kate Nickleby's lunatic lover observed, "All is gas and gaiters!" Messrs. DAN LENO and CAMPBELL are doing great business just now. VIVE DRURIOLANUS PANTOMICUS IMPERATOR!

A MEETING between the "Unemployed and Mr. GLADSTONE." What a contrast!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE KEEPER. (Continued.)

Is there no way, then, you may ask, in which the Head Keeper may be lured from his customary silence for more than a sentence or two? Yes, there is one absolutely certain method, and, so far as I know, only one. The subject to which you must lead your conversation is—no, it isn't poachers, for a good keeper takes the occasional poacher as part of his programme. He wages war against him, of course; and, if his shooting happens to be situated near a town of some importance, the war is often a very sanguinary one, only ended by the extermination (according to Assize-Court methods) of the poachers. But the keeper, as I say, takes all this as a matter of course. He recognises that poachers, after all, are men; as a sportsman, he must have a sneaking sympathy for one whose science and wood-craft often baffle his own; and, therefore, though he fights against him sturdily and conscientiously, and, as a rule, triumphs over him, he does not generally, being what I have described him, brag of these victories, nor, indeed, does he care to talk about them. "There, but for the grace of God, goes Velvetens," must be the mental exclamation of many a good keeper when he hears his enemy sentenced to a period of compulsory confinement. I do not wish to be misunderstood. There are poachers and poachers. And whereas we may have a certain sympathy for the instinct of sport that seems to compel some men to match their skill against the craft of fur or feather reared at the expense and by the labour of others, there can surely be none for the methodical rogues who band themselves together on business principles, and plunder coverts just as others crack cribs, or pick pockets. Even sentiment is wasted on these gentlemen.

But I return from this digression. The one subject, then, on which a keeper may be trusted to become eloquent, is, that of

## FOXES.

Just try him. Suppose you are shooting a wood, in which you expect to find a considerable number of pheasants. The guns are posted, the beaters have begun to move at the far end of the wood. Suddenly you are aware of a commotion in the middle of the wood. Here and there pheasants rise long before the beaters have approached. There is a whirring of wings, and dozens of birds sail away, un-shot at, to right, to left, and all over the place. And then, while you are still wondering what this may mean, a fine dog-fox comes sliding out from the covert. Away he goes at top speed across the open. The little stops view him as he passes, and far and near the air resounds with shrill "yoick!" and "tally-ho!" In the end four birds are brought to bag, where twenty at least had been expected. When the beat is over, this is the kind of conversation you will probably hear:—

*First Beater (to a colleague).* I seed un, JIM; a great, fine fox 'e were, a slinkin' off jest afore we coom up. "Go it," I says to myself; "go it, Muster BILLY Fox, you bin spoilin' sport, I'll warrant, time you was off"; and out 'e popped as sly as fifty on 'em, ah, that 'e was.

*Second B.* Ah! I lay 'e was that. Where did 'e slip to, Tom?

*First B.* I heerd 'em a hollerin' away by CHUFF's Farm. Reckon 'e's goin' to hev 'is supper there, to-night.

*Second B.* And a pretty meal 'e'll make of it. Pheasant for breakfast, pheasant for dinner, pheasant for tea; I'll lay 'e don't get much thinner.

*One of the Guns (to the Keeper).* Nuisance about that fox, SYKES. *Keeper.* Nuisance, Sir? You may say that. Why, I've seen as many as 'four o' them blamed varmin'ts one after another in this 'ere

blessed wood. Did you see 'im, Sir? I wish you'd a shot 'im just by mistake. Nobody wouldn't a missed 'im. But there, a-course I daren't touch 'em. Mr. CHALMERS wouldn't like it, and a-course I couldn't bring myself to do it. But I do say, we've got too many on 'em, and we never get the hounds, or if they do come, they can't kill. What am I to do? Mr. CHALMERS wants birds, and 'e wants foxes too. I tell 'im 'e can't have both. I does my best, but what's a man to do with a couple o' thousand foxes nippin' the heads off of his birds? Fairly breaks my heart, Sir. Keep 'em alive, indeed! Live and let live's my motter, but it ain't the plan o' them blamed foxes. [And so forth ad lib.]

There are other animals which your true keeper holds in aversion. And chief amongst these is the domestic cat. You might as well try to keep a journalist from his writing-paper as country cats from the coverts. They are inveterate and determined poachers, and, alas, they meet with scant mercy from the keeper if he catches them. Many a fireside tabby or tortoise-shell dies a violent death in the course of every year, and is buried in a secret grave. This often gives rise to disturbance, for the cottager, to whom the deceased was as the apple of her eye, may make complaint of the keeper to his master. My friend SYKES, one of the best keepers I know,

once related to me an incident of this nature. As it may help to explain the nature of keepers, and throw light on the conversational method to be adopted with them, I here set down the winged words in which SYKES addressed me.

"Trouble, Sir? I believe you. Them old women gives me a peek o' trouble, far more nor the breakin' of a retriever dog. There's old Mrs. PADSTOW, Mother PADDS we call 'er, she's a rare old teaser. Went up to Mr. CHALMERS last week and told 'im I'd shot 'er pet cat. Mr. CHALMERS, 'e spoke to me about it; said I'd better go and make it right with the old gal. So, yesterday I goes to call upon 'er. First we passed the time o' day together, and then we got to business. You see, Sir, me and the old lady had always been friendly, so I took it on the friendly line. 'Look 'ere,' I says, 'Mrs. PADSTOW, I've

come about a cat. 'Ah,' she says. 'It's just this way,' I says, 'Mr. CHALMERS tells me you said I'd shot your cat. Now,' I says, 'straightenin' myself up and lookin' proud, 'I couldn't scarcely believe that, and you and me such good friends, so I've just come to ask you if you did say that. She was a bit took aback at this, so I asked 'er again. 'Well,' she says, 'I didn't exactly say that.' 'What did you say then?' I asked her. 'I told Mr. CHALMERS,' she says, 'that our old cat 'ad been shot what never did no 'arm, and I thought it might be as you'd a done it, p'raps not meanin' it.' 'Ah,' I says, 'them was your words, was they?' 'Yes,' she says, 'them was my words.' 'Well, then,' I says, 'you'd better be careful what you say next time, or you don't know whose character you'll be takin' away next.' And with that I left 'er."

"But did you shoot the cat, SYKES?" I ventured to ask.

"Did I shoot it? Ho, ho, ha, ha! What do you think! Sir?" And with that enigmatic answer the dialogue closed.

WHEN referring to a recent Lecture by a certain Noble Marquis (distinguished in the "P.R.-age" of the Realm), the ladies generally say, that they should decidedly object to be married "under the Queensberry Rules." Their prize ring is quite another affair.

"DOWN AMONG THE COALS."—The most appropriate place wherein to try "the scuttle" policy would, of course, be—Newcastle.



"Taking away his Character."

## THE DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM.



(Fragments from a Narrative somewhat in the style of E. A. Poe.)

EVEN while one gazed, the current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. The vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—

heaving, boiling, hissing,—gryrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes except in precipitous descents.

Precipitous descents! Niagara's abrupt and headlong plunge is but as an eddy in a rocky trout-stream compared with what was soon to be



seen *here*. In brief space there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools one by one disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence in a circle of a colossal and seemingly all-embracing diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming, turbid slime—cumbered spray, foul, festering, furiously troubled, slipping, as it seemed, particle by particle, viscid gout by gout, into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round, with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

Then, said I, this *can* be nothing else than the "great, all-whelming whirlpool of the Maelström!"

In all violent eddies at sea *there is good fishing*, at proper opportunities, if only one has the courage to attempt it. In fact, it is made a matter of desperate speculation—risk standing instead of labour, and courage, of a reckless, and not too scrupulous sort, answering for capital. But there are many who would lightly adventure the pestilential perils of a tropic stream, or fever-haunted water-way or canal, who would yet shrink from being caught—owing to want of care, and cautious calculation as to the exact hours of slack and safety—by the hideous, irresistible, all-engulfing, all-wrecking whirl of the terrifying Ström! Once drawn within the draught of that hideous vortex, a whole army might be destroyed more certainly than even by the manifold death-dealing contrivances of modern science, a whole legislature lost in a single hour of ghastly and unhonoured catastrophe!

Oh, the sickening sweep of that descent! With what sensations of awe, horror, and strange, distraught admiration, must a doomed victim, once within that whirl, gaze about him!—for he has leisure to observe. The downward draught of those swift, wide-sweeping, spirally-whirling water-walls is comparatively slow. The victim clinging to his boat, or bound to his spar or barrel, appears to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and



### FASHIONABLE.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE ME IN THIS, VERA? TELL ME THE TRUTH."  
"WELL, DEAR, IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR PET POODLE HAD DIED, AND YOU'D HAD HIM MADE UP AS A CLOAK!"

whose perfectly smooth sides might be mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spin around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shoot forth, a foul, phosphorescent iridescence, as of accumulated corruption, streaming in a flood of loathsome radiance along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost mist—veiled recesses of the abyss!

Looking about upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which that helpless, past-struggling, beautiful, and apparently doomed figure was borne, I perceived that she, in the midst of the mighty, all-mastering misery, was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below were visible fragments of wreckage—significant wreckage—plumed hats, sword-sheaths, portfolios, epanettes, decorations, insignia of honour, as if here a national Argosy, laden with Opulence, Rank Intelligence, and Honour, had gone, dismally and desperately, down to—*what?* Let those Phlegethon walls, that Tophet-like mist, make answer!

And that bound, helpless, seemingly doomed, but beautiful and piteously appealing figure on

which my eyes were fixed in terror, and amaze, and profound compassion? Alas! Yet are there some objects which enter the whirl at a late period of the tide, which for some happy reason descend slowly after entering, which do not reach the bottom before the turn of the tide, which are *not completely absorbed* ere the desperate ordeal of danger is ended by utter submergence and entire wreck! These, conceivably, may be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly!

Here indeed the phantom of Hope seems to gleam forth rainbow-like even amidst the foul mists of the Maelström! That beautiful agonised figure seems yet but as it were at the edge of the whirl. Into its profound and pestilential depths, indeed, she *can see*. And she shudders at the sight, as must all who are interested in her fate. But the Ström will not whirl for ever, the hour of slack cannot be far off, and when the slope of the sides of the vast funnel become momentarily less and less steep, when the gyrations of the whirl grow gradually less and less violent, when the froth and the fume disappear, and the bottom of the gulf seems slowly to uprise; when the sky clears, and the winds go down, and the full moon rises radiantly o'er the swaying but no longer tormented floods, shall she, that beautiful, bound creature be found floating upon the quieting waves, sorely buffeted, may be much scarred, bearing in her beauty ineffaceable traces of the hideous ordeal she has undergone, but living, and *Safe?*

So may it be!



## CHARLEY'S OLD 'AUNT AT THE ROYALTY.

*Charley's Aunt*, by Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, is distinctly related to *The Private Secretary*; and Mr. PENLEY, as Lord Babberley, is second cousin to the Rev. Mr. Spalding, who, as the Private Secretary, obtained so distinguished a position in the theatrical world not so many years ago. As a play, *The Private Secretary* had a strange history, seeing that it began as a failure, had an Act cut out of it, and, surviving this severe operation, grew into an enormous success, then went "so strong" as to be able to keep on running in London, the Provinces, our Colonies, and America, for some years.

*Charley's Aunt*, however, has experienced no such downs and ups, being born to the rouge-pot as heirress of the great success which *The Private Secretary* had only gradually, though surely, achieved. Yet 'tis a matter for question whether the latter was not the better piece, dramatically, of the two, having, besides its own comic situations, two irresistibly diverting characters, represented by little PENLEY and mountainous HILL, both playing into one another's hands.

There are very few comparatively dull moments in *Charley's Aunt*, and these arise from faulty construction necessitating occasional explanations which come as dampers in the midst of the uproarious fun whereat the house has been shaking its sides and even weeping with laughter. And the awkwardness of these pauses in the action is still further emphasised by their being filled up with either commonplace narrative, or with a kind of cheap sentimentality quite



LIKE AS TWO P'S!

*The Private Secretary*. "Excuse me, Madam; but, d'you know, I fancy you must be a connection of mine—I see such a resemblance to our family. I am the Rev. Robert Spalding!"

Lord Fancourt Babberley. "Oh yes; and I'm Charley's Aunt, and Robert's Cousin." The P. S. "Dear me! Fancy that!"

at variance with the general tone of the piece. Were this slight blemish removed, the longevity of *Charley's Aunt* would, it is more than probable, equal that of *The Private Secretary*.

All the parts are well played. Mr. BRANDON THOMAS has not given himself much of a chance as Colonel Chesney, who bears a strong family resemblance to the heavy dragoon in the *Pantomime Rehearsal*. The young men, Messrs. PERCY LYNDAL and FARMER, have plenty of "go"—it would be "little go" were they Cantabs—as the two undergraduates, young enough to be still up at College completing their education, yet old enough to propose and be accepted as eligible husbands. But in a rattling three-act farce as this is intended to be, any exaggeration is sufficiently probable as long only as it is thoroughly amusing; and, it may be added, in such a piece,

sentiment is as much out of place as would be plain matter-of-fact conduct or dialogue. To see Mr. PENLEY in the elderly Aunt's dress is enough to convulse the house without his uttering a word. To see him enjoying himself with the young ladies while threatened by their lovers, who cannot take them away without compromising themselves, is delicious. Then, when after dinner he is alone with the ladies, and having been informed by the scout—capitally impersonated by Mr. CECIL THORNBURY—in a whisper, what story it is that the gentlemen find so amusing, he goes into fits of laughter, and subsequently, when after one of the ladies has told a story which makes the girls laugh, he inquires "Is that all?" and being answered that it is, he cannot refrain from expressing, in very strong language, his opinion of the stupidity of the anecdote he has just heard, and then is seized with a perfect convulsion of laughter,—in all this he is most heartily joined by the entire audience, who laugh with him and at him. Altogether in this piece Mr. PENLEY is inimitably and irresistibly funny.

The piece has one other merit which is not the least among its attractions, and that is, that it begins at nine punctually and is over by eleven, thus yielding two hours of all-but continuous merriment.

## SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

### ELSIE AND THE MACAW.

ELSIE was growing a big girl, and though she was still in short frocks, she gave herself airs, and had ideas about dress, and sometimes was tempted to argue with her dear Mamma and give her a pert answer. She was, however, in high glee just now, because she had been invited by her Aunt DABLECHICK to a pic-nic with a lot of other little boys and girls. She made a great fuss about her dress, she studied *The Queen*, and *The Gentlewoman*, and other papers devoted to this important subject, and worried her poor Mamma with all sorts of silly suggestions. The costume, however, was at last arranged, and the little goose was cross because her Mamma would not allow her to have a blue feather in her hat.

ELSIE, like a naughty child, determined that she would, by some means or other, have this feather.

How to obtain one was the difficulty. At last it struck her that the splendid Macaw, a gift from her Uncle, Admiral SANGARORUM, brought from Brazil, had some lovely feathers of about the right tint.

Taking a few lumps of sugar with her, she paid a visit to the conservatory where "Lord Macawley," as he was called, swung all day and shrieked. She felt how naughty she was, but her overweening vanity quite stifled her conscience. She scratched the bird's poll, treated him to several lumps of sugar, and, when he was not looking, suddenly jerked one of the finest feathers out of his tail.

"Lord Macawley" screamed furiously, and ELSIE was terribly frightened for fear she should be discovered. She, however, ran away with her prize, and carefully fixed it in her hat.

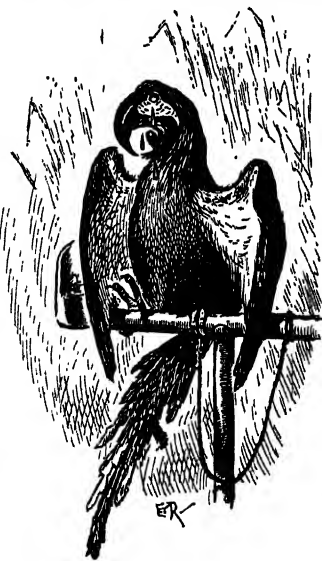
The next morning, when she was ready to start, and JAMES was waiting with the pony-chaise to drive her over to her Aunt's, her Mamma, who was gathering flowers in the conservatory, sent for her, to see that she looked nice before starting. Very pretty the little girl looked in her peacock blue dress, her snowy frills, her black-silk stockings, and Oxford shoes.

Her hat was trimmed with ribbon to match her dress, and her feather so artfully intertwined, that she hoped her Mamma would not notice it. It certainly would have passed without observation, but, just as ELSIE was tripping away, "Lord Macawley" saw her.

He set up a fiendish scream, and then said, "G-r-r! Gr-r-r! Who stole my feather?" over and over again.

ELSIE turned scarlet. Mamma removed and inspected the hat, and, the little girl was promptly packed off to bed, where she was left to shed many tears over her folly for the rest of the day.

Mamma keeps the blue feather, which she shows to her little girl whenever she is inclined to be disobedient or vain. The exhibition usually has a magical effect.



## THE NEXT EGYPTIAN LESSON.

SCENE—Interior of the Sanctum of the Young KHEDIVÉ. Present, his Highness. To him enter the British Representative.

*British Rep.* I think your Highness desired to see me?

*Khedive.* Certainly, my dear Lord. I wish to express once again my great regret that I could have done, or said, or thought anything without taking your advice. You have quite forgiven me?

*Brit. Rep.* (in a tone of respectful annoyance). Thank you very much, your Highness; but as I am exceptionally busy this morning, I think, if you have nothing more to say to me, I will do myself the honour of taking my departure.

*Khe.* Oh no—a thousand times, no! Are you not aware that I am very European in tastes, am fond of books, and have a hobby in a small aquarium?

*Brit. Rep.* So I have read, your Highness, in a London evening paper. And now, if you will permit me, I will—

*Khe.* Oh no—don't go. I promised you I would consult you in every important matter—and I mean to keep my word.

*Brit. Rep.* I am glad to hear your Highness say so; and I can answer for Her Majesty's Government being extremely gratified at the report of this conversation. I shall make a point of communicating with the Premier forthwith. And now, with your Highness's gracious permission, I will take my leave.

*Khe.* What a hurry you are in! I have got a lot of important things to consult you about, and yet you won't wait a moment! I say, it's not treating a fellow fairly!

*Brit. Rep.* (grieved). I trust your Highness will not repeat that observation after due consideration. But to show you my anxiety to meet your Highness's wishes, I will sacrifice the examination of a promising scheme to make the Nile nine and a half times as productive as it is now, to listen to you.

*Khe.* You are very good. Well, what do you think of my dressing-gown?

*Brit. Rep.* Capital—in every way capital. But surely you didn't want to talk about that?

*Khe.* Oh, yes, I did! Would you advise me to have it trimmed with any more fur?

*Brit. Rep.* I should imagine it was more a matter of taste than politics.

*Khe.* Oh, hang politics! What do you think about my dressing-gown? Would your Government recommend fur?

*Brit. Rep.* I think, under the circumstances, I can act on my own responsibility without further reference to Her Majesty's Government. Yes, by all means, have fur.

*Khe.* I am infinitely obliged to you. Fact is, I told my tailor I thought I would have fur, but I did not like to give the order without your advice.

*Brit. Rep.* I trust your Highness accepts my assurance that Her Majesty's Government are most anxious to prevent you from appearing in a false position.

*Khe.* It's most civil of you to say so. Then I will have fur.

*Brit. Rep.* And now, if your Highness no longer requires my presence—

*Khe.* (interrupting). But I do. As I have already said, I've a lot of things to ask you. Now, I want to know whether it would be to the benefit of the fellaheen if I visited the theatre more frequently?

*Brit. Rep.* Your Highness will use your own discretion. I think I may say, without further reference to Downing Street, that Her Majesty's Government will have not the slightest objection to your Highness indulging in any innocent recreation.

*Khe.* Come—that's very good of them. But don't go. Look here. There will be no great harm if I wear brown leather boots?

*Brit. Rep.* I think not, if your Highness, by the exhibition of such a preference, does not wound the susceptibilities of other Powers. And now, your Highness, with your permission, I think I must withdraw.



## THE SNOW CURE!!

*Fiendish Little Boy* (to *Elderly Gentleman*, who has come a cropper for the fourth time in a hundred yards). "ERE I SAY, GUVN'OR, YOU'RE FAIR WALLERIN' IN IT THIS MORNIN'! H'ANYONE 'UD THINK AS YOU'D BIN HORDERED IT BY YOUR MEDICAL MAN!!!"

*Khe.* Very well. If you won't stay any longer I suppose you won't. If I want any more advice I will send over to you.

*Brit. Rep.* I am extremely obliged to your Highness.

[Bows, and exit.]

*Khe.* Glad he's gone! And now that I have consulted him about everything, I think I will have a little recreation on my own account. What shall I do? Oh, I know, I will dismiss the entire Ministry!

(Curtain.)

[Does so.]

"GOING STRONG."—At the Court Theatre the *Pantomime Rehearsal* in which Messrs. BROOKFIELD and WEEDON have a capital duet, is just as fresh as ever. Quite a new piece with all the old fun in it. "Equestrian Scenes in the Circle," might now be added, as they've got a performing PALFREY who does a very pretty *scherzo* or skirt-show dance. "Good entertainment for"—everybody.

VICE VERSÂ ON THE STAGE.—Re-appearance of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT at HARE'S Theatre. When Mr. HARE made his first appearance in London it was at Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT'S Theatre. And *Diplomacy* is to be revived. This move is most diplomatic.

"HAPPINESS IN —."—Professor ST. GEORGE MIVART will be glad to learn that a telegram from New York, dated the 19th instant, contained the following interesting item of intelligence.—"A vast quantity of ice is now at Hell Gate."

DEPRECIATION OF GOLD!—"Guinea Fowls" were sold in the Market last week at from 2s. 5d. to 3s. 6d.; and a Plover Golden, was to be had for ninepence!!

WHAT with *The Daily Bourse* and dustmen who refuse to remove the Drury-Lane refuse, our Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS has been, of late, considerably Harris'd.

MOTTO FOR THE LADIES WHO BECOME MEMBERS OF MRS. STAN-  
NARD'S "ANTI-CRINOLINE LEAGUE."—"All hoops abandon ye who enter here."

GREAT BRITAIN is a country *per se*—so is every Island, as it is only *per sea* it can be reached.



### MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"GOOD MORNING, UNCLE CHARLES! DID YOU SLEEP WELL? I'M AFRAID YOUR BED WAS RATHER HARD AND UNEVEN; BUT——"  
 "OH, IT WAS ALL RIGHT, THANKS! I GOT UP NOW AND THEN DURING THE NIGHT, AND RESTED A BIT, YOU KNOW!"

### MISCHIEF!

["As regards Home Rule, I did not, of course, say that there were only three Home-Rulers in the world—Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. MORLEY, and myself. I said that . . . there were no stronger Home-Rulers, except myself, than Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY in Parliament."—*Mr. H. Labouchere, in a Letter to the "Times."*]

"Monkeys and parrots show much analogy in character and habits; they both possess extraordinary powers of imitation, which they exercise in copying man and his peculiarities. Monkeys 'take off' his gestures, and parrots his speech."—*Napier's "Book of Nature and Man."*

Oh, a merry mime was Jacko!  
 He could wink, and whiff tobacco,  
 Like a man (an artful *homo*) and a brother.  
 And the Parrot—ah! for patter,  
 And capacity for chatter  
 On—no matter much *what* matter,  
 That gave scope for clitter-clatter,  
 The world could hardly furnish such  
 The Parrot was a bird [another.  
 That could talk great bosh with gravity;  
 The Ape could be absurd  
 With an air of solemn suavity;  
 And which to take most seriously, when the  
 mimes were both on show,  
 There were ill-conditioned scoffers who de-  
 clared they did not know.

"I am very sure," said Jacko, and he twitched  
 his tail with glee,  
 "That the only serious creatures in the  
 country are 'We Three'—  
 You, Polly, honest Jack (an Irish House-dog),  
 and Myself!"  
 (Here he pulled poor Poll's tail-feathers hard,  
 and capered like an elf.)

Poll held on to his perch, he'd much tenacity  
 of claw,  
 But performed, involuntarily a sort of sharp  
 see-saw.

And he snorted and looked down  
 With a very beaky frown,  
 And his round orb grew as red as any carrot.  
 "'We Three'? your Twelfth-Night tag  
 Is mere thrasonic brag.  
*Tschutt!* You'll make my tail a rag!  
 Wish you wouldn't pull and drag,  
 At my feathers in that way!" cried the  
 Parrot.

Chuckled Jacko, "This is prime!  
 What a dickens of a time  
 (Like the Parrot and the Monkey in the  
 story)

We shall have! Teach you, no doubt,  
 Not to leave poor Jacko out  
 Next time when you are ladling round the  
 glory.

I might share with honest Jack  
 If of yielding I'd the knack,  
 Or would stoop to play the flatterer or the  
 flunkey.

Pretty Poll! It is my pride  
 To assist you—from outside!  
 And I hope you're duly grateful," said  
 the Monkey.

"I perceive," cried Pretty Polly,  
 "It's all right, and awfully jolly!  
 But if you think to pull me from my  
 perch

By the tail, you are mistaken.  
 Simian tricks will leave unshaken  
 My hold, though I may seem to sway or  
 lurch.

A bird who knows his book  
 Can afford to cook a snook  
 At a chatterer who intrigueth against his  
 chief.

'*We Three*'? You quote the Clown;  
 And you play him! Yes, I own  
 Pretty Poll may be pulled down,  
 But I do not think 'twill be by Monkey  
 'Mischief!'

### For a Byronic Exam.

*Question.* What proof exists that Lord  
 BYRON shared expenses with the Maid of  
 Athens?

*Answer.* The line in which he says, "Maid  
 of Athens, ere we 'part,'" &c.

*Q.* Is there any allusion to billiards in this  
 poem?

*A.* Certainly. It occurs where the Bard  
 says to the Maid, "Take the rest."

"AGAIN WE COME TO THREE, SAVOY!"  
 (*vide old-fashioned duet*).—It is rumoured  
 that the separation, on account of incom-  
 patibility of temper, between a certain distin-  
 guished Composer and an eminent Librettist  
 has come to an end. Its end is peace—that  
 is, an Operatic piece. They have met; the  
 two have embraced, and will, no doubt, live  
 happily ever afterwards, on the same terms  
 as before, with the third party present, whose  
 good offices it is pretty generally understood  
 (his "good offices" are "Number Something,  
 The Savoy,"—but this is not an advertisement)  
 have brought about this veritable "Reunion  
 of Arts."



MISCHIEF!





## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Eton of Old, or, Eighty Years Since!" exclaimed the Baron, and, taking up the handsome volume recently published by Messrs. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, he was soon absorbed in its pages.

"Rather disappointing," murmured the Baron, as he closed the book, and "read no more that day." "Why, with a good memory, a lively imagination, and a pleasant style, this 'Old Colleger' might have given us something far more amusing than he has done. Of course Anybody's Anecdotes of our Grand Old School will probably be interesting up to a certain point: and they might be made 'funny,' without being vulgar. But this worthy Octogenarian, be he who he may, has produced only a very matter-of-fact book, containing historic information likely to arrest the attention of an old or young Etonian, but only now and again does the author give us anything sufficiently amusing to evoke a laugh. However, in the course of perusal, I have smiled gently, but distinctly. Had the Octogenarian already told many of these stories to his intimates, to whom their narration caused as much facile entertainment as was given to the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, when he signed himself 'AFTERNOON,' in substitution for his initials, 'P.M.'?" And it is related how Mr. Pickwick rather envied the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were entertained. If so, then is the Baron to the Octogenarian Etonian and his intimates as was Mr. Pickwick to "P.M." and his correspondents. There are some good tales about KEAT and HAWTREY, and of course the book, as one among an Etonian series, has its own value for all who care about Eton of the past.

"Perdidi diem," says the Baron, "or at least the better part of it, in reading *Zero the Slave*, by LAWRENCE FLETCHER, who seems to me to be a promising pupil in the school of RIDER HAGGARD and LOUIS STEVENSON, but chiefly of the former. It was a beastly day, snow falling, and North-West-by-North wind howling, bitterly cold, and so," continued the Baron, "I was reduced to *Zero*. The construction of the plot is clever, as is also the description of a great fight, in the latter portion of the story; but, as a whole, the story is irritatingly ill-written, and tawdrily coloured, while italics are used to bring into prominence any description of some strongly sensational situation.

Few things so annoying to me, personally, as the romancer speaking of his chief puppets as "our friends." This LAWRENCE FLETCHER is perpetually doing. Now his heroes are not "my friends," for, when I read, I am strictly impartial, at all events, through two-thirds of the book, and, if I learn to love any one or two (or more) of them, male or female, I should still resent the author's presuming to speak of them as "our friends." To do so from the first is simply impudent presumption on the part of the author, as why, on earth, should he assume that his creations—his children—should be as dear to us as they are to him?

No—"Our friends," so used, is a mistake.

The influence of RIDER HAGGARD is over the whole book, but in two instances the author has been unable to resist close imitation,



## A VOCATION.

The Vicar. "OH—THAT'S YOUR BOY, SMITHERS? AND WHAT'S HE GOING TO BE? A SHOEMAKER, LIKE YOURSELF?"

Smithers. "OH NO, SIR. HE'S UNCOMMON FOND OF ANIMALS, YOU SEE—SO WE'RE THINKING OF MAKING HIM A BUTCHER!"

the logical conclusion arrived at by his humble but critical servant, "THE BARON DE B. W. 'B. B.' (British Born.)"

A NEW TURN.—He was an eloquent, an earnest lover, but she saw through him. When he had sworn to be true, which oath of his she didn't trust for a minute, and had implored her to do likewise, she only murmured to herself, "*Had I a heart for falsehood framed—*" Whereupon he vowed that such a thing was impossible; but, supposing her to possess such a heart, what would she do with it, considering it as a frame? Then she replied, softly, "I should put your portrait in it."

"All's Well that Ends Well."

YOUNG ABBAS thought to catch Lord CROMER napping. Perhaps he'll not again try weasel-trapping. Even HOMER sometimes nods. 'Tis true—of HOMER; But ABBAS thinks 'tis not—as yet—of CROMER!

MR. LABOUCHERE is, AUTOLYCUS hears, much interested in Mr. YATES's promotion to Magisterial honours. "I shall keep my eye on EDMUND," HENRY says. "If only I get a chance of putting him on my weekly Pillory in *Truth*, I do not deny it would give me keen satisfaction."

MRS. R. has read that the Christy Minstrels are turned into a Limited Company, but, before subscribing for shares, she wants to know if she would have to black her face? But what she objects to most is, that the principal performers (as she has been told) rattle their own bones!

nay, almost quotation of a well-known Haggardism, and so he writes at p. 130:—

"Just then a very wonderful and awful thing happened."

And at p. 197:—

"When suddenly, and without an instant's warning, a most awful thing happened."

Both variations on a Haggardism, and both equally spoilt in the process of transferring and adapting.

One sentence, the utterance of a Zulu chief, is well worth quoting, and it is this:—

"But empty hands are evil things wherewith to face a well-armed spook."

"The well-armed spook" is a joy for ever.

"A great black man fled past the rocks."

"Hum!" quoth the Baron,

"fled" is a new word to me. Not that I object to its invention and use on that account; in sound and appearance it expresses no more than "sped," or, if pursuit is to be implied, "fed."

Here is something that this novelist having written may well lay to heart,

"The man was as white-skinned as themselves, and judging from the purity of his English, must have been at one time a British subject."

"Now," quoth the Baron, meditatively, "if purity of English, with or without a white skin, is the unmistakable mark of a 'British subject,' then it follows that Mr. LAWRENCE FLETCHER is of some nationality other than British. At least, such is

## THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE III.—*Mrs. TIDMARSH'S Drawing-room. Wall-paper of big grey peonies sprawling over a shiny pale salmon ground. Over-mantel in black and gold. Large mirrors; cut-glass gaselier, supplemented by two standard lamps with yellow shades. Furniture upholstered in yellow and brown brocade. Crimson damask hangings. Parian statuettes under glass, on walnut "What-nots"; cheap china in rosewood cabinets. Big banner-screen embroidered in beads, with the Tidmarsh armorial bearings, as recently ascertained by the Herald's College. Time, twenty minutes to eight. Mrs. TIDMARSH is seated, flushed and expectant, near the fire, her little daughter, GWENDOLEN, aged seven, is apparently absorbed in a picture-book close by. Miss SEATON is sitting by a side-table, at some distance from them. Enter Mr. TIDMARSH, who, obeying a sign from his wife, approaches the hearth-rug, and lowers his voice to a cautious under-tone.*

*Mr. Tid.* It's all right. SEAKALE got in at BLANKLEY'S just as they were closing. They said they would send round and stop the person, if possible—but they couldn't say, for certain, whether he mightn't have started already.

*Mrs. Tid.* Then he may come, even now! May I ask what you intend to do if he does, MONTAGUE?

*Mr. Tid.* Well, that's what I rather wanted to ask you, my dear. We might tell SEAKALE to send him away.

*Mrs. Tid.* If you do, he'll be certain to send away the wrong person—Uncle GABRIEL, as likely as not!

*Mr. Tid.* Um—yes, I never thought of that—no, he must be shown up. Couldn't you explain to him, quietly, that we have made up our party and shan't require his—hem—services?

*Mrs. Tid.* I? Certainly not, MONTAGUE. You hired him, and you must get rid of him yourself!

*Mr. Tid. (uneasily.)* 'Pon my word, MARIA, it's an awkward thing to do. I almost think we'd better keep him if he comes—we shall have to pay for him anyhow. After all, he'll be quite inoffensive—nobody will notice he's been hired for the evening.

*Mrs. Tid.* He may be one of the assistants out of the shop for all we can tell. And you're going to let him stay and make us thirteen, the identical thing he was hired to avoid! Well, I shall have to let Miss SEATON dine, after all—that's what it comes to, and this creature can take her down—it will be a little change for her. GWENDOLEN, my pet, run down and tell SEAKALE that if he hears me ring twice after everybody has come, he's to lay two extra places before he announces dinner. (GWENDOLEN departs reluctantly: Mrs. T. crosses to Miss SEATON.) Oh, Miss SEATON, my husband and I have been thinking whether we couldn't manage to find a place for you at dinner to-night. Of course, it is most unusual, and you must not expect us to make a precedent of it; but—er—you seem rather out of spirits, and perhaps a little cheerful society—just for once—I

don't know if it can be arranged yet, but I will let you know about that later on.

*Miss Seaton (to herself).* I do believe she means to be kind! (Aloud.) Of course, I shall be very pleased to dine, if you wish it.

*Seakale (at door).* Mr. and Mrs. GABRIEL GILWATTLE, and Miss BUGLE!

[Enter a portly old Gentleman, with light prominent eyes and a crest of grizzled auburn hair, in the wake of an imposing Matron in ruby velvet; they are followed by an elderly Spinster in black and silver, who rattles with jet.

*Miss Bugle (after the usual greetings).* I hope, dearest MARIA, you will excuse me if I am not quite in my usual spirits this evening; but my cockatoo, whom I have had for ages, has been in convulsions the whole afternoon, and though I left him calmer, done up in warm flannel on the rug in front of the fire, and the maid promised faithfully to sit up with him, and telegraph if there was the slightest change, I can't help feeling I ought never to have come.

*Aunt Joanna (to her host.)* Such a drive as it is here, all the way from Regent's Park, and in this fog—I told GABRIEL that if he escap's bronchitis to-morrow—

*Seakale.* Mr. and Mrs. DITCHWATER! Mr. TOOMER!

*Mr. Ditch.* Yes, dear Mrs. TIDMARSH, our opportunities for these festive meetings grow more and more limited with each advancing year. Seven dear friends, at whose board we have sat, and they at ours, within the past twelve months, carried off—all gone from us!

*Mrs. Ditch.* Eight, JEREMIAH, if you count Mr. JAUNDERS—though he only dined with us once.

*Mr. Ditch.* To be sure, and never left his bed again. Well, well, it should teach us, as I was remarking to my dear wife as we drove along, to set a higher value than we do on such hospitalities as we are still privileged to enjoy.

*Mr. Toomer (to Mrs. Tid.)* My poor wife would, I am sure, have charged me with all manner of messages, if she had not been more or less delirious all day—but I am in no anxiety about her—she is so often like that, it is almost chronic.

*Seakale.* Mr. and Mrs. BODFISH! Miss FLYNDERS! Mr. POFFLEY!

*Mr. Bodf. (after salutations.)* Mrs. BODFISH and myself have just been the victims of a most extraordinary mistake! We positively walked straight into your next-door neighbour's house, and if we had not been undeceived by a mummy on the first landing, I don't know where we should have found ourselves next.

*Mrs. Tid.* A mummy! How very disagreeable; such a peculiar thing to have about a house? But we really know nothing about the people next door. We have never encouraged any intimacy. We thought it best.

*Mrs. Bodf.* I told their man-servant as we came away that I considered he had behaved disgracefully in not telling us our mistake at once; no doubt he had a motive; people are so unprincipled!

*Little Gwendolen (drawing Miss SEATON into a corner.)* Oh, Miss SEATON, what do you think? Mother's going to let you dine downstairs with them—won't that be nice for you? At least, she's going



"Mr. and Mrs. Ditchwater!"



WRITING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.



to, if somebody comes, and you're to go down with him. He isn't like a regular dinner-guest, you know. Papa hired him from BLANKLEY'S this morning, and Mother and he both hope he mayn't come, after all; but I hope he will, because I want to see what he's like. Don't you hope he'll come? Don't you, Miss SEATON, dear?

Miss Seaton (to herself). Then that was why! And I can't even refuse! (Aloud.) My dear GWENNIE, you shouldn't tell me all these things—they're secrets, and I'm sure your Mother would be very angry indeed if she heard you mention them to anybody!

Gwen. Oh, it was only to you, Miss SEATON, and you're nobody, you know! And I can keep a secret, if I choose. I never told how JANE used to— [Miss SEATON endeavours to check these disclosures.]

Uncle Gab. (out of temper, on the hearth-rug). Seven minutes past the hour, MONTY—and, if there's a thing I'm particular about, it's not being kept waiting for my dinner. Are you expecting somebody else? or what is it?

Mr. Tid. (nervously). Well, I half thought—but we won't wait any longer for him—he is not worth it—ha! there he is—I think I heard the front door—so perhaps I may as well give him—eh?

Uncle Gab. Just as you like—my dinner's spoilt as it is. (Catching sight of the banner-screen.) What have you stuck this precious affair up for, eh?

Mr. Tid. To—keep the fire off. MARIA's idea, Uncle—she thought our—hem—crest and motto would look rather well made up like this.

Uncle Gab. (with a snort). Made up! I should think it was! Though what you want to make yourself out one of those good-for-nothing aristocrats for is beyond me. You know my sentiments about 'em—I'm a thorough-going Radical, and the very sound of a title—

Seakale (with a fine combination of awe and incredulity). Lord STRATHSPORRAN!

[There is a perceptible flutter in the company, as a ruddy-haired and rather plain young man enters with an apologetic and even diffident air, and pauses in evident uncertainty as to his host and hostess.]

Uncle Gab. (to himself). A Lord! Bless my soul! MONTY and MARIA are getting up in the world!

Guests (to themselves). A Lord! No wonder they kept the dinner back!

Miss Seaton (after a hurried glance—to herself). Good Heavens! DOUGLAS CLAYMORE!—reduced to this! [She lowers her head.]

Mr. Tid. (to himself). They might have told me they were going to send us a Lord—I never ordered one! I wonder if he's genuine—he don't look it. If I could only find out, quietly!

Mrs. Tid. (to herself). Gracious! And I was going to send him in with the Governess! (To her Husband in a whisper.) MONTAGUE, what are you about? Go and be civil to him—do!

[She rings the bell twice; Mr. TIDMARSH advances, purple with indignation and embarrassment, to welcome the new-comer, who shakes him warmly by the hand.]

(End of Scene III.)

HER WAY OF PUTTING IT.—Mrs. R. thinks she has an excellent memory for riddles. She was delighted with that somewhat old conundrum about "What is more wonderful than JONAH in the whale?" to which the answer is, "Two men in a fly," and determined to puzzle her nephew with it the very next time she met him. "Such a capital riddle I've got for you, JOHN!" she exclaimed. "Let me see. Oh, yes—I remember—yes, that's it;" and then, having settled the form of the question, she put it thus—"What is more wonderful than two men in an omnibus?" And when she gave the answer, "JONAH in a fly," and correcting herself immediately, said, "No—I mean, 'JONAH in a whale,'" her nephew affectionately recommended his excellent relative to lie down and take a little rest.

RAILWAY RATES.—What better rate can there be than that of the Flying Dutchman to the South, and the Flying Scotchman to the North; the two hours and a-half express to Bournemouth, and the Granville two hours to Ramsgate? The word "Rates" is objectionable as being associated with taxes—and to avoid the taxes the Fishermen are going to employ smacks and boys. Poor boys! there are a lot of smacks about. As the Pantomime and Music-hall poet sang, "Tooral looral lido, whacky smack!" But though they, the Fishermen, hereby avoid the Rails, yet they can't do without their network of lines.

WHEN an actor has to make love to an actress on the stage, it is "purely a matter of business." Real "love-making" is never a matter of business; most often 'tis very much the contrary. The "matter of business" comes in with "making an uncommonly good marriage," but the love-making has little to do with this, except as it is, on the stage, "a matter of business."

## THE RAILWAY SERVANT'S VADE-MECUM.

Question. What are the duties of a Pointsman?

Answer. To remember the effect of moving the switches.

Q. When is he likely to cease to remember this important detail?

A. After he has been on duty a certain or uncertain number of hours.

Q. Do these conditions also appertain to the labours of a man in the signal-box?

A. Certainly, but in a more marked degree.

Q. What would a collision consequent upon the occasion to which you have referred be called?

A. Generally, "an accident."

Q. But would there ever be an exception to this nomenclature?

A. Yes; in the case of a Coroner being over-officious, and his Jury "turning nasty."

Q. What would be the effect of this unpleasant combination of circumstances?

A. That a verdict of "Manslaughter" would be given against the occupant of the signal-box.



Q. What would happen to his superiors?

A. Nothing. However, they would be required to see the proper evidence was forthcoming at the prisoner's trial.

Q. What would be the end of the incident?

A. Six months' hard labour from the Bench, and a day's sympathy from the general Public for the ex-occupant of the signal-box.

Q. What are the duties of a Station-master?

A. To be civil to season-ticket holders, and to refer the general Public to officials of smaller importance than himself.

Q. What is your impression of an ideal Station-master?

A. A gentleman in correct morning dress taking a deep interest savouring of sincere satisfaction in all the arrangements of the traffic over which he exercises a qualified control.

Q. If he is asked why such and such a train is an hour late, what should he reply?

A. He should observe cheerily that it keeps better time than it used to do.

Q. Should he ever exhibit surprise?

A. Only when a train enters the station punctually to the moment, then he may safely presume that there must have been an accident somewhere.

Q. And now in conclusion, how can an official secure in all human probability a long life?

A. By taking care never to travel on his own line?

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### WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

*Burglar (taking the ground heavily).* "NAOW, 'OEVEER'D 'A THOUGHT O' THE HOWNER O' THAT THERE HINNERCENT LITTLE VILLA BEIN' A PROFESSIONAL 'CHUCKER-ROUT' ?!!!"

### LAMENT OF THE (WOULD-BE) IRISH EMIGRANT.

*(Latest Version, with apologies to Lady Dufferin.)*

[Senator CHANDLER, in *The North-American Review*, recommends that immigration into the United States should be suspended, at least for a year.]

Oi'm sittin' on the stile, MARY, an' lookin' o'er the tide,  
An' by jabers Oi'm afraid, Aroon, that there Oi'll have to bide!  
The grass is springin' fresh an' green in Ould Oireland, but oh moy!  
If there's any green in JONATHAN's land, it is not in his oi!

The States are awful changed, MARY; it is not now as then,  
When they lifted a free latch-string to all exiled Oirishmen. [cheek,  
Now we miss the whoop ov welcome; they suggest it's loike our  
And Oi'm listenin' for brave LOWELL's words—which CHANDLER  
does not speak!

It seems to me their Aigle for full Freedom no more pants,  
And the Senator, he mutthers ov "degraded immigrants."  
Says they can't "assimilate" us; faix, the wurrud sounds  
monstrous foine,

But Oi fancy that it's maning is, "We mane to draw the loine!"  
Shure, we're "ignorant and debased," dear; and the poor won't  
now find friends

Even in free Columbia! So 'tis thus the ould boast ends! [Show,  
"Stop 'em—for a year," says CHANDLER; "we'll be holding our Big  
An' poverty, an'—well, Cholera, are not wanted thin, you know."

It's an artful move, my MARY, but, it stroikes me, a bit thin,  
And it won't come home consolin', to "the poor ov Adam's kin."  
Faix! they won't stop 'cabin passengers,' big-wigs, an' British Peerage.  
But—they don't want the poor devils that crowd over in the steerage!

So Oi'm sittin' on the stile, MARY, and there Oi'll loikely sthoph,  
For they don't require poor PADDY in their big new CHANDLER's Shop.  
Uncle SAM's some punkins, MARY, but he's not a great green goose;  
An' he's goin' to sthoph a braggin' ov that latch-string always loose!

### MIXED NOTIONS.—No. IV. EGYPT.

*Two Well-Informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man, in suburban morning train to London.*

*First Well-Informed Man (reading his paper).* Oh, I say, dash it, this'll never do. Here's this young KHEDIVÉ of Egypt kicking up a shine, and dismissing British Ministers. We can't have that, you know.

*Inquirer.* What Ministers has he dismissed?

*First W. I. M.* Why, British Ministers,—at least (*reading on*) I mean Egyptian Ministers; that's to say, chaps whom we appointed.

*Second W. I. M.* Come, come, we couldn't appoint Egyptian Ministers, could we?

*First W. I. M.* Oh, it comes to exactly the same thing; they're appointed subject to our proviso (*consulting paper*), yes, subject to our veto, and then this little whipper-snapper goes and gives them the chuck. He'll jolly soon have to climb down off that.

*Average Man.* Gently! The young chap's King, after all, isn't he? I thought Kings might appoint or dismiss Ministers as they liked.

*First W. I. M.* Oh, rot! The QUEEN can't appoint her own Ministers. We all know that. They're appointed by the Prime Minister. Any fool knows that.

*Inquirer.* But who appoints the Prime Minister?

*First W. I. M.* He appoints himself, and tells the QUEEN he's done it. They all go and kiss hands and get their seals, or something of that sort.

*Inquirer.* Of course, of course. I forgot that. But how about these Egyptian beggars?

*First W. I. M.* The KHEDIVÉ's had the cheek to dismiss the Ministry, and shove another lot in. I see Lord CROMER has been to the Palace to protest.

*Inquirer.* Lord CROMER! Who's he?

*First W. I. M.* My dear fellow, fancy not knowing that! Lord CROMER's our Ambassador at Cairo.

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, nonsense. There are no ambassadors at Cairo.

*First W. I. M.* Aren't there? Oh, indeed. Well, then perhaps you'll tell me what Lord CROMER is?

*Second W. I. M.* He's our Minister. That's what they call them.

*Inquirer.* Was it him the KHEDIVÉ dismissed, then?

*Second W. I. M. (laughing heartily).* No, no; we haven't got to that yet. He dismissed his own Johnnies, of course; Egyptians. Lord CROMER's the English Minister.

*Average Man.* No, he isn't. He's the English Agent.

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, well, it's the same thing.

*First W. I. M. (taking his revenge).* No, it isn't at all the same thing; it's a very different thing. A Minister's only just short of an Ambassador, and an Agent (*pauses*)—well, he's something quite different. I don't think he gets as much pay for one thing, and of course he can't live in the Embassy.

*Inquirer.* But who does live in the Embassy, then?

*First W. I. M.* It's unoccupied, of course.

*Average Man.* No, it isn't. There isn't any Embassy at all. [*A pause.*

*Inquirer (returning to the charge).* But look here, who is Lord CROMER? I never heard of him before. I thought we'd got BARING or ROTHSCHILD, or somebody representing us in Egypt.

*First W. I. M. (with smiling superiority).* My dear chap, you're thinking of Sir EVELYN BARING. He left Egypt long ago.

*Inquirer.* Why did he leave?

*First W. I. M.* Old GLADSTONE gave him the sack.

*Second W. I. M.* No, he didn't. GLADSTONE wasn't in power when BARING left Egypt. It was SALISBURY who dismissed him.

*First W. I. M.* I bet you a sov. it was GLADSTONE.

*Second W. I. M.* And I bet you a sov. it was SALISBURY.

*Average Man.* You'll both lose. It was neither.

*First W. I. M., Second W. I. M. (together).* Bosh! That's impossible. *Average Man.* It's a fact.

*First W. I. M. (triumphant).* Well, how do you account for his not being there now? *Average Man.* He is there.

*First W. I. M.* He isn't. Lord CROMER's there. Here it is. (*Producing Times.*) "Lord CROMER has protested in person." So come!

*Average Man.* All right. I know all that. Only, unfortunately, they're one and the same person.

*First W. I. M., Second W. I. M. (together).* Oh, I daresay; and you think we're going to swallow that. You tell that to your Grandmother! [*Both remain absolutely unconvinced.*

*Inquirer.* But what's this about the French? What have they got to do with it?

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, they've got their fingers in every pie; always making mischief.

*First W. I. M.* Quite true; but they'll find we're going to sit tight in spite of them, so the sooner they cart themselves and their blessed old Pyramids out of the country the better.

*Inquirer.* Why should they take the Pyramids?

*First W. I. M.* Well, they built 'em, so I suppose they've got a right to do what they like with them.

*Inquirer.* Of course.

[*Terminus.*]



### "H.M.S. 'TOKO.'"

*Nurse Britannia.* "ALLOW ME TO INFORM YOUR HIGHNESS HERE COMES A BOX OF SOLDIERS YOU MUSTN'T PLAY WITH."

*The Red Spider*, by BARING GOULD, is to be dramatised. What a chance this would have been for the "Brothers WEBB," were they still in stage-land.

SOLE SURVIVORS.—The uppers of a Tramp's highlows.

SHARP FIGHTING AT RANGOON.—We hope soon to hear that the Kachins are Kachin' it hot.

ADVICE TO THOSE "UP A GUM TREE" (by "Non Possum").—Come down as quickly as you can, and don't stick there.





## A LESSON IN FRENCH.

*Fräulein Schnips (who does not devote as much attention to the Toilet as she does to Study, addresses Master Edward who has been made to join in his Sister's lessons during his holidays). "EDFARD, FOT IS 'I VASH MY HANDS' IN FRENCH?"*  
*Master Edward (sulkily). "JE ME LAVÉ LES MAINS."*  
*F. S. "NOW DEN. 'I DO NOT VASH MY HANDS.' GU'EST-CE GUE C'EST GUE ÇA?"*  
*Master Edward (seizing his opportunity). "EH BIEN, C'EST UNE HABITUDE SALE, DONT VOUS DEVRIEZ AVOIR HONTE!"*

## "SOME DAY!"

(Latest Egyptian Version of Milton Welling's popular Song.)

Mr. BULL to Miss EGYPT, sings:—

I KNOW not when the day shall be,  
 I know not when we two shall part;  
 What farewell you will give to me,  
 Or will your words be sweet or tart?  
 It may not be till years have passed,  
 Till France grows calm, young ABBAS  
 grey;  
 But I am pledged—so, love, at last,  
 Our hands, our hearts must part—*some day!*  
     Some day, some day,  
     Some day I shall leave you!  
     Love, I know not when or how,  
     (So I can but vaguely vow)  
     Only this, only this,  
     (Which I trust won't grieve you),  
 Only this—I can't go now, I can't go now,  
     I can't go *Now!*

I know not if 'tis far or near,  
 Some six months' hence, while we both  
 live;  
 I know not who the blame shall bear,  
 Or who protest, or who forgive;  
 But when we part, some day, some day,  
 France, fairer grown, the truth may see,  
 And all those clouds be rolled away  
 That darken love 'twixt her and me.  
     Some day, some day,  
     Some day I must leave you!

Lawks! I know not when or how,  
 (Though the Powers kick up a row),  
 Only this, only this,  
 (Which I won't deceive you),  
 Only this—I can't go now, I shan't go now, I  
 won't go *Now!*

## IS SCIENCE PLAYED OUT?

[“In a grain of butter you have 47,250,000 microbes. When you eat a slice of bread-and-butter, you therefore must swallow as many microbes as there are people in Europe.”—“Science Notes” in *Daily Chronicle*.]  
 CHARLOTTE, eating bread-and-butter,  
 Read this Note with horror utter,  
 And (assisted by the cutter)  
 Went on eating bread-and-butter!  
 Man will say—with due apology  
 To alarmed Bacteriology—  
 Spite of menacing bacilli,  
 Man *must* eat, friend, willy-nilly!  
 And where *shall* he find due foison  
 If e'en bread-and-butter's poison?  
 Science told our amorous Misses  
 Death may be conveyed in *kisses*;  
 But it did not keep the nation  
 From promiscuous osculation.  
 Now it warneth the “Young Person”  
 (Whom GRANT ALLEN voids his curse on)  
 “Bread-and-butter Misses” even  
 In *their* food may find death's leaven!  
 Never mind how this is made out!  
 Science—as a Bogy's—played out.  
 Spite all warnings it may utter,  
 Women *will* have Bread-and-Butter!

## OUT OF WORK.

(After reading “Outcast London” by the *Daily Chronicle's* Special Commissioner at the East End.)

DIVINES inform us that the Primal Curse  
 On poor humanity was Compulsory Work;  
 But Civilisation has devised a worse,  
 Which even Christian effort seems to shirk.  
 The Worker's woes love may assuage. Ah,  
 yes!  
 But what shall help Compulsory Workless-  
 ness?  
 Not Faith—Hope—Charity even! All the  
 Graces  
 Are helpless, without Wisdom in high places.  
 Though liberal alms relieve the kindly soul,  
 You can't cure destitution by a dole.  
 No, these are days when men must dare to try  
 What a Duke calls—ARGYLL the high-and-  
 dry—  
 “The Unseen Foundations of Society”;  
 And not, like wealthy big-wigs, be content  
 With smart attacks on “Theories of Rent.”  
 Most theories of rent we know, the fact is  
 What we have doubts about, Duke, is—the  
 practice!  
 When Rent in Power's hands becomes a rack  
 To torture Toil, bold wisdom will hark back  
 To the beginnings and the bases; ask  
 What hides beneath that Economic mask  
 Which smiles unmoved by Sorrow's strain and  
 stress  
 On half-starved Work and whole-starved  
 Worklessness!



## THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. TIDMARSH'S Drawing-room; MR. TIDMARSH has just shaken hands with the latest arrival, and is still in the utmost perplexity as to the best manner to adopt towards him. The other Guests are conversing, with increased animation, at the further end of the room.*

*Lord Strathsporrnan (to Mr. TIDMARSH).* Afraid I'm most abominably late—had some such a fog, don't you monly good of you to antiquities like this. If got together a collect-worth coming any dis-round the room, in evident astonishment.

*Mr. Tid. (to himself).* Nice names to give my dinner-party! Impudent young dog, this—Lord or no Lord! (*Aloud, with dignity.*) I—ha—hum—don't think that's quite the way to speak of them, Sir—my Lord, I suppose I ought to say!

*Lord Strath.* Oh, I expect a most interesting evening, I assure you.

*Mr. Tid.* Well, I—I daresay you'll have no cause to complain, so far as that goes, Lord—*STRATH*—you'll excuse me, but I haven't quite got accustomed to that title of yours.

*Lord Strath. (smiling).* Not surprised at that—feel much the same myself.

*Mr. Tid.* Ha—well, to tell you the honest truth, I should have been just as pleased if you had come here without any handle of that sort to your name.

*Lord Strath.* Quite unnecessary to tell me so—and, you see, I couldn't very well help myself.

*Mr. Tid. (to himself).* *BLANKLEY* sends 'em all out with titles—then his is bogus! (*Aloud.*) Oh, I don't blame you, if it's the rule; only—(*irritably*)—well, it makes me feel so devilish awkward, you know!

*Lord Strath.* Extremely sorry—don't know why it should. (*To himself.*) Queer little chap my host. Don't look the Egyptologist exactly. And where does he keep all his things? Downstairs, I suppose. (*He turns, and recognises Miss SEATON.*)

*MARJORY SEATON*—here! and I've been trying to hear something of her ever since I came back from Gizeh—this is luck! (*To her.*) How do you do, Miss SEATON? No idea we should meet like this!

*Miss Seaton (in a low constrained voice).* Nor I, Mr. CLAYMORE.

*MR. TIDMARSH catches his Wife's eye, and crosses to her.*

*Mrs. Tid. (sotto voce).* MONTAGUE, isn't it time you introduced me to this Lord Whatever-it-is? As the person of highest rank here, he certainly ought to take me in!

*Mr. Tid.* He's done it, MARIA. He's no more a Lord than I am. Miss SEATON knows him—I just heard her call him "Mr. CLAYTON," or some name like that!

*Mrs. Tid. (aghast).* So this is the sort of person you would go and engage! He'll be found out, MONTAGUE, I can see Uncle edging up towards him already. And anyhow, you know what his opinions are. A pretty scrape you've got us into! Don't stand gaping—bring the man up to me this minute—I must give him a hint to be careful. (*Lord S. is led up and presented.*) Sit down here, please, in this corner, Lord—(*with a vicious emphasis*)—*STRATH-BLANKLEY.* (*Lord S. obeys in mild amazement.*) Really, my husband and I were hardly prepared for so aristocratic a guest—we are such plain

humdrum people that a title—a real title like your lordship's—ahoo!—(*with an acid titter*)—is, well—rather overwhelming. I only hope you will be able to—er—sustain it, or otherwise—

*Lord Strath. (lifting his eyebrows.)* Am I to understand that you did not expect me, after all? Because, if so,—I—

*Mrs. Tid.* Oh, yes, we expected you, and of course, you will be treated exactly the same as everybody else—except—I don't know if my husband warned you about not touching the champagne? No? Oh, well, you will drink claret please, not champagne. I daresay you prefer it.

*Lord Strath.* Thank you, I should indeed—if you have any misgivings about your champagne.

*Mrs. Tid.* We must draw some distinction between you and our regular guests, as I'm sure you'll understand.

*Lord Strath. (to himself.)* Poor devils—if they only knew! But what an unspeakable snob this woman is! I'd give something to get out of this house—if it wasn't for MARJORY. I must have a word with her before dinner—strikes me she's put out with me about something or other.

*Mrs. Gilwattle (to her Husband).* Did you ever see anything like the way MARIA's talking to that young nobleman, GABRIEL? as easy and composed as if she'd kept such company all her life—it's a wonder how she can do it!

*Uncle Gab.* Look at the finishing she's had! And after all, he's flesh and blood like ourselves. She might introduce you and me to him,

though—it looks as if she was ashamed of her own relations. I shall go up and introduce myself in a minute, and do what I can to make the young fellow feel himself at home. (*Intercepting Lord S. in the act of moving towards Miss SEATON.*) Excuse me, my Lord, but, as the uncle of our worthy host and hostess, I should like the honour of shaking you by the hand. (*He shakes hands.*) My name's GILWATTLE, my Lord, and I ought to tell you before I go any further that I've no superstitious reverence for rank. Whether a



"I look upon him simply as a human being."

man's a lord or a linen-draper, is exactly the same to me—I look upon him simply as a human being.

*Lord Strath.* Quite so; he—ah—generally is, isn't he?

*Uncle Gab.* Very handsome of your Lordship to admit it, I'm sure—but what I mean to say is, I regard any friend of my niece and nephew's as a friend of mine—be he a Duke or be he a Dustman.

*Lord Strath.* Unhappily for me, I'm neither a Duke nor a Dustman, and—er—will you kindly excuse me? (*To himself as he passes on.*) That old gentleman makes me quite ill. Ah, MARJORY at last! (*To Miss SEATON.*) You've scarcely spoken a word to me yet! I hoped somehow you'd look a little pleased to see me—after all this time!

*Miss Seaton.* Pleased? I can hardly be that under the circumstances, Mr. CLAYMORE!

*Lord Strath.* Well, I only thought—we used to be such friends once. You seem so changed!

*Miss Seaton.* I am not the only one who is changed, I think. You seem to have changed everything—even your name. What ought I to call you, by the way, I didn't catch it exactly. "Lord SOMEBODY," wasn't it?

*Lord Strath.* Never mind the confounded name, I have heard quite enough of it already! It's not my fault if I'm what I am. I never wanted to be STRATHSPORRAN!

*Miss Seaton.* Then you really are Lord STRATHSPORRAN! Oh, DOUGLAS, how could you?

*Lord Strath.* I didn't. It was all that accident to my poor uncle and cousin. And I'm about the poorest Peer in Scotland; if that's any excuse for me!

*Miss Seaton.* How can it be any excuse for your coming here? Have you no pride, DOUGLAS!

*Lord Strath.* My goodness, what is there to be proud about? Why shouldn't I dine with anybody, provided—?

*Miss Seaton.* Please don't excuse yourself—I can't bear it. You know it is unworthy of you to be here!

*Lord Strath.* I don't indeed. I came here simply as a—

*Miss Seaton.* Don't trouble to tell me—I know everything. And—and you ought to have died rather than descend to this!

*Lord Strath.* Ought I? Died, eh? That never occurred to me; and, after all, MARJORY, you're here! What's wrong? What have I let myself in for?

*Miss Seaton (bitterly).* What have you let yourself out for, you mean, don't you?

*Lord Strath. (mystified).* I don't know! I believe my man let me out; and, anyway, what does it matter now I've come? There's dinner announced. MARJORY, before we're separated, just tell me what on earth I've done to deserve this sort of thing!

*Miss Seaton (with a little gesture of despair).* Is it possible you want to be told how horribly you have disappointed me!

[*The couples are forming to go down.*]

*Lord Strath. (stiffly).* I can only say the disappointment is mutual! [*He moves away, and awaits his hostess's directions.*]

*Little Gwendie (stealing up to her Governess).* Oh, Miss SEATON, haven't I been good? I've kept quite quiet in a corner, and I haven't said a single word to anybody ever since he came. But what nice Gentlemen BLANKLEY does send, doesn't he?

*Mrs. Tid. (on Uncle GABRIEL'S arm).* Oh, I quite forgot you, Lord—ah—STRATHSPORRIDGE. As you and Miss SEATON seem to be already acquainted, perhaps you will have the goodness to take her down? You will sit on my left—on the fireplace side—and—(*in a whisper*)—the less you say the better!

*Lord Strath.* I am quite of your opinion. (*To himself.*) Can't make my hostess out, for the life of me—or MARJORY either, if it comes to that! This is going to be a lively dinner-party, I can see!

[*He gives his arm to Miss SEATON, who accepts it without looking at him; they go downstairs in constrained silence.*]

(*End of Scene IV.*)

QUEER QUERIES.—CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—How much longer are we to wait for the widening of the whole of Cheapside, the removal of the Post-Office Buildings to a more convenient site, and the total and unconditional sweeping away of Paternoster Row and the south side of Newgate Street? These slight alterations are imperatively required. They will only cost about ten millions, and what are ten millions to the Corporation? As I purchased the five square yards on which my little tobacco-shop is built in confident expectation of being bought out at a high figure, I consider that any further delay in the matter involves something like a breach of public faith. Why should not the Government help? They have lots of money, and I haven't.—DISINTERESTED.

"FACTS AND FIGURES."—The business of the Labour Commissioner has to be very delicately managed. There must be a good deal of "give and take" in the work. However much "taking" there may be, there is sure to be plenty of *Giffen*.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



THERE is something fascinating about the title of Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS' book, published in one handsome volume, by BENTLEY. There should be a good deal in *Twenty Years in Parliament*, more so when the epoch covers recollections of PALMERSTON in his green old age, Mr. GLADSTONE in his prime, BRIGHT in his political prize-fighting trim, COBDEN, TOM DUNCAN, MONCKTON MILNES, JOHN STUART MILL, ISAAC BUTT, and a host of other ghosts that have flitted off the scene. My Baronite turned to the book with gusto, read it through with patience, and left it with disappointment. Mr. TORRENS

knew all these men personally; in fact, he was indispensable to them. One marvels to find, from hints dropped and assertions boldly made, how much they were severally indebted to him for counsel and inspiration through the twenty years the narrative vaguely covers. The figures of the men named loom large in history; but they were all stuffed. The wires were pulled by plain unappreciated McCULLAGH TORRENS. The weight of the responsibility has had the effect of somewhat muddling the narrative, and, from time to time, the diligent reader does not know exactly where he is. He begins with some episode in which DIZZY, with arm affectionately linked with that of McCULLAGH TORRENS, is walking along Pall Mall, when a passing Bishop obsequiously takes off his hat and bows. McCULLAGH modestly says this obeisance was paid to DIZZY, but we know very well it was to McCULLAGH. Then, before we know where we are, we are in the middle of an account of the Bulgarian atrocities, the Russo-Turkish war, what Count BEUST said to McCULLAGH, and how, in debate on the Vote of Six Millions, "a Right Hon. friend who sat next to me urged me to add a few words to what had been better said by others in this sense." Better said! Oh, McCULLAGH! Oh, TORRENS! There's an ancient story of an old gentleman who had a treasured anecdote connected with the going off of a gun. When he could not drag it in otherwise, he was wont to furtively lift his foot and kick the table. "Hallo, what's that?" he cried. "Sounds like a gun; that reminds me"—and then the story. Thus Mr. TORRENS drags in successive Parliamentary episodes through twenty years—the Disestablishment of the Church, the Charity Commission, State Aid to Emigrants, School Board for London, Extradition, Artisans' Dwellings; gives a not very clear summary of events leading up to each, and then treats the entranced reader to the heads of the speech he delivered. The book would have been more accurately entitled had it been called *Twenty Years of McCullagh Torrens*, and old Members of the House of Commons will agree that this is a little too much.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

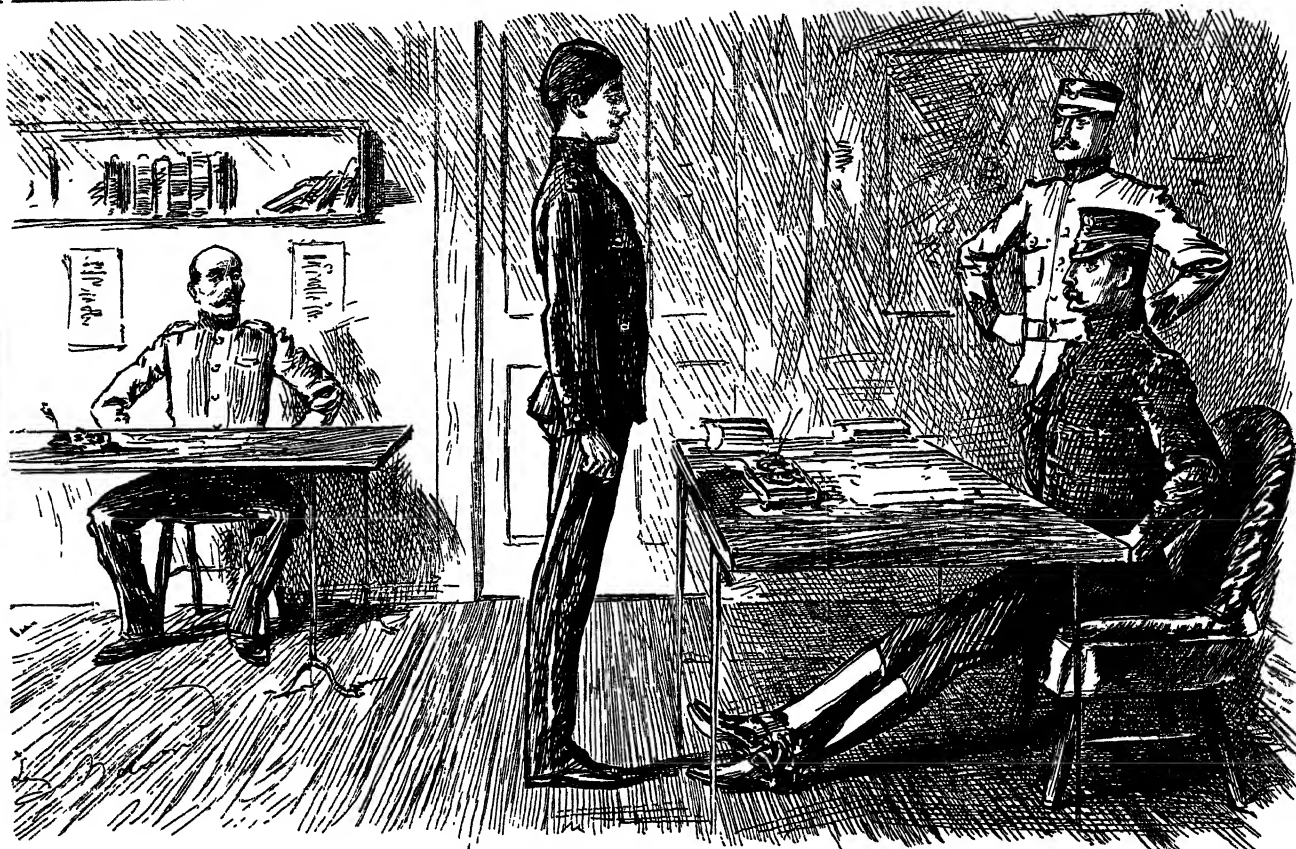
### The Three.

SOME hold it a terrible fault of omission that Parsons sit not on the Poor-Law Commission. Alas! Hope would smile, but she finds it a rarity for "Faith" not to hamper the freedom of Charity. The world will look bright when we find in high places A perfect accord 'twixt the Three Christian Graces!

THE FIRST BAL MASQUÉ OF THE SEASON.—Big success. Greater crowd there than when these entertainments came to an end at the beginning of last year. All sorts of disguises were permitted, but it is said that two *viveurs* who came late, disguised in liquor, were denied entrance. The Snow Man found it very hot, and melted. Prizes were to be given away. But there was one prize, an elegant lady, closely masked and hooded, whose identity remained a puzzle to everybody. At last "she gave herself away." The happy recipient congratulated himself on winning the prize.

NEXT, PLEASE!—Suggested subject for the next Newspaper Controversy:—"Is ROBERT BUCHANAN played out?"

"RENT REDUCTIONS" can generally be satisfactorily made *pro tem.* with a needle and thread.



### "THE PLAY'S THE THING!"

"COULD I HAVE A FORTNIGHT'S LEAVE, SIR?"

"WHAT FOR, PRAY?"

"URGENT PRIVATE THEATRICALS!"

### THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIUS.

(Fragmentary and Unfinished Extracts from the Arabian Nights, Up to Date.)

"SIR," said SHEEVERREADY, "how pleasant soever these stories may be, that I have told your Majesty hitherto, they do not come near that of the Fisherman and the Genius."

There was an ancient, but hale and opulent Fisherman, who had fished with much success for many a day in troubled waters. This practice of his involved him, of course, in extremely arduous labours, but resulted, generally, in securing him a fair share of hard-earned spoil, to the great envy of other fishermen of less hardihood and enterprise. He imposed it upon himself, however, as a law, not to cast his nets save during a certain season—or session, as he called it—which usually arrived but once a year.

His fortune, for some fishing seasons past, had been of a variable, and not too satisfactory sort. It is not encouraging, after casting one's nets during a prolonged spell of rough weather, and confidently anticipating a good draught of fish, to perceive that, instead of fish, there is nothing in one's net save such unsought spoil as the carcase of an Egyptian ass, a basket-full of gravel and slime of no substantial utility, or quantities of stones and mud, fit for nothing but for use as missiles among quarrelsome boys.

"O Fortune," cried he; "be not so persistently perverse, nor persecute an ancient fisherman who groweth a-weary of tumultuous billows, turbid floods, broken and filth-obstructed nets, and unprofitable hauls!"

Now, behold, it was told to this Fisherman by a certain Grand Old Voice, vague but sonorous, and voluble exceedingly, that if he would only make a complete change in his nets, and in the fashion of his fishing, miraculous draughts would become as common as minnows in a brook. This Voice visited our Fisherman often in his visions. And, behold, the Fisherman essayed the schemes suggested by the Voice. Not at first, it must be admitted, with supreme success, or entire satisfaction to the Fisherman himself. The Voice, however, attributed this qualified fortune to the Fisherman's lack of perfect trust, and of entire reform in his fashion of fishing. "Behold," cried the Voice, vibrating vehemently, "you have allowed

yourself to be diverted by the sinister councils of antiquated obscurantists from implicit faith in my programmes and prescriptions!" "And what, in brief and plain language, are these latter?" inquired the anxious but puzzled Fisherman.

"Nay," answered the Voice, sardonically; "that were to inquire too nicely. But place your fortunes absolutely in my charge; follow my lead with unquestioning loyalty, and verily you shall see great results."

The Fisherman, much impressed with these assurances, cast his nets once more in the new fashion; and when he thought it was time, he drew them in as formerly, with great difficulty. But, instead of fish, found nothing in them but a vessel of brass, which, by the weight, seemed to be full of something; and he observed that it was shut up with singular tightness, and sealed up with a thick coating of official-looking wax. And the Seal was Green, green as the abounding grass, or the scarce four-leaved shamrock of that amazing Isle of Emeralds, which some deem as much matter of myth as SINDBAD'S Valley of Diamonds.

The Fisherman examined the vessel on all sides, and shook it to see if what was in it made any noise, but heard nothing. This circumstance, with the impression of the seal upon the cover (which seemed to represent two Hearts linked in Union by some mystic abracadabra of unknown words) made him think there was something precious—or at least peculiar—in it. To try this, he opened it. He presently turned the mouth downward, but nothing came out, which surprised him extremely. He set it before him, and while he looked upon it attentively, there arose from it a very thick smoke; which obliged him to retire two or three paces from it.

The smoke ascended to the clouds, and, extending itself along the sea and upon the shore, formed a great mist, which we may well imagine did mightily astonish the Fisherman. When the smoke was all out of the vessel, it slowly took shape, and became a solid-seeming body, of which there was formed a Genius twice as high and broad as any giant with which the Fisherman had been aforetime familiar. At the sight of a monster of such unsizable bulk, and from which issued, in as yet unintelligible accents, a Voice which seemed strangely familiar to his ears, the Fisherman—Here SHEEVERREADY perceiving day, broke off her story—for the time.





## THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIUS.

(Vide "Arabian Nights.")







### VERY CONSIDERATE.

*Mr. Phunkie.* "DRAW ME!—NEW RAILS, I DECLARE! NOW IF THERE IS A THING WHICH IS ANNOYING TO THE AGRICULTURIST, IN THE PRESENT STATE OF DEPRESSION, IT IS FOR PEOPLE TO GO RECKLESSLY SMASHING THINGS OF THAT SORT. I SHALL CERTAINLY PUT MYSELF TO THE INCONVENIENCE OF GOING ROUND—AH!—AS AN EXAMPLE!"

### "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" AT CAMBRIDGE.

WELL done, the A. D. C.! Their performance of TOM TAYLOR's romantic, pathetic, melodramatic, crib-cracking, head- (though not always side-) splitting play, was an admirable one, carefully rehearsed, well stage-managed, and played with a fine feeling for the capital situations in which the piece abounds. Especially good was Mr. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT's *Jem Dalton*, a finished and truculent presentment of which any young amateur and many an old professional might be proud. *Hawkshaw* (Mr. DICKINSON), too, was excellent, and the *Bob Brierly* of Mr. THORNTON, the *Sam Willoughby* of Mr. THEOBALD, the *Green Jones* of Mr. NORMAN, and the *Maltby* of Mr. MARTINEAU, were all good in their several ways. As for the ladies—but who does not know the A. D. C. ladies, those visions of female loveliness, with big hands, bass voices, and projecting knees? Mr.



AGAR, whose waist cannot have really measured more than twenty inches round, was refined and charming as *Emily St. Evermond*, while Mr. CORNISH, though taller than most of his male associates, played *May Edwards* quietly, and sympathetically. *Mrs. Willoughby*, the stage realisation of ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's *Mrs. Brown*, had full justice rendered to her garrulous good-nature by Mr. STONE. But enough. It was a good performance. Memories came floating back of a notable performance of this same play by the A. D. C. far back in the remote ages between '70 and '80. The *Bob Brierly* of those days has been Under-Secretary of State for India, *Hawkshaw*, the Detective, occupies a thorny throne as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, while *Jem Dalton* has become the Burglar at the Court Theatre—a very natural transition. Very great was Mr. BROOKFIELD fifteen years ago as the *Crackman*, but great, also, was Mr. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT last week. *Dixi!*

### DEARTH OF DANCING-MEN.

MY JULIA has been unusually fortunate this evening. She has only had to sit out thirteen dances, and has already been given half a polka by Mr. LAYSIBOHN, who, however, seemed too tired to finish it. Her view is, that "half a loafer is better than no dance."

In order to get men, we have been obliged to invite the gentlemanly crossing-sweeper at the end of our road, two hawkers who sell blocks of wood in the street, a respectable coal-heaver, and our green-grocer's assistant. They have each had half-a-dozen dancing lessons (at our expense), and are to be paid a guinea a-piece, on condition that they dance at least six dances before going down to supper.

Our boy BOB, who is always trying to be funny, says he is afraid engaging these people will turn out a "valse step."

It certainly is rather slow for the Girls who have not had a partner all the evening. Still, I did not expect them to bring pencils and paper with them, and play games of "consequences" in the billiard-room.

Since Gentlemen have taken to sharing a dance among several Ladies, they have become very conceited. My EMILY is congratulating herself that she has secured one undivided sixteenth part of the next Lancers with that dear Mr. WYNN INGWAYS.

A good part of Mr. MASHER's income is, it is said, derived from the fact that Mothers, sooner than see their Girls sit idle all the evening, are willing to allow him a handsome commission on suitable introductions.

BOB has asked JULIA a riddle, which is—"What is the difference between a game of whist and a ball-room?" The answer seems to be, that in whist you cut for partners, but, in a ball-room, possible partners cut you.

It is quite true that we have decided to emigrate to North-West Colorado, as my Girls say they will have far more chance of partners in a country where the "surplus population" consists entirely of males.





## TROP DE ZÈLE.

Hostess. "WHY ARE SOME OF THE LIQUEUR GLASSES EMPTY, KATHLEEN?"  
 The New Parlour Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MY LADY, THEY'RE FOR THIM AS DON'T TAKE ANY LIQUEUR!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, Jan. 31st.*—Back again in old place, with SPEAKER in Chair, Mace on table, and Serjeant-at-Arms on guard. Nothing changed except the Government. Some old familiar faces gone; others replace them. Same old bustle, hearty greeting, and effusive hand-shaking.

"There's only one thing," says ERSKINE, of Cardross, "that equals the hilarity of the opening of a New Session, and that is the joy with which the boys go off on the day of Prorogation."

ERSKINE been in the Chair by the cross-benches some years now. Naturally growing philosophical; insensibly cultivates habit of sententious speech.

"Wonder you can be so garrulous, TOBY," he says, "considering the number of Speeches you hear in a Session. We take in eloquence at the pores, and I for one have no tendency toward exudation."

"Ah," I said, "perhaps that's the lack of exercise. Dear old GOSSET! he was better off in that respect. Remember how he used to waltz up and down between doorway and table with BRADLAUGH? A heavy partner, too, especially taken after dinner. But, on score of health, not by any means an undesirable variation on sedentary life."

"Well, well," said ERSKINE, whose forbears were out in '45, "we must hope for the best." And the gallant Scot's hand involuntarily sought the hilt of his sword as his keen eye roved over the Clan gathered below the Gangway.

A little odd at first to see Mr. G. on the Bench to the right of SPEAKER, Prince ARTHUR facing him on Opposition Bench. They seem to assume altered position quite naturally. Mr. G. looks pretty much as he has done any time these two years back. Eager, straight-backed, bright-eyed, smiling gaily in response to cheer that greets him from at present undivided majority.

## MARGARINA.

A BACK-STREET BALLAD.  
 AIR—"Margarita."

I PASSED along a dim back-street,  
 Margarina!  
 In search of something good to eat,  
 Margarina!  
 O pallid tripe! O "faggots" queer!  
 Was ever such strange human cheer?  
 And O my heart, I loathed thee so,  
 There on show, there on show,  
 Margarina!  
 I saw thee in a sallow dab,  
 Margarina!  
 Upon the grubby marble slab,  
 Margarina!  
 O sickening stodge! O greasy shine!  
 O "Dairy Produce" miscalled "Fine"!  
 O haunt of all blue-flies that blow,  
 There on show, there on show,  
 Margarina!  
 I fled along that gloomy street,  
 Margarina!  
 Disgusted, sickened, sad, dead-beat,  
 Margarina!  
 Yet still I see that dingy slab,  
 That oleaginous pale, pale dab.  
 And thou art still on sale I know,  
 Where soot-flakes all, and blue-  
 flies blow, Margarina!  
 But every night at my snug tea,  
 Margarina!  
 Over my toast I muse on thee,  
 Margarina!  
 I sniff that smell, I see that dab,  
 That greasy, grimy, marble slab.  
 And thou art still the same I know,  
 The slum's strange love, the slum's  
 strange love,  
 The poor man's "Butter," there on  
 show! Margarina!

MRS. RAM, who had been listening to a conversation among golf-players, and now flatters herself on knowing something about the game, observed—"I suppose, in the Season, instead of Five-o'clock Teas, the fashion at Hurlingham and those places will be to have Golf Teas." She didn't know that it was spelt 'Tees.'

"Pretty well, thank you, TOBY. Only one thing the matter with me, and that, you know, doesn't mend as the years pass. Looking over McCULLAGH TORRENS' book the other day, I noted what DIZZY said when that genial statesman, the former Member for Finsbury, inquired after the health of Lady BEACONSFIELD. 'They tell me she is better, but you know what better is at 83.' I'm as well as can be expected going o' 84. I must admit it's pretty well. I'll undertake to walk a mile, run a mile, eat a meal, and make a speech with any fellow ten years my junior."

Certainly no one on Treasury Bench exceeds Mr. G. in vivacity or overflowing energy. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD looks very fit, but there's a massivity about his mirthful mood that becomes a Chancellor of the Exchequer with a contingent surplus. Is much comforted by consciousness that, whilst SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE views composition of Ministry with mixed feelings, and will not commit himself to promise of fealty till he is in possession of full details of their policy, he unreservedly approves the SQUIRE.

On other side, Her Majesty's late Ministers in state of almost boisterous hilarity. Evidently inclined to regard deposition as a joke. Prince ARTHUR beaming with delight. Something curiously like a smile wreathes stolid countenance of Sir JAMES FERGUSSON.

"It's their turn now," says Prince ARTHUR, gleefully rubbing his hands, "and I wish them joy of it. As for me, I shall live my Saturday to Monday in peace, and shall go to the Opera every Wednesday night in the Season."

"You can go oftener if you like," said ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight). "You may depend on my remaining here. I've thought of a good many things to say during the last six years."

"Ha," said Prince ARTHUR, thoughtfully, "then perhaps I may absent myself through portions of other nights of the week."

*Business done.—Address moved.*

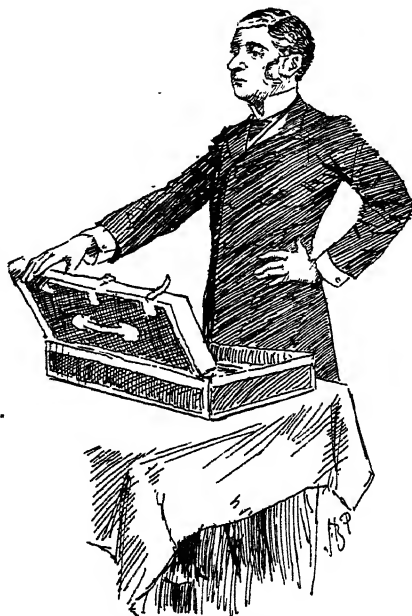


PARLIAMENTARY SHOOTING BEGINS, JANUARY 31.



## HIS LITTLE GAME AT THE COMEDY.

MR. LESTOCQ's amusing farce, *The Sportsman*, now being played at the Comedy Theatre, must inevitably recall to the experienced play-



Opening the Case.

goer the plot and situations of *The Serious Family* and *The Colonel, Truth, The Candidate, Artful Cards*, and it may be some others of the same extensive dramatic family. In this piece the husband, under pretence of joining a shooting-party, is accustomed to absent himself from home, in order to indulge

his propensity for gambling, and he invariably brings home to his wife the hares and rabbits he has shot. This is "his little game." Just so did the husband in *The Serious Family*, when *Aminadab Sleek* remarks that he has seen something very like them at a neighbouring poulterer's. In the Second Act the police make a raid on the gambling Club, and the husband escapes in any coat he can lay hold of, following the example of the unfortunate hero of *Artful Cards*, only that the situation at the end of that Second Act was far stronger in that play than it is in *The Sportsman*.

Briscoe, having lost one suit, gains another. In *Artful Cards* the unfortunate hero escaped, carrying a trombone, which turned up in evidence against him when he was inventing plausible explanations to his wife. In fact,

*The Sportsman* is concocted out of excellent old material cleverly worked up, with only one new point in it, to which, as it has escaped the eye of the English adapter, it would be useless to draw his attention; yet, had he seen it, he might therefrom have developed a really original sequence of perplexing situations. The dialogue is not particularly brilliant; jerky, not crisp. But such is the "go" of the principals, and especially of Mr. HAWTREY, who is the life and soul of the farce, that the laughter is hearty and continuous.

## PATRIOTISM AT THE LAW COURTS.

(As we expect to see it.)

["THE INNS OF COURT AND THE VOLUNTEERS. — A Meeting was held yesterday afternoon in the Banqueting Hall of Lincoln's Inn for the purpose of taking such steps as might be deemed necessary to revive the former numerical strength of the Inns of Court Corps of Volunteers, now sadly below its proper strength." — *Daily Paper*.]



FREQUENT Meetings in the Banqueting Hall will soon rectify the "reduced condition," and, after a few gatherings, a gallant and learned Q.C. will don his ancient tunic, and present himself at Head Quarters.

## "THE ETERNAL FEMINE!"

(By a candid—if capricious—Conjugator.)

*Amo, amas*—All love a lass!  
*Amamus, amatis*—Churls cry, *jam satis*!  
*Amat, amant*—But that's masouline cant!  
*Amem, ames*—We wish to please.  
*Amemus, ametis*—Cos love so sweet is.  
*Amet, ament*—Man's never content!  
*Amavissem*—We yearn to kiss 'em.  
*Amavisses*—They accept our kisses.  
*Ama, amato*—Lips like a tomato.  
*Amate, amanto*—Move many a canto.  
*Amare, amavisse*—We marry sweet Missy.  
*Amans, amaturus*—Her charms to secure us.  
*Amandum, amandi*—As wives they come handy.  
*Amando, amandum*—But we don't understand 'em.

*Amandum, amando*—Their novels are grand, oh!  
*Amatur, amatu*—Cries male critic, "I'll *Amor, amaris, amatur*—Woman goes like thunder when a starter!  
*Amamur, amamini, amantur*—And she swears she'll lick us in a canter!  
*Amemur, amemini, amentur*—And 'twill take us all our time to prevent her!

## THE NEWEST HUMOUR.

["The atmospheric envelope of the Globe is at present in a bacillophil humour." — *Professor PETENKOFER on Microbes*, quoted by JAMES PAYN.]

Is that the humour o't, O learned Nym?

Well, these be days of mad and morbid whim, When would - be wits strain wildly at a joke

As an o'erladen ox against the yoke.

But "a bacillophil humour"! — in the air!

Science does love the unlearned soul to scare,

But what does this thing mean? With fear to fill us?

O a n aught t h u s love and cherish the Ba-cillus?

O "atmospheric envelope" thy humour Is worse than Blank's—if we may trust this rumour.

Since microbe "humour" fills both air and earth, Farewell to honest fun and wholesome mirth! Adieu to genial DICKENS, gentle HOOD! Hail to the peddling pessimistic brood Whose "nimini-pimimi" mouths, too small by half

To stretch themselves to a Homeric laugh, Mince, in a mirror, to the "Paphian Mimp!" Momus is dead, and e'en that tricky imp Preposterous *Puck* hath too much native grit To take the taste of OSBICK turned a wit. Humour bacillophil, microbic merriment, Might suit him better. He will try the experiment.

His mirth's a smirk and not a paroxysm; "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism" Do not disturb the "plie" of his prim lips, Neither do cynic quirks and querulous quips. Mirth would guffaw—when hearts and mouths were bigger, OSBICK would shrink from aught beyond a snigger, Such as is stirred by screeds of far-fetched Ay! that's the humour o't, sententious Nym. Let's hail a dying century's latest birth,— The Newest Humour—purged from taint of Mirth!

MRS. RAM's practical knowledge of French is not marvellous. She was discussing the question as to whether the French Working-classes cared for malt liquor as brewed in England. The excellent Lady observed—"I don't think so, because, if I remember rightly, when I was in Paris, I was told always to give the coachman money for drink, and this they called 'poor beer.' So they couldn't care for 'strong ale,' such as ours."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

## THE LAST WOMAN.

(A contemporary Pendant to "The Last Man.")

[It is stated that the dreaded Crinoline has actually made its appearance in one or two quarters.]

ALL modish shapes must melt in gloom,  
Great WORTH himself must die,  
Before the Sex again assume  
EVE's sweet simplicity!  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
Which made me bow my head and weep  
As one aghast, accurst!  
Was it a spook before me past?  
Of women I beheld the last,  
As ADAM saw the first.

Regent Street seemed "No Thoroughfare,"  
Bond Street looked weird, inhuman;  
The spectres of past fashions were  
Around that lonely Woman.  
Some were the work of native hands,  
Some had arrived from foreign lands,  
Nondescript jumbles some!  
Pall-Mall had now nor sound nor tread,  
Park Lane was silent as the dead,  
Belgravia was dumb.

Yet, lighthouse-like, that lone one stood,  
Or whisked her skirts around,  
Like a wild wind that sweeps the wood,  
And straws with leaves the ground.  
Singing, "Our hour is come, O Sun  
Of Fashion! We'll have no more fun.  
Solitude is too slow!  
True thou hast worn ten thousand shapes  
(In spite of man's sour gibes and japes),  
But—now the thing lacks go.

"What though the grumbler Man put forth  
His pompous power and skill!  
He could not make Woman and WORTH  
The vassals of his will;—  
Fashion, I mourn thy parted sway,  
Thou dim disowned Queen! To play  
To empty box and stall;  
To dress—when not another She  
Exists to quicken rivalry—  
No, it won't pay at all!

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the works of men!  
Nothing they did that's worth recall,  
With sword, or spade, or pen.  
Their bumptious bunglings bring not back!  
Man always was a noisy quack  
Who thought himself a god;  
But when he fancied he had scored  
Prodigiously, the Sex he bored  
Subdued him with a nod.

"Now I am weary. No one tries  
The fit of new attire!  
Doom, that the joys of Dress denies,  
Bids Woman's bliss expire.  
But shall *La Mode* know final death?  
Forbid it Woman's latest breath!  
Death—who is male—shan't boast  
The eclipse of Fashion. Such a pall  
Shall not like Darkness cover all—  
Till I give up the ghost!

"What would most vex and worry him,  
Dull, modeless Man, whose spark  
Long (beside Woman's) burning dim,  
Has now gone down in dark?  
Ha! He'd kick up the greatest shine  
(If he could kick) at—CRINOLINE.  
Were he recalled to breath,  
I'll have one last man-mocking spree  
By donning hooped skirts. Victory!  
This takes all sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Fashion holds me up,  
Swollen skirt and skimpy waist  
Shall fill—male—sorrow's bitter cup,  
And mortify—male—taste!

Go, tell the spheres that sweep through  
space,  
Thou saw'st the last of EVE's fair race,  
In high ecstatic passion;  
The darkening universe defy,  
To quench her taste for Toggery,  
Or shake her faith in Fashion!"



"THE GOVERNESS WHO,  
MA' SAID, WOULDN'T DO."

## A PLAINT FROM PARNASSUS.

(By an "Unrecommended" Resident.)

[MR. GLADSTONE (replying to Mr. JOHNSTON, of Ballykilbeg) announced that no recommendation had been submitted to Her MAJESTY upon the subject of the succession to the office of Poet Laureate, and that there was no immediate intention of submitting one.]

GLORIOUS Apollo! This is wondrous hard!  
Fancy JOHN BULL without Official Bard!  
His plight is sad as that of the great men  
Who lived, unmarked by the Poetic Pen,  
Before great AGAMEMNON. Ah, my HORACE,  
Britons are a Boeotian, heavy, slow race!  
As for the "Statesman" who treats bards so  
shabbily,  
'Twill serve him right if thine "*illacrimabile*"  
Applies to him. A Premier, but no Poet?  
England, you are dishonoured, and don't  
know it.  
Void of a *Sacer Vates* to enshrine  
In gorgeous trope and long-resounding line,  
Thy Victories, and Weddings, Shows and  
Valour?  
Parnassus shakes, the Muses pine in pallor.  
When foreign princelings mate our sweet  
princesses,  
When Rads of fleets and armies made sad  
messes,

And stand in need of verbal calcitration;  
When—let's say ASHMEAD-BARTLETT—saves  
the nation  
In the great name of glorious Saint Jingo;  
When BULL gives toko or delivers stingo.  
To Fuzzy-Wuzzy, or such foolish savages;  
When our great guns commit most gallant  
ravages

Among the huts of some unhappy village,  
Where naughty "niggers" have gone in for  
pillage;

When SOMEONE condescends to be high-born,  
Or deigns to die, who now shall toot the horn,  
Or twang the lyre, emitting verse divine,  
For Fame and—say, about a pound per line?  
I must submit. I have not been "sub-  
mitted,"

But poetless JOHN-BULL is to be pitied.  
Of course self-praise is no "recommenda-  
tion," [nation,  
(In GLADSTONE's sense) or else, unhappy  
I, even I, could spare you natural worry at,  
Your non-possession of a Poet-Laureate!

IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE.—When "a nate  
Irishman" (as the song has it) "meets with a  
friend," he incontinently "for love knocks  
him down," whether with a "sprig of shil-  
lalah" or a "flower of speech," depends  
upon circumstances. In either case he  
"means no harm," or at any rate far less  
harm than the phlegmatic and matter-of-fact  
Saxon is apt to fancy. Probably, therefore,  
an "Irish Phrase Book," giving the real  
"meaning" of Hibernian rhetorical epithets,  
would prove a great peacemaker, in Parlia-  
ment and out. Colonel SAUNDERSON, when  
he had recovered his temper, and with it his  
wit, "toned down" the provocative "mur-  
derous ruffian," into the inoffensive "excited  
politician." But what a pity it is that "excited  
politicians" so often string themselves up to  
(verbal) "ruffianism."

## THE LAST LIGHT.

It scarce can be thou art the last  
To fade before my watchful gaze;  
So short the part that each one plays,  
A flickering flame, and life is past.

And thou wert clothed in  
robe of snow,  
A crimson veil around  
thy head,  
And now thou liest,  
charred and dead,  
Erstwhile with ruddy  
fire aglow.

I held thee in a fond  
embrace  
To guard thee from the  
whistling wind;  
And not another can I  
find  
To comfort me and take  
thy place.

And though I lay aside my weeds,  
Yet like a widow I bemoan;  
Nor all the wealth the Indies own,  
Could satisfy my present needs.

Thy spark has vanished from my sight,  
Useless cigar, tobacco, pipe;  
Of perfect misery the type,  
A man without another light.



EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—On  
Tuesday, in last week, the Unemployed had  
their hands full, when at Temple Avenue they  
unsuccessfully attempted to overcome the  
effective resistance of the Police. The Unem-  
ployed might have been better employed.

## THE STAR OF HOPE.

*(A New Naval Ode.)*

[The Royal Commission on Telegraphic Communication between Lighthouses and Lightships and the Shore, have issued their first report recommending immediate action in the more urgent cases. Dealing with the same subject, on November 28, 1891, *Mr. Punch* said:—

"*Punch* pictures with prophetic pen, a brighter, cheerier page, Which must be turned, and speedily."—See "*The Sweet Little Cherub that Sits up Aloft*," (*Modern Version as it Must Be*) Vol. ci., p. 254. *Mr. Punch* is mightily pleased that his injunction

has been obeyed, and that his prophecy is in process of fulfilment.]

I.

YE Mariners of England,  
Shipwrecked in our home seas,

How this will calm your wives' wild fears,

And give your stout hearts ease!  
Hope's blue eyes gleam above the main,  
Her lifted light will glow,  
And sweep o'er the deep,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the tempest rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## II.

The spirit comfort gathers,  
From schemes designed to save  
Brave fellows, who have dared the deep,  
Near home to find a grave.  
See how o'er rock and quicksand fell,  
The Electric ray doth glow,  
And sweep o'er the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the tempest rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow!

## III.

BRITANNIA needs as bulwarks  
Light-towers along the steep,  
To save her gallant sons from graves  
Near home, though on the deep.  
With levin as from Jovian hand  
She'll light the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the tempest rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## IV.

The Mariners of England!  
Glad eyes shall shoreward turn  
In danger's night. Behold, brave hearts,  
Where the Star of Hope doth burn!  
Science, fired by Humanity,  
Their grateful song shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the storm is o'er, and they're safe  
ashore,  
Thanks to Hope's beacon-glow!

Q. Are there any Lighthouses away from the Coast?—A. Certainly. Q. Where?—A. In London. Q. Name them.—A. The Comedy, Toole's, the Opéra Comique, and Strand. All Light-and-leading Houses.



## A SNUB.

"FIFTY GUINEAS FOR A BOA AND A MUFF! THAT'S RATHER DEAR, ISN'T IT?"  
"WE DON'T KEEP CATSKIN, MADAM!"

## A METROPOLITAN MAYOR'S NEST.

["The Common Council is stated to have appointed a 'Fighting Committee' to oppose the Unification of London, and to take steps for the formation of separate Municipalities in different parts of the Metropolis."—*Daily Paper*.]

*Lord Mayor's Day*.—Ah, if only we had not got Parliament to sanction the plan of splitting London up into distinct Municipalities, what a proud day this would be for me! As it is, must try and remember that I am *not* LORD MAYOR of London at all, but only Mayor of the new Corporate Borough of Cripplegate Without, one of the half-dozen boroughs into which the old City has been divided.

*The Show*.—Well, thank goodness, we do keep *that* up! All the 674 Mayors of all the different districts of London take part in it. That reminds me that I must put on my Civic robes, edged with imitation ermine, and my aluminium chain of office, and prepare to start. A little hitch to begin with. Mayors all assembled outside Guildhall. Mayor of South-South-West Hammersmith tries to join us. Nobody seems to know him. Very suspicious, especially as, on referring to official records, we find that there is no such borough as South-South-West Hammersmith! We tell him so. He replies, sulkily, that it was created last night by a Special Vote of the South-West Hammersmith Town Council, who found the work getting too much for them, and that, anyhow, "he intends to take part in the procession." Awkward—but we have to yield.

*In the Streets*.—The 675 Mayors don't inspire as much respect as I should like. Perhaps it is due to the fact that a regular scramble took place for seats in the old LORD MAYOR's Coach, in the course of which the Mayor of Tottenham Court Road was badly pommelled by the Mayor of Battersea Rise, and the coach itself had one side knocked out of it. Also that we other Mayors have to follow on foot, and are repeatedly asked if we are a procession of the Unemployed!

*At the Law Courts*.—In the good old days Lord Chief Justice used to deliver a flowery harangue congratulating the Chief Magistrate on his elevation. But who is the Chief Magistrate now? To-day a free fight among the Mayors to get first into the Court. In consequence, Chief Justice angrily orders Court to be cleared, and threatens to commit us for contempt! Yet surely in former days a Judge would have been imprisoned in the deepest dungeons of the Mansion House for much less.

*Evening*.—The hospitable custom of the Ministerial banquet still retained. Prime Minister adopts tactics of the Music Hall "Lion Comique," and, after addressing a few genial words to the guests assembled at the table of the Mayor of West Ham, jumps into brougham, and appears a few minutes later at Mayor of Shadwell's banquet, and so on to Poplar and Whitechapel, and as many as he can crowd in. Other Ministers do the same. Still, not enough Cabinet Councillors to go round, and to-night I am horrified to find that the assistant Under-Secretary to the deputy Labour Commissioner had been chosen to reply to the toast of the health of the Ministry at *my* banquet! Ichabod, indeed! [By the way, what a good name for a new Lord Mayor "Ichabod," say, if knighted, "Sir THOMAS ICHABOD." Air to be played by band on his entering Guildhall, "Ichabody meet a body." But alas! these are dreams! Ichabod!] Yet, as the only building in which the Mayor of Cripplegate Without can entertain his guest is the fourth floor of an unused warehouse, perhaps we really don't deserve a higher official. Still, one can't help regretting that the City, in its natural dread of the so-called "Unification of London," persuaded the Government to agree to this sort of "Punification of London."

TOAST FOR THE NEXT "QUEENSLAND MEAT" BANQUET.—"The Army, the Gravy, and the Preserved Forces!"



## THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE V.—*The Dining-room; walls distempered chocolate; gaselier with opal-tinted globes; two cast-iron Cavaliers holding gas-lamps on the mantel-piece. Oil-portrait, enlarged from photograph, of Mrs. TIDMARSH, over side-board; on other walls, engravings—"Belshazzar's Feast," "The Wall of Wailing at Jerusalem," and DORÉ'S "Christian Martyrs." The guests have just sat down; Lord STRATHSPORRAN is placed between Miss SEATON and his hostess, and opposite Mr. GILWATTLE.*

Lord Strath. (to himself). Deuced quaint-looking people—wish they wouldn't all eat their soup at me! Why can't somebody say something? Wonder who's the Lady in black, all over big silver tears—like a foreign funeral. Don't feel equal to talking to MARJORY again till I've had some Sherry. (After sipping it.) Wormwood, by Jove! Champagne will probably be syrup—touch old GILWATTLE up if he isn't careful—ah, he jibs at the Sherry!

Uncle Gab. Where the dickens did MONTY get this stuff, MARIA? Most' strordinary bitter taste!

Mrs. Tid. (to herself, in an agony). I knew that bottle of GWENNIE'S Quinine Wine had got down into the cellar somehow! (Aloud.) Don't drink it, Uncle, please, if it isn't quite what you like!

Uncle Gab. I'll take his Lordship's opinion. What do you think of this Sherry, my Lord? Don't you find it rather—eh?

Lord Strath. (observing his hostess frown at him imperiously). Oh, excellent, Sir—very—er—mellow and agreeable!

Uncle Gab. Ha—yes—now your Lordship mentions it, there's a sort of nuttiness about it.

[He empties his glass.]

Lord Strath. (to himself). There is a rotten-nuttiness! I'm hanged if he hasn't bolted it! Wonderful old Johnny!

Mrs. Tid. (to him, in an under-tone). You said quite the right thing!

Lord Strath. (ambiguously). Oh, not at all!

[Turbot and lobster-sauce are taken round, and conversation becomes general.]

Conversational Scraps. Assure you if I touch the smallest particle of lobster it instantly flies to my... Yes, alive. A dear friend of mine positively had to leave her lodgings at the seaside—she was so disturbed by the screams of the lobsters being boiled in the back-kitchen... I was reading only the other day that oysters' hearts continue to beat down to the very moment they are being assimilated... What they must suffer, poor dears! Couldn't there be a law that they should only be eaten under chloroform, or something?... I never get tired of turbot—cod, now, I don't care for, and salmon I like—but I can't digest—why, is more than I can tell you.—(&c.)

Miss Seaton. (to herself). To see DOUGLAS here—a paid parasite—and actually seeming to enjoy his food—it's like some dreadful nightmare—I can't believe it! But I'm glad he hasn't the face to speak to me!

Lord Strath. (to SEAKALE offering Hock). If you please. (To himself, after tasting.) Why, it's quite decent! I begin to feel up to

having this out with MARJORY. (Aloud.) Miss SEATON, isn't it rather ridiculous for two such old friends as we are to sit through dinner in deadly silence? Can't you bring yourself to talk to me? we shan't be overheard. You might tell me why you think me such a ruffian—it would start us, at any rate!

Miss Seaton. I don't want to be started—and if you really don't know why I hate your coming here in this way, Lord STRATHSPORRAN, it's useless to explain!

Lord Strath. Oh, we got as far as that upstairs, didn't we? And I may be very dense, but for the life of me I can't see yet why I shouldn't have come! Of course, I didn't know I was in for this exactly, but, to tell you the truth, I'm by way of being here on business, and I didn't care much whether they were cheery or not, so long as I got what I came for, don't you know!

Miss Seaton. Of course, that is the main thing in your eyes—but I didn't think you would confess it!

Lord Strath. Why, you know how keen I used to be about my Egyptian work—you remember the book on Hieroglyphs I always meant to write? I'm getting on with it, though of course my time's

a good deal taken up just now. And, whether I get anything out of these people or not, I've met you again, MARJORY—I don't mind anything else!

Miss Seaton. Don't remind me of—of what you used to be, and—and you are not to call me MARJORY any more. We have met—and I only hope and pray we may never meet again. Please don't talk any more!

Lord Strath. (to himself). That's a facer! I wonder if MARJORY's quite—is this the effect of that infernal influenza?

Mrs. Tid. (to him in an undertone). You and Miss SEATON appear to be on very familiar terms. I really feel it my duty to ask you when and how you made the acquaintance of my daughter's governess.

Lord Strath. (to himself). The governess! That explains a lot. Poor little MARJORY! (Aloud.) Really? I congratulate you. I had the honour of knowing Miss SEATON in Scotland a

year or two ago, and this is the first time we have met since.

Mrs. Tid. Indeed? That is so far satisfactory. I hope you will understand that, so long as Miss SEATON is in my employment, I cannot allow her to—er—continue your acquaintanceship—it is not as if you were in a position—

Lord Strath. (with suppressed wrath). Forgive me—but, as Miss SEATON shows no desire whatever to renew my acquaintance, I don't see that we need discuss my position, or hers either. And I must decline to do so.

Mrs. Tid. (crimsoning). Oh, very well. I am not accustomed to be told what subjects I am to discuss at my own table, but (scathingly) no doubt your position here gives you the right to be independent—ahoo!

Lord Strath. I venture to think so. (To himself.) Can't make this woman out—is she trying to be rude, or what?

Uncle Gab. Hullo, your Lordship's got no Champagne! How's that? It's all right—"FIZZLER '84," my Lord!

Lord Strath. I daresay—but the fact is, I am strictly forbidden to touch it.



"Don't make a fuss—you can take one glass, as he wishes it."

*Uncle Gab.* Pooh!—if your Lordship will excuse the remark—*this* won't do you any harm—comes out of my own cellar, so I *ought* to know. (*To SEAKALE.*) Here, you, fill his Lordship's glass, d'ye hear?

*Mrs. Tid.* (*in a rapid whisper.*) Don't make a fuss—you can take one glass as he wishes it!

*Lord Strath.* (*to himself.*) Can I though? If she imagines I'm going to poison myself to please her uncle! (*SEAKALE gives him half a glass, after receiving a signal from Mrs. T.*) I suppose I must just— (*After tasting.*) Why it's dry! Then why the deuce was I cautioned not to—?

*Uncle Gab.* That's a fine wine, isn't it, my Lord? Not much of that in the market nowadays, I can tell you!

*Lord Strath.* (*to himself.*) Precious little here. (*Aloud.*) So I should imagine, Sir.

*Uncle Gab.* Your Lordship mustn't pass this *entrée*. My niece's cook knows her business, I will say that for her.

*Lord Strath.* (*as he helps himself.*) I have already discovered that she is an artist.

*Mrs. Tid.* (*in displeased surprise.*) Then you know my cook too? An artist? and she seems such a respectable person! Pray what sort of pictures does she paint?

*Lord Strath.* Pictures? Oh, really I don't know—potboilers probably. [*Mrs. Tid. glares at him suspiciously.*]

*Conversational Scraps.* And when I got into the hall and saw them all sitting in a row with their faces blacked, I said "I'm sure they can't be the Young Men's Christian Association!" . . . . Hysteria? my poor dear wife is a dreadful sufferer from it—I've known her unable to sleep at all except with one foot curled round her neck! . . . . (&c. &c.)

*Lord Strath.* (*to himself.*) There's no doubt about it—this woman is trying to snub me—hardly brings herself to talk at all—and then she's beastly rude! What did she ask me here for if she can't be civil! If she wasn't my hostess—I'll try her once more, she may know something about antiquities—(*Aloud.*) I suppose Mr. CARTOUCHE keeps his collection in a separate room? I was told he has some hunting scarabs of the Amenhoteps that I am very curious to see.

*Mrs. Tid.* (*stiffly.*) Mr. CARTOUCHE may keep all sorts of disagreeable pets, for anything I know to the contrary.

*Lord Strath.* (*to himself, in amazement.*) Pets! I'm hanged if I let myself be snubbed like this! (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid you have very little sympathy with his tastes?

*Mrs. Tid.* Sympathy, indeed! I don't even know if he has any tastes. I am not in the habit of troubling myself about my next-door neighbour's affairs.

*Lord Strath.* (*with a gasp.*) Your next-door—! (*He pulls himself together.*) To be sure—of course not—stupid of me to ask! (*To himself.*) Good Heavens!—these aren't the CARTOUCHEs! I'm at the wrong dinner-party—and this awful woman thinks I've done it on purpose! No wonder she's so confoundedly uncivil! . . . And MARYJORY knows it, too, and won't speak to me! Perhaps they all know it. . . . What on earth am I to do? . . . I feel such a fool!

*Miss Seaton.* (*to herself.*) How perfectly ghastly DOUGLAS is looking! Didn't he really know the CARTOUCHEs lived next door? . . . Then—oh, what an idiot I've been! It's a mistake—he doesn't come from BLANKLEY's at all! I must speak to him—I must tell him how—no, I can't—I forgot how horrid I've been to him! I should have to tell him I believed that—and I'd rather die! No, it's too late—it's too late now!

[MISS SEATON and LORD STRATHSPORRAN sit regarding the tablecloth with downcast eyes, and expressions of the deepest gloom and confusion.

(End of Scene V.)

#### Rhyme by a Rad.

[The question where the Liberal-Unionists shall sit has excited some discussion.]

THEY have stolen the old Tory togs bit by bit,  
And we wish they would openly don them.  
However, it matters not much where they sit,  
For wherever it be we'll sit on them!

"RAILWAY RATES."—Whatever question there may be on this subject, there can be none whatever as to the rates at which "The Bournemouth Express," "The Granville L. C. & D.," and "The Flying Dutchman," severally travel. Such rates are first rate.

CON. FOR THE CONSOLATION OF THE MANY SUFFERERS FROM A CURRENT CATCH-WORD.—Q. What is the only thing that is really "up-to-date"?—A. A palm-tree.

MEM. FOR MR. VIVIAN AND THE ROYALISTS.—The Last of the STUARTS.—STUART KNILL. There can be none after *Nill*.

#### DRAMATIC WITHOUT BEING STAGEY.

THE plan, successfully inaugurated, and, within the last fortnight, still more successfully carried out by Sir DRUBRIANUS OPERATICUS BALMASCUS PANTOMIMICUS, of giving what may be called "unstaged representations" of popular Operas—that is, popular Operas sung and acted without the aid of scenes or properties (though "substitutes" may be permitted, as, for example, a chair with four legs

complete would represent a horse, and a round table a tower); the singers, however, being in costume, may work an extensive "Transformation" Scene (which is quite in Sir DRUBRIANUS's line) in the



Dramatic and Operatic world, and may effect such a change as will save thousands to a Manager. Why not go a step further? Why have "costumes," or even "hand-properties"? Why not leave everything, except the perfection of the singing and the dramatic action, to the imagination of the audience? The prices of admission would be proportionately lowered, and the numbers admitted, in all probability, would be trebled, on which hypothesis a calculation may be based. What an exercise it would be for the imagination of the audience, were the Statue Scene from *Don Giovanni* to be given with the Basso Profondo in evening dress, who represents the Stony Commendatore, seated astride a plank resting on tressels placed on a table which would have been substituted for the stone pedestal, while the Don or *Leporello* (it doesn't much matter which) sings his asides to the audience! Here is novelty, and a great attraction! It is returning to Elizabethan days, when Managers called a spade a spade, and then so labelled it to prevent mistakes.

SONG FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT" (*for the Member for East Galway, arranged by Colonel Saunderson, M.P.*)—"What shall he have who shot the Deer?"

A BANK NOTE.—The most likely time for obtaining payment "in hard cash," is when the Money Market "hardens a little," as was the case, so *The Times* Money Article informed us, last Friday.



## AN EARLY PURITAN.

*Bobby (who sees his Mamma in Evening Dress for the first time, and doesn't like it). "I'LL WRITE AND TELL PAPA!"*

## "A STIFF JOB."

*Grand Old Ploughman sings:—*

SPEED the Plough! Ah, that's all mighty fine,  
And I like the old saying's suggestion;  
But—wi' a small crook such as mine,  
The speed may be matter o' question.  
I've set my hand to 'un, o' course,  
And munna look back, there's no doubt o' it:

Yet I wish I'd a handier horse  
For the job, or that I were well out o' it!

Stiff clay on a slaantin' hill-side,  
Would tax a strong team. Steady, steady!

The little 'un goes a bit wide,  
And seems to be shirkin' already.  
To keep a straight furrow this go  
Will strain the old ploughman's slack muscle;

And yet my new measters, I know,  
Will expect I to keep on the bustle.

Stiff job for a little 'un? Yes!  
If he doesn't pull straight there'll be bother,

Must make the best of 'un I guess.  
This time, for I sha'n't get no other.

Gee up! I shall have a good try,  
On that they may bet their last dollar.

It's do, poor old crook, now, or die!  
But—I must keep 'un oop to the collar!

"THIS room is very close!" said Mrs. R., settling herself down to her knitting, which her nephew had furtively unravelled. "Open the window, Tom, and let out the asphyxia."

## LINES ON THE AUTHOR OF THE LABOUR BUREAU.

*(By a Labourer.)*

'OORAY for Mister MUNDELLA,  
(Who's under Old GLADDY'S umbrella.)  
For he's a jolly good fella,  
And so say all of *hus*!  
With a 'ip, 'ip, 'ip, 'ooray!  
We hope the Bureau may pay.  
Of course it might well have been better,  
But then—it might have been *wus*!

EMPHASIS GRATIÂ.—What a difference a slight emphasis makes in an ordinary sentence! The D. T. when giving, in advance, an account of a marriage to be solemnised the same afternoon, spoke thus concerning the costumes of the very youthful bridesmaids. "They will wear dresses of very pale blue silk, made up with ivory-hued lace." Now, had the second word been in italics, it would have read thus, "They *will* wear," &c., as if everything had been done to prevent them from so arraying themselves, "but, in spite of all efforts, they *will* wear dresses of very pale blue!" So obstinate of them! Such nice little ladies, too!

"THE Liberal-Unionists have resolved to abstain from pairing during the present Session," so *The Times*. "Birds in their little nests agree," quoth the eminent Dr. WATTS; but these Parliamentary Birds will belie their name of "Unionists" if they refuse to "pair."

TELEGRAM FROM HAWAIIANS TO AMERICAN PRESIDENT.—"WE would be U.S."

## THE ANTI—?

YOUR aid let me ask in a difficult task,  
*Mr. Punch*, with the greatest submission;  
To win for my name a well-merited fame was always my ardent ambition,  
And clearly to-day the least difficult way is to send an appeal to the papers,  
To form an intrigue for creating a league against fashion-designers and drapers.

Thereby shall I reap an advertisement cheap, and writers, with much perseverance, Will furnish as news their apocryphal views on my appetite, age, and appearance; They all will revere my conviction sincere, and loudly re-echo my praises, But the thing which, as yet, I'm unable to get, is a novel departure in crazes

The idea shall we float that a swallow-tail coat is only adapted for Vandals?

Write pamphlets, designed to enlighten mankind on the duty of taking to sandals?

Would a hatred of hats, or crusade! on cravats, secure us a sympathy louder? Or shall we assert it is time to revert to patches, knee-breeches, and powder?

Meanwhile, your applause we invite for our Cause—you notice the capital letter—

Subscriptions and fees you may send when you please to the writer, the sooner the better. But as to the theme of this notable scheme, I wait for a timely suggestion;

Its worth's beyond doubt, but what it's about remains, for the present, a question!

THE Bishop of CHESTER trembles. He is marked with the brand of "CAINE"!





“A STIFF JOB.”

W. E. G. (*to himself*). “SHALL HAVE TO KEEP HIM UP TO THE COLLAR!” (*Aloud*). “GEE UP!”





## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS. HOSTS.

"DEAR PUNCH," writes a valued Correspondent, "I wish you'd tip me the wink how I'm to talk to my hosts. I'm a poor man, but not a poor shot. So I get asked about a good deal to different places, and as I'm not the sort that turns on the talking-tap very easily, I often get stuck up. Just as I've got fairly into the swim with one of them I leave him, and have to think of talk for quite a different kind of chap, and so on all through the season. For instance, last December I did three shoots in as many weeks. The first was with old CALLABY, the rich manufacturer, who's turned sportsman late in life. I thought he'd like a talk about bimetalism, so I sweated it up a bit, and started off with a burst as soon as I got a look in. All no go. Nothing would please him but to talk of birds, and rabbits, and hares, and farming, and crops, and who was going to be High Sheriff, and all that. So I got a little left at the first go off.

"Next week I shot with BLOSSOM, another new friend, who's come into money lately, after knocking about all over America the greater part of his life.

I tried him with the Chicago Exposition, and ranching as a business for younger sons; did it delicately, of course, and with any amount of deference, but he only looked at me blankly, and began talking about the Bank-rate. After that, I settled with myself I wouldn't talk to any more of them about things that they might be expected to feel an interest in.

"In the following week I was due at WHICHELLO's. He's been a perfect lunatic all his life for music. He got up an orchestra in his nursery, which came to smash because his younger brother filled all the wind instruments with soap-suds. Later on he was always scraping, or blowing, or thumping, scooting about from one concert to another, making expeditions to the shrine of WAGNER as he called it, composing songs, and symphonies, and operas, and Heaven only knows what besides. He came into the old place in

Essex when his brother died, about a year ago, and this was his first pheasant-shoot... I thought to myself, 'If you're anything like these other Johnnies, it's no good pulling out the music-stop with you.' On the first morning he seemed a shade anxious at breakfast, and said he was going to try a new plan of beating his coverts, which it had given him a lot of trouble to arrange as he wanted. Off we went after breakfast. We had about half a mile to walk before we got to the first wood, and I kept puzzling my brains the whole way about this blessed new dodge of beating.

"Where are the beaters?" I said to WHICHELLO, when we got there, for devil a bit of one did I see.

"You'll find them out directly," says WHICHELLO, looking sly and triumphant; "just you stand here, and wait. You'll get some shooting, I warrant you;" and, with that, he posted the other guns at the far end of the covert, told me and another chap we were to walk outside, in line with the beaters, and walked off. Suddenly he gave a whistle. Then what do you think happened? I'll give you a hundred guesses, and you won't be on it. Out of a little planting, about fifty yards off the piece we were to shoot, came marching a troop of rustics, dressed as rustic beaters usually are, but each of them carrying, in place of the ordinary beater's stick, a musical instrument of some sort. They were headed by the keeper, who waved a kind of *bâton*. When they got to our covert, they arranged themselves in line, and then, on a signal from

WHICHELLO, crash, bang! they struck up the *Tannhäuser March*, and disappeared into the wood.

"Line up, Trombone!" shouted the keeper—I heard his stentorian roar above the din—"Come, hurry along with the Bombardon; Ophicleide, you're too far in front. Keep it going, Clarinets. Now then, all together! What are you up to, Cymbals? Let 'em have it!" And thus they came banging and booming and blowing through the covert. The bassoon tripped into a thorn-bush, the big-drum rolled over the trunk of a tree and smashed his instrument, the hautboy threw his at an escaping rabbit, while the flute-man walked straight into a pool of water, and had to be pulled out by the triangle. But the rest of them got through somehow with that infernal idiot of a conducting keeper, still backing and twisting and waving like mad in the front. That was WHICHELLO's idea of beating his coverts. 'Combining æsthetic pleasure with sporting pursuits,' he called it. Somehow we had managed to bring down a brace of pheasants, which, with three rabbits, made up our total, out of a covert which ought to have yielded ten times as many.

"I daresay you won't believe this story, but it's true all the same.

If you don't believe it, write to WHICHELLO himself. I never saw anyone half so pleased as that fool was. He had given up all his time to teaching his rustics music, with a view to this performance, and had shoved in, as one of his keepers, a sporting third violin from the Drury Lane orchestra. They said it was glorious, and congratulated one another all round, with as much enthusiasm as if they'd repelled a foreign invasion. On the next beat they played the *March in Scipio*, and after that came a *Pot-Pourri of Popular Melodies*, arranged by the keeper. They played a selection from *The Pirates of Penzance* while we lunched, and took the big wood to the tunes of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' and 'Up-rouse ye then, my merry, merry Men!' 'Rule Britannia' and 'Home, Sweet Home,' played us back to the house. I never heard such a confounded Babel of brass and wood in all my life. A German

band in a country town couldn't come near it. Curiously enough, we most of us got urgent letters by next morning's post, summoning us home at once to attend to business, or to be present at the deathbeds of relatives. I thought you'd like to hear this story, old cock. If you like, you're very welcome to shove it in your shooting series. I've seen a lot of rum goes in my life, but this was the rummest of the lot. And don't forget to let me have a word or two about talking to one's host. I know what I thought of that maniac WHICHELLO, but I shouldn't have liked to say that to him.

"Yours to a turn, A SPORTSMAN."

For the present I must leave this striking letter to the judgment of my readers. Space fails me to deal with it adequately. On another occasion I may be able to set down some ideas on the difficult subject suggested by my polite Correspondent.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD.—"Why all this fuss?" writes a Correspondent. "Is there a difficulty in finding persons who properly appreciate gold? If so, I, Sir, am not of that number. I will be happy to receive from the Bank any quantity of sovereigns; and, further, I will undertake to show and honestly express my appreciation of this generosity on the part of the Bank. Ah! I should like to possess any number of those 'promises of May.'"

"Yours, A MUNNIE GRUBBER."



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, Jan. 31st.*—"Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table."

'Twas the voice of the SPEAKER; one could hear him declaim just as Big Ben tolled four o'clock this afternoon. House crowded in every part, throbbing with excitement; crowds everywhere. In Centre Hall some vainly hoping for impossible places; others content to see the men go by whose names they read in the papers. Outside Palace Yard multitude standing patiently for hours, happy if only they saw the tip of Mr. G.'s hat as he drove in at the gate, or imagined the buttons on the Squire of MALWOOD's gaiters. Never, in recent times, such a rush on opening days.

And Colonel SAUNDERSON, comfortably seated on Front Bench below Gangway, in choice companionship with Dr. TANNER, actually yawning!

"All very well for you, TOBY, dear boy," he said, responsive to my polite stare. "You come down here leisurely in afternoon, and take your seat. I've been on war-path since before daybreak. Knew the wild Irishmen meant to open proceedings of Session by appropriating our seats. Have not served in Royal Irish Fusiliers for nothing. Session opened by Royal Commission at two o'clock this afternoon. Thought if I arrived on spot at seven in morning would be in moderately good time. Here before seven: place in utter darkness; found friendly policeman with bull's-eye light; tightened my belt; cocked my pistol; requisitioned Bobby and his lantern. You should have seen us groping our way into House;

Bobby first, with bull's-eye lantern professionally flashing to right and left, under seats, into dark corners. Made straight for my old corner-seat below Gangway; something white gleaming on front bench; with supple turn of wrist Bobby brought flambeau to bear upon it; found it was TANNER—TANNER, hatless, coatless, without even a waistcoat on! You might have knocked me down with much less than bayonet—prod. 'Morning, Colonel,' says he. 'Been here all night?' I gasped. 'Oh, no,' says he; 'had cup of coffee at stall by Westminster Bridge, bought a few hats in the New Cut, and, you see, I've planted them out.' So he had, by Gad! Every corner-seat taken, and he prone in JEMMY LOWTHER'S. 'Weren't enough of them,' TANNER said, with his sixpenny snigger; 'couldn't leave out our revered leaders, TIM HEALY and O'BRIEN, you know. So just took off my coat, flopped it down for TIM, hung the waistcoat on a knob, and there's WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S place secured for the night. Now, if you'd like a seat, you'll find one above the Gangway; or if you want to come and sit by me, here you are. I've got a necktie, a collar, and a pair of braces to spare; if you've any particular friends in your mind, why, we'll get seats for them.' No knowing what a fellow like TANNER would do in these circumstances. Even his trowsers not sacred. So made best of bad job, and here I am. At least, better off than JEMMY LOWTHER, evicted without compensation for disturbance."

Conversation interrupted by loud cheer. Mr. G. marching with head erect, and swinging stride, to take the Oath and his seat. Necessary by Standing Orders that two Members shall accompany new Member on these occasions to certify identity and prevent guilty impersonation. It's a wise child that knows his own father, but HERBERT, walking on one side of Premier, with MARJORIBANKS on other, ready to testify. Clerk at table, thus assured all was right, administered Oath and then conducted Premier up to SPEAKER, presenting the new Member.

"Mr. GLADSTONE, I presume," said SPEAKER, making a motion towards extending his hand.

"Yes, Sir," said the new Member, nervously.

"Dear me!" said the SPEAKER, now shaking hands. "I've often heard of you. I daresay you'll soon get accustomed to the place, and will, I hope, be comfortable." Mr. G. bowed, and retired to his seat. SPEAKER suffered succession of shocks as in same way were brought up and introduced to him, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, JOHN MORELY, CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the Count MUNDELLANI, GEORGE TREVELLYAN, The Boy ASQUITH, and quite a host of new acquaintances.

*Business done.*—New Members took their seats. Address moved.

*Thursday Night.*—Something like flash of old times to-night. Of course, it came from Irish quarter, and it was SAUNDERSON who kindled the torch. Colonel presented himself early in sitting on corner bench below Gangway. This apparently reverted to possession of JEMMY LOWTHER. He lent it to Colonel for an hour, sitting on other side of him. How they secured the place is a mystery, darkened by temporary disappearance of TANNER. "Where is TANNER?" Members ask, looking, not without suspicion, on placid face and generally respectable appearance of JEMMY LOWTHER. Last seen, not exactly in company of JEMMY and the Colonel, rather in conflict for the corner-seat. LOWTHER has the seat; lends it to SAUNDERSON. But where is TANNER?

"Oh, he's all right," said LOWTHER, with forced smile, when JUSTIN MCCARTHY, with ill-feigned indifference, inquired after the lamb missing from his fold. "Bad sixpence, you know; always turns up," JEMMY added. But his merriment forced, and SAUNDERSON abruptly changed subject.

Evidently a case for SHERLOCK HOLMES; must place it in his hands.

Doubtless it was with object of diverting attention from a ghastly subject that SAUNDERSON led up to row alluded to. In course of remarks on release of Gweedore prisoners, he alluded to Father MCFADDEN as "a ruffian." Irish Members not used to language of that kind. Howled in pained indignation; the Colonel, astonished at his own moderation, varied the phrase by calling the respected P.P. "a murderous ruffian." Shouts of horror from compatriots closely massed behind. TIM HEALY, in particular, boiling with indignation at use of language of this character addressed to gentlemen from whom one had difference of opinion on public matters. Nothing would content them short of absolute and immediate withdrawal. Colonel declined to withdraw. Uproar rose in ungovernable fury. Every time Colonel opened his mouth to continue his remarks, an Irish Member (so to speak) jumped down his throat.

Considerable proportion of Ministerial majority had disappeared in this fashion, when happy thought occurred to JOHN DILLON. Hotly moved that SAUNDERSON "be no longer heard." Considering he had not been heard for fully five minutes, this joke excellent. SPEAKER, however, wouldn't see it. COLONEL trumped the card.

Mr. G. interposed, adjured by withdrawing expression objected to. Colonel, hitherto obdurate, found irresistible the stately appeal from Premier. "Certainly," said he, ever ready to oblige; "I will withdraw the words 'murderous ruffian,' and substitute the expression, excited politician." This accepted as perfectly satisfactory. Terms apparently synonymous; but the latter, on the whole, less irritating to susceptible nerves. Irish Members round about fell on Colonel's neck; embraced him with tears; gently disengaging himself, he proceeded uninterrupted to the end of his address.

"Capital title that," said GEORGE NEWNES, who always has eye to business. "Shall start a new Weekly; lead off with serial Novel by Colonel SAUNDERSON, entitled *The Murderous Ruffian; or, the Excited Politician*. Sure to take."

All very well, this cleverly conceived diversion. But where is Dr. TANNER? *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

*Friday Night.*—Still harping on Ireland. Began with row round issue of Writ for South Meath. ESMONDE, one of innumerable Whips present House possesses, says the business was his. "Then why didn't you do it?" asked NOLAN. "As you didn't seem disposed to move, I do." Nationalists want to get North Meath Election finished first; Parnellites don't. So ESMONDE is in no hurry to move Writ, and Colonel NOLAN is. Pretty, in these circumstances to hear NOLAN with his indignant inquiry, "Is the moving of Writs to be taken as an Election dodge?"

After Ireland, Uganda. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE talked for hour and half. Later, rose to blandly explain that this was only half his speech; rest will be delivered when he brings question up again on Supplementary Vote. As Mr. G. says, this is fair notice, and every Member may determine for himself whether he will forego a portion of the promised treat. *Business done.*—Talking.



HISTORICAL SUBJECT.—S-and-rs-n "finding the body of"—T-nn-r.





## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EVERYONE knows Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON's dainty verse. In *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) everyone has an opportunity, which he will do well to seize, to enjoy his equally charming prose. Mr. DOBSON is one of those enviable men who have time to read. He spends an appreciable portion of his days and nights not only with ADDISON, but with STEELE, PRIOR, JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, and others, whom a generation that read newspapers and subscribe to MUDIE's, know only by name. Mr. DOBSON is so omnivorous, that he has read right through JONAS HANWAY's *Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames*, the book which drew from JOHNSON the genial remark that HANWAY "had acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home." A man that would read that, would read anything. Mr. DOBSON, happily, survived it, living to write a paper in which, within the limit of a few pages, we become thoroughly acquainted with JONAS, his travels in Persia, his discreet flirtations, his umbrella (the first under which man ever walked in the streets of London), his suit of rich dark brown, lined with ermine, his *chapeau bras* with gold button, his gold-hilted sword, and his three pairs of stockings. JONAS always thought there was safety in numbers, whether odd or even. When he travelled, his "Partie" consisted of Mrs. D. and Mrs. O. When he dedicated a book (which Mr. DOBSON found, more than a hundred years later, in a second-hand book-shop in Holborn), he inscribed it to the "Twin Sisters, Miss ELIZABETH & Miss CAROLINE GRIGG." When he took his walks abroad, he wore three pairs of stockings. JONAS HANWAY, under Mr. DOBSON's care, is unexpectedly delightful. With the same magic touch he brings upon the stage STEELE, FIELDING, GOLDSMITH, GRAY, HOGARTH's SIGISMUNDA, and Dr. JOHNSON, who lives for us again in his garret in Gough Square. These *Vignettes* should be framed in the private room of every man and woman who loves books.

(Signed), "Non obstat,"  
BARON DE B.-W.

Discovered in Drury Lane  
Near the new Baker Street Lodging  
House established by the County  
Council.

I'OLD it true wote'er befall;  
I feel it when things go most  
cross;  
Better to do a fi'penny doss,  
Than never do a doss at all!

"WAITE FOR THE END."—On Friday last, at another Unemployed Meeting, a certain person, whose name is never mentioned in ears polite, "found mischief still," as wrote the immortal Dr. WATTS, "for idle hands to do," and set one WAITE, whether a light or heavy weight is not stated, and one SULLIVAN, by the ears. It was a hand-to-hand fight, and WAITE was subsequently captured and brought before the Magistrate. *Mem.* for WAITE, in the words of a recently popular song, "Never hit a Man of the name of Sullivan."

FALLEN FORTUNES.—Quoth *The Observer* of a certain celebrity, "The family to which he belongs can trace an uninterrupted descent for a period of six centuries." What an awful "come-down"! *Quelle dégringolade!*

BETWEEN TWO GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.—"What do you think of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's choice of an assistant private secretary? Odd? eh?" "Not odd! Strange."

PROVERB FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WHO WISH TO SECURE SEATS.—"Two Hats are better than one."

## THE INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

## CONCERNING CASH.

Question. What is cash?

Answer. Cash may be described as comfort in the concrete.

Q. Is it not sometimes called "the root of all evil"?

A. Yes, by those who do not possess it.

Q. Is it possible to live without cash?

A. Certainly—upon credit.

Q. Can you tell me what is credit?

A. Credit is the motive power which induces persons who have cash, to part with some of it to those who have it not.

Q. Can you give me an instance of credit?

A. Certainly. A young man who is able to live at the rate of a thousand a-year, with an income not exceeding nothing a month, is a case of credit.

Q. Would it be right to describe such a transaction "as much to his credit"?

A. It would be more precise to say, "much by his credit;" although the former phrase would be accepted by a large class of the community as absolutely accurate.

Q. What is bimetalism?

A. Bimetalism is a subject that is frequently discussed by amateur financiers, after a good dinner, on the near approach of the coffee.

Q. Can you give me your impression of the theory of bimetalism?

A. My impression of bimetalism is the advisability of obtaining silver, if you cannot get gold.

Q. What is the best way of securing gold?

A. The safest way is to borrow it.

Q. Can money be obtained in any other way?

A. In the olden time it was gathered on Hounslow Heath and other deserted spots, by mounted horsemen wearing masks and carrying pistols.

Q. What is the modern way of securing funds, on the same principles, but with smaller risk?

A. By promoting Companies and other expedients known to the members of the Stock Exchange.

## QUEER QUERIES.

FOREIGN CLERKS.—I should be grateful for any information as to where I could acquire a knowledge of French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, and Russian, without leaving the neighbourhood of Camberwell New Road, and at a merely nominal cost. I find that, unless I know those languages, I have no chance of competing with German Clerks; whereas, if I did know them, I should be nearly sure of obtaining a berth in a London Firm at not less than fifteen shillings a week, rising, by half centuries, to fifteen and sixpence, and even to sixteen shillings. Also, what is the least amount of porridge (without milk or sugar), haricot beans, or lentil soup, that will preserve a person from starvation, if he takes nothing else, and works fourteen hours a day? I intend imitating my Teutonic rivals in frugality, as well as in languages; any dietetic hints (especially from Scotchmen), would therefore be welcomed by  
No POLYGLOT.

A DELICATE REQUEST.—On Wednesday—that day in every week which is kept as a whole holiday in honour of Mr. Punch—the 8th Feb. there is to be "a meeting of Old Paulines" at Anderton's Hotel, when "the attendance of all Old Paulines is requested." Ahem! The aged representatives of the heroine of the *Lady of Lyons* will not be attracted by the wording of this rather un-paulite announcement. Why was not the invitation extended to the old Claude Melnottes as well? There must be a lot of them about.



SELF-PRESERVATION IS THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE;

OR, GETTING THE START OF CRINOLINE.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

## PHANTASMA-GORE-IA!

*Picturing the Various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Poet)*

No. IV.—THE "OVER-THE-CLIFF" MURDER.

It may be this—that the Villain base  
Has insulted the hero's girl;  
It may be this—that he's brought  
disgrace

On a wretchedly-acted Earl.  
I care not which it may chance to be,  
Only this do I chance to know—  
A cliff looks down at a canvas sea  
And some property rocks below!

You say, perhaps, it is only there  
From a love of the picturesque—  
You hint, maybe, that  
it takes no share  
In the plot of this  
weird burlesque;  
But cliffs that tremble  
at every touch,  
And that flap in the  
dreadful draught,  
Have something better  
to do—ah, much!  
Than to criticise Nature's craft!

The cliff is there, and  
the ocean too,  
And the property  
rocks below.

(These last, as yet,  
don't appear to you,  
But they're some-  
where behind, I  
know.)

The cliff is there, and the sea besides  
(As I fancy I've said before),  
And yonder alone the Villain hides  
Who is thirsting for someone's gore!

And now there comes to the Villain bold  
The unfortunate Villain Two.  
He's here to ask for the promised gold  
For the deeds he has had to do.  
But words run high, and a struggle strong  
Sends the cliff rocking to and fro,

And Villain Two topples off ere long  
To the property rocks below!

The scene is changed. The revolving cliff  
Now exhibits its other side.

The corpse is there, looking very stiff—  
Even more than before it died!  
The crime is traced to the hero JACK,  
Notwithstanding the stupids know  
Deceased was thrown by the Villain black  
To the property rocks below!

RHYMES FOR READERS OF  
REMINISCENCES.

If the day's (as usual) pitchy,  
Take up ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE!  
If you're feeling "quisby-snitchy,"  
Seek the fire—and read your RITCHIE!  
If your nerves are slack or twitchy,  
Quiet them with soothing RITCHIE.  
If you're dull as water ditchy,  
You'll be cheered by roseate RITCHIE.  
Be you achey, sore, chill, itchy,  
Rest you'll find in Mrs. RITCHIE!  
May her light ne'er shine with slacker ray,  
Gentle daughter of great THACKERAY!

"WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!"—The decision in "the Missing Words (and money) Competition" is, in effect, "No more words about it, but hand over the £23,628 to the National Debt Commissioners." Advice this of STIRLING value.

## You Fall, Eiffel!

ARE the Panama sentences rather hard?  
So Monsieur EIFFEL *pro tem.* disappears.  
To walk round about a prison yard  
Is the *Tour d'Eiffel* for a couple of years.

EVIDENT.—The little song for Mr. HARRY LAWSON to sing on reading Mr. CHARLES DARLING's letter in the *Times* of Thursday last—"Charley is my Darling!"

A REAL "OPENING" FOR A SMART YOUNG (POLITICAL) MAN.—The settling, on rational grounds, of the great and much-muddled up "Sunday-Opening" Question.

CUE FOR THE CRITICS (if the *New Coinage* does not seem an improvement upon the *Jubilee failures*).—Pepper Mint!

IMPORTANT FINANCIAL QUESTION FOR ITALIANS.—Are the Banks of the Tiber secure?

## ICHABOD!

["MR. HENRY BLACKBURN, lecturing at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, said English people were not an artistic nation, and instead of getting better, they appeared to be rapidly getting worse. The author of the present day was losing the sincerity and the individuality which ought to characterise him.—*Daily Paper*."]

Oh, gaily did we hasten to the London Institution,  
Expecting some amusement in our inartistic way,  
And little did we reckon on the awful retribution  
Which Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN had in store for us that day.

We'd fondly looked towards him for an eulogistic blessing,  
But got instead a general and comprehensive curse,  
We are, as he informed us, with an emphasis distressing,  
By nature inartistic, and are daily getting worse.

Thereafter he directed magisterial attention  
Upon the hapless authors who a fleeting fame had got;  
He drew no nice distinctions, nor selected some for mention,  
But, with superb simplicity, he just condemned the lot.

Every man of them is sinning with an ignorance persistent,  
Poet, novelist and critic, or whatever be their sphere,  
Their "individuality" is almost non-existent,  
And only on occasions, if at all, are they "sincere."

Well, what, then, is the remedy? Will Mr. BLACKBURN fix it?  
Must all our fiction travel from the cultured Continent?  
Or dare we snap our fingers at this haughty *ipse dixit*,  
And read our inartistic books in very great content?

MR. PERKS, M.P., has undertaken to bring in a Bill for "the Abolition of Registrars at Nonconformist Marriages." If successful, the Ministers will lose their "Perks."

## LUSUS NATURÆ.

In the *Field's* Dog-for-sale column, there recently appeared, wedged in between descriptions of vendible Beagles and Bloodhound Pups, the following remarkable advertisement:—

BLOODHOUND, 40-Tonner, for SALE; built by Fife of Fairlie; has all lead ballast, and very complete inventory.—For price, which is moderate, and particulars, apply, &c.

Most interesting canine specimen this. The Managers of the Zoological Gardens should at once apply, if by this time they have not already done so, and secured the "Forty-tonner Bloodhound," with complete inventory, "built by FIFE of Fairlie."

## Nursery-Rhyme for the Neo-Crinolinists.

GIRLS and Matrons, who wins the day,  
Now WINTER and JEUNE have had their say?  
Come with a hoop to concert or ball,  
Come with balloon-skirts, or come not at all!

## A Candid Friend.

SCENE—Brown's Study—the well-known "Brown's Study," of course. BROWN is reading the fortieth chapter of his three-volume *Autobiography* to JONES.

Brown (pausing in his gigantic work). Well, tell me, honestly, have you any fault to find with it?  
Jones. Well—hum!—it wants finish.

[Looks at his watch, rises hurriedly, and exits quickly.]

WHY, on an Illustrated Paper, should the position of the reproducer of Artists' black-and-white work be a higher one than that of the Artists themselves? Because he undertakes "Graver" responsibilities.

## BURIDAN'S ASS.

*(Modern Agricultural Version.)*

[BURIDAN is said to have been the inventor of the dilemma of the ass between two absolutely equal bundles of hay, he maintaining that the ass's choice must be so equally balanced that he would starve, there being no motive for preference.]

Long-patient Issachar, o'erladen muncher  
Of heaps of "vacant chaff well-meant for grain,"

If, like the pious spouse of Jerry Cruncher,  
You "flop," and, camel-wise, won't rise again

To bear big burdens that strength staggers under,

On fodder most inadequate, what wonder?

To wallop a poor "donkey wot won't go."

The good old song suggests is cruel folly.  
Give him some fragrant hay, then cry "Gee-woa!"

The lyrist hints, in diction quaintly jolly.  
From starving mope you'll get no progress steady;

The well-fed ass responds to "Gee-up, Neddy!"

Poor brute, between two piles of sapless chaff,

While such big burdens weigh your weary shoulders,

Your choice is difficult! Cynics may laugh,  
But pity for your plight moves kind beholders.

Cockneys cry, "Kim hup, Neddy!" or "Woa Emma!"

But *Punch* compassionates your hard dilemma

What choice between the chaff of arid Rad  
And that of equally dry-and-dusty Tory?

CHAPLIN would feed you on preposterous fad,  
And GARDNER on—postponement! The old story!

While the grass grows the horse may starve.  
Party would bring you to a similar pass!

"A certain Mister JESSE COLLINGS" poses  
As your particular friend and patron.  
Quite so!

JOSEPH and he cock their pugnacious noses  
At their old Chief, venting their zeal (and  
spite) so.

CODLIN—no, COLLINGS—is the friend. "Lard  
bless 'ee,  
Turn WILLYUM oop, and try JOSEPH and  
JESSE!"

"WILLYUM"—who wields a very pretty flail—  
Drubs them delightfully, 'midst general  
laughter.

But oh, poor ass, aching  
from head to tail,

Pray, what the better  
is *your* state there-  
after?

BURIDAN'S Ass was surely  
your twin brother.

There's such small difference  
'twixt one and  
t'other!

### POLITICS IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — I  
notice that that eminent  
author, Mr. HENRY AR-  
THUR JONES, has written  
a play called *The Bauble  
Shop*, in which he has  
introduced the room of the  
Prime Minister in the House  
of Commons as one of his  
most striking *tableaux*. I  
have not yet had the ad-  
vantage of seeing what I  
feel sure must be an admi-  
rable comedy, but in justice  
to myself I must ask you  
to publish a portion of a  
piece of my own, which  
seems to me to bear some  
resemblance to what I sup-  
pose I must call (as it has  
enjoyed priority of produc-  
tion) the *Criterion* original.  
I call my drama *The Walk-  
ing Gentleman, or the  
Young Premier*, and I  
beg to submit to you the  
last Scene (a very short  
one) of the last Act. Here  
it is in *extenso* :—

SCENE.—ANGELINA'S Bou-  
doir. ANGELINA dis-  
covered waiting for  
EDWIN.

Angelina (anxiously).  
And, will he never come!

Ah! that House—that  
House! With its blazing

beacon from the Clock Tower; it— (With  
a cry of joy.) Ah, he is here!

Edwin (entering hurriedly and taking  
ANGELINA in his arms). My own one! Yes,  
I say it advisedly, my own one! Mine—  
Mine—for ever!

Ang. Nay, EDWIN; you forget the claims  
the Government—the country—have upon  
your time!

Edw. No, darling, I do not. The Division  
has been taken; it is all over. At the last  
moment I rose in my place in the House, and  
made purposely one of the most injudicious  
orations ever heard within those respected  
walls. I disgusted friends, alienated adhe-  
rents, and in every possible manner strength-  
ened the hands of the Opposition; and,  
darling, we are beaten—yes, beaten—by a  
thumping majority.

Ang. (in tears). Oh, EDWIN, EDWIN! I  
am so sorry!

Edw. Nay, do not weep. For thy dear  
sake I accepted the sacrifice. I am no longer  
leader of the House, I am no longer head of  
the Administration, and now I shall have  
ample leisure. Yes, darling, smile once  
more; Now I shall have time to be married.  
Now I can speak with hope of a honeymoon!

(Curtain.)

There, Mr. Punch! If that would not  
overwhelm the Stalls and Boxes with painful  
emotion, and bring down the Pit and Gallery  
with thunders of applause, I am a Dutchman!

Yours obediently,  
GARRICK SHAKESPEARE SNOOKS.

I'm a-pinin' for it, POLLY, wick in course,  
my dear, I mean

That convenient, cleanly cover-all, wot's  
called the Crinerline!

It hides so much, my POLLY; wick I'm sure,  
my dear, you'll twig!

As dear Lady JUNE informs hus, the too-little  
or too-big,

The scraggy and the crummy ones, the  
lanky 'uns and the lumps,

Will be grateful for a fashion as is kind to  
bones and 'umps.

Bel-skin skirts may suit the swells, dear, and  
the straight, and slim, and tall,

And—well, them whose  
wardrobe's plentiful;  
they don't suit *me* at all;  
Wick I'm four-foot-ten  
and stoutish, as to you  
is well bekknown;  
I'm a bit short in the legs  
like, my limbs do *not* run  
to bone.

Now my purse won't run  
to petticoats and ceter  
hevery week,

As a pound a month won't  
do it. Ho! it's like their  
blessed cheek,

MISS JOAN STRANGE WIN-  
TER'S Ammyzons as Lady  
JUNE remarks—

To swear Crinerline is  
"ojus," dear, and

'idjous. 'Twill be larks  
To see *them* wearin' ooped-

skirts, as in course they're  
bound to do,

When they fair become the  
fashion. Yus, for all  
their bubbaroo.

The seving thousand  
Leaguers, and their  
Leader will cave in,

And wear wot now they  
swear is jest a shame,

dear, and a sin.

I do not care a snap  
wot the opinion of the  
men is,

Nor yet for the heathe-  
tecks, nor the tofs as  
play at Tennis;

I sez 'Ooped Skirts for  
hever! This STRANGE

WINTER's out o' tune,  
I prefers the Summer,

POLLY, wick I mean dear  
Lady JUNE.

Anti-Crinerline be jig-  
gered! I've got one dear  
mother wore,

Though the steels is a bit  
twisted, and the stuff a  
trifle tore,

I can fake it up, when Fashion gives the  
watch-word, I've no doubt,

And I only wish 'twould come, dear, with my  
first fine Sunday bout.

Drat these sniffy snapping Leaguers! Ho!  
they fancy they're high-tone,

But I'll give 'em the straight griffin.  
Leave our petticoats alone!

They may take it from me, POLLY, they'll  
soon drop their bloomin' banner,

If all women show the sperrit of,

Yours trooly,  
MARY-ANNER.

I can fake it up, when Fashion gives the  
watch-word, I've no doubt,

And I only wish 'twould come, dear, with my  
first fine Sunday bout.

Drat these sniffy snapping Leaguers! Ho!  
they fancy they're high-tone,

But I'll give 'em the straight griffin.  
Leave our petticoats alone!

They may take it from me, POLLY, they'll  
soon drop their bloomin' banner,

If all women show the sperrit of,

Yours trooly,  
MARY-ANNER.

CUE FOR KENNINGTON (especially after the  
smart seconding of the Address in the Lower  
House).—"MARK—BEAUFORT!"

AN EXAMPLE OF A "SUSPENSORY BILL"  
would be a small account from your haberdasher's for a pair of braces.



ON THE FREE LIST.

### MARY-ANNER ON THE COMING MODE.

["That there is much to be said for crinoline on  
hygienic grounds, and on those of cleanliness,  
must be obvious to its most prejudiced opponents."  
—Lady JUNE "In Defence of Crinoline."]

DEAR POLLY,—This comes hooping—I mean  
hoping, as you're heard,

As the QUEEN and the PRINCESS O' WALES  
declines to be absurd,

And put their foot in it—dear me!—I mean  
to put it down

Upon the coming Crinerline! A-arsting of  
the Crown

To hinterfere with hus, dear,—wick I means  
the female sect,—

In our Fashions, is fair himperence. But,  
wot can yer expect

From parties—wick they may be litterary, or  
As can't see any beauty in balloon-skirts?

Reglar rot!



## THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE VI.—*The Dining-room, as before. Lord STRATHSPORRAN is still endeavouring to grasp the situation.*

*Lord Strath. (to himself).* Don't want to make a fuss, but I suppose I ought to do something. Good little chap, my host—didn't like to tell me I'd made a mistake; but his wife's a downright vixen. Better make it right with her. *(To Mrs. TID.)* I—I'm afraid I ought to have found out long before this what an intruder you must consider me; but your husband—

*Mrs. Tid.* Pray say no more. Mr. TIDMARSH chose to act on his own responsibility, and of course I must put up with the consequences.

*Lord Strath. (to himself).* It's hard lines to have to leave MARJORY like this; but this is more than I can—*(Aloud.)* After that, of course I can only offer to relieve you of my presence as soon as—

*Mrs. Tid. (horried).* Not for worlds! I can't have my party broken up now. I insist on your staying. I—I have no complaint to make of your conduct—so far!

*Lord Strath.* Very kind of you to say so. *(To himself.)* Pleasant woman this! But I don't care—I will stay and see this out; it's too late to go in to the CARTOUCHES now, and I won't leave MARJORY till—*(Aloud.)* Miss SEATON—MARJORY—I'm in a most awfully difficult position—do let me tell you about it!

*Miss Seaton (penitently).* Oh, DOUGLAS, I—I know—I heard. . . I'm so sorry—I mean, I'm so glad! Please forgive me for treating you as I did!

*Lord Strath.* You did let me have it pretty straight, didn't you, MARJORY? But, of course, you thought me an impudent cad for calmly coming in to dinner uninvited like this—and no wonder!

*Miss Seaton (to herself).* He doesn't know the worst—and he shan't, if I can help it! *(Aloud.)* It doesn't matter what I thought—I—I don't think it now. And—and—do tell me all you can about yourself!

*[They converse with recovered confidence.]*

*Uncle Gab. (to himself).* For all the notice that stuck-up young swell takes of me, I might be a block of wood! I'll make him listen to me. *(Aloud.)* Ahem! My Lord, I've just been telling my niece here the latest scandal in high-life. I daresay your Lordship has heard of that titled but brainless young profligate, the Marquis of MANX?

*Lord Strath.* MANX? Oh, yes—know him well—sort of relation of mine. Never heard a word against him, though!

*Uncle Gab. (in confusion).* Oh, I—I beg your Lordship's pardon—I wasn't aware. No doubt I got the name wrong.

*Lord Strath.* Ah—or the facts. Great mistake to repeat these things—don't you think? Generally lies.

*[He resumes his conversation with Miss S.]*  
*Uncle Gab. (nettled).* It's all very well for you to stand up for your order, my Lord; but it's right I should tell you that the Country doesn't mean to tolerate that den of thieves and land-grabbers—I need hardly say I refer to the House of Lords—much longer! We're determined to sweep them from the face of the earth. I say so, as the—ah—mouthpiece of a large and influential majority of earnest and enlightened Englishmen!

*Lord Strath. (to himself).* Fancy the mouthpiece has had quite enough champagne! *(Aloud.)* My dear Sir, you can begin sweeping to-morrow, so far as I am concerned. I'm no politician.

*Uncle Gab. (warming).* No politician! And yet you sit in the Upper House as one of our hereditary legislators, obstructing the will of the People! Do you mean to tell me there's no incongruity in that!

*[Consternation among the company.]*

*Lord Strath.* A good deal, I daresay, if I sat there—only I don't—haven't had the honour of being elected at present.

*Mrs. Tid. (hastily).* He means he—he has other things to do, Uncle—don't excite yourself so! *(To Lord S. in a whisper.)* You're only exposing yourself by talking of what you know nothing about. Surely you know that Peers aren't elected!

*Lord Strath.* I was under the impression they were—in Scotland; but it's not worth arguing about.

*Uncle Gab.* You're evading the point, my Lord. I'm trying to put plain sense—

*Lord Strath. (wearily).* I know—but—er—why try? Wouldn't plain nonsense be rather more amusing—at dinner, don't you know?

*Uncle Gab. (stormily).* Don't think you're going to ride roughshod over me, my Lord! If you think yourself above your company—

*Lord Strath.* I assure you I've no idea what I've said or done to offend you, Sir. It was perfectly unintentional on my part.

*Uncle Gab. (relaxing).* In that case, my Lord, no further apology is needed. I—ah—accept the olive-branch!

*Lord Strath.* By all means—if I may trouble you for the olives.

*Uncle Gab. (effusively).*

With all the pleasure in life, my Lord. And, without withdrawing in any sort or kind from any of my general opinions, I think I express the sentiment of all present when I say how deeply we feel the honour—

*Lord Strath. (to himself).* Good Lord—he's going to make a speech now! *(Little GWENDOLEN enters demurely and draws up a chair between him and her mother's.)* Saved, by Jove! Child to the rescue? *(To her.)* So you're going to sit next to me, eh? That's right! Now what shall I get you—some of those grapes?



"Let me advise you to be very careful."

Gwen. No, a baby orange with silver paper round it, please. What is it, Miss SEATON? [She rises and goes to Miss S.]

Miss SEATON (whispering). Now, darling, be careful—you know what I told you—you mustn't tell tales or repeat things!

Gwen. Not even if I'm asked, Miss SEATON? . . . No? . . . Would you be displeased? Then I won't. (Returning to her seat and addressing Lord S. confidentially). Do you know why I've come to sit next to you? Because I want to see how you behave. You aren't just like one of our regular dinner-party guests, are you, you know?

Lord Strath. (humbly). I'm afraid not, my dear; but you'll be kind to me for all that, won't you?

Gwen. (prily). Miss SEATON says we should never be unkind to anybody, whatever their position is. And I think you're rather nice. I wish Papa would have you to dine with us often, but perhaps you're expensive?

Lord Strath. (laughing). I don't know, Miss GWENNIE. I've been feeling uncommonly cheap all the evening!

Gwen. (reflectively). Mamma always says everything's much cheaper at BLANKLEY'S.

Mrs. Tid. (to Uncle GAB.). Growing such a big girl, isn't she? and getting on wonderfully with her lessons. I must get her to recite one of her little pieces for you, Uncle, dear—she does it so prettily!

Uncle Gab. Hey, GWEN—I'll bet you one of these sugar-biscuits you don't know who it is you're chattering away so freely to!

Gwen. Oh yes, I do, Uncle; but I'm being very kind to him, so that he mayn't feel any different, you know!

Uncle Gab. Upon my word—what will you get into that little noddle of yours next, I wonder!

Gwen. (after deliberation). Preserved ginger, I think—I like ginger better than biscuits. (To Lord S.) You can reach it for me.

Uncle Gab. Come, come, young lady, where are your manners? That's not the way to speak to that Gentleman. You should say—

"Will your Lordship be so very kind as to pass the preserved ginger?"

Lord Strath. (impatiently). Please don't, GWENNIE! I like your own style much the best!

Uncle Gab. You mustn't allow the child to take liberties, my Lord. Now, GWEN, suppose you tell me and his Lordship here something you've been learning lately—don't be shy, now!

Mrs. Tid. Yes, GWENNIE—tell Uncle a little tale—repeat something to him, come, darling!

Gwen. No, I shan't, Mamma! [She pegs away stolidly at the preserved ginger.]

Uncle Gab. Hullo? 'Shan't to your Mother? This how you bring the child up, MARIA?

Mrs. Tid. Not when Mother asks you to, GWEN? And Uncle wanting to hear it so! No? Why won't you?

Gwen. Because Miss SEATON told me not to—and I won't, either. Uncle Gab. Hah—Miss SEATON seems the supreme authority here, evidently—better get her permission, MARIA!

Miss SEATON (distressed). Indeed, I—I never meant—GWENNIE didn't understand me quite—that is all!

Gwen. Oh, Miss SEATON! when you said I wasn't to tell tales or repeat things—you did say so!

Miss SEATON. Yes, yes, but that was a different kind of tale altogether, GWENNIE—you may tell a fairy tale!

Gwen. (obstinately). If I mayn't tell any kind of story I like, I shan't tell any at all—so there!

Uncle Gab. Pretty behaviour, upon my word! Children didn't behave like that in my young days, MARIA! I should no more have dared to refuse to tell my elders anything they—but it strikes me you leave her too much with her governess—who, by the bye, has been going on with his Lordship in a manner that well, really I shouldn't have thought—!

Mrs. Tid. (mortified and angry). I am not at all satisfied with Miss SEATON in many ways, Uncle—you can safely leave her to me!

[She gives the signal; Lord STRATH. opens the door.]

Lord Strath. (to Miss SEATON, as she passes, last but one). I—I suppose I shall get a word with you upstairs?

Mrs. Tid. (overhearing—to herself). I'll take good care he doesn't! (To Lord S. waspishly). Let me advise you to be very careful!

[Lord STRATH. closes the door after her, with relief and amazement.]

#### SCENE VII.—On the Stairs.

Mrs. Tid. (detaining Miss SEATON). I hope you are satisfied with yourself, Miss SEATON? You ought to be, I'm sure—after encouraging my own child to disobey me, and behaving as you did with that most ill-bred and impertinent impostor!

Miss S. (indignantly). He is nothing of the sort! Mrs. TIDMARSH, you—you don't understand! Please let me tell you about him!

Mrs. Tid. I have no desire whatever to hear. I am only sorry I ever permitted you to dine at all. It will be a lesson to me another time. And you will be good enough to retire to your own room at once, and remain there till I send for you!

Miss SEATON (following). But I must tell you first what a mistake you are making. Indeed he is not—!

Mrs. Tid. I don't care what he is. Another word, Miss SEATON, —and we part!

[She sweeps into the Drawing-room.]

Miss SEATON (outside). I have done all I can! If I could only hope the worst was over! But it doesn't matter much now. I know I shall never see DOUGLAS again!

[She goes sorrowfully up to her room. (End of Scene VII.)]

#### "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" AT OXFORD.

THE Oxford University Dramatic Society, unlike the Cambridge A. D. C., is compelled by the Authorities to walk only amidst the high peaks and sometimes monotonous solitudes of the legitimate drama. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was chosen for this term's performance, is, if the truth must be told, an uninteresting stage-play. The story is of the slightest; there is scarcely a genuinely dramatic incident from beginning to end. The audience wearies of a succession of pretty pictures and sentimental soliloquies or dialogues, mouths begin to gape, and the attention wanders. Is this sacrilege? If it be, I must be content to be sacrilegious. But there is scope for careful and graceful acting, and of this the O. U. D. S. took full advantage.



Teaching him his A. D. C.

Mr. WHITAKER'S *Valentine* was a very pleasing performance. He spoke his lines admirably, grouped himself (if the Hibernianism be permissible) excellently, and showed himself in every sense a well-graced actor. Mr. PONSONBY'S *Launce*, too, was capital, carefully thought out and consistently rendered. One or two of the actors in tights seemed unduly conscious of their hands and knees, but, on the whole, the acting was of good average excellence. The Ladies here are real Ladies, not stuffed imitations, as at Cambridge: Mrs. SIM, Mrs. MORRIS, and Miss FARMER, were all good. But the one really brilliant performance was that of *Crab*, the dog, by a wonderful Variety performer from the Theatre Royal, Dogs' Home, Battersea. If this gorgeously ugly, splendidly intelligent, and affectionately versatile animal is sent back at the conclusion of the run of the piece to be asphyxiated at Battersea, I shall never believe in the gratitude or humanity of the O. U. D. S.

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the arid life of the book-reviewer there is sometimes found the oasis of opportunity to recommend to a (comparatively) less suffering community a book worth reading. My Baronite has by chance come upon such an one in *Timothy's Quest*, by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. The little volume is apparently an importation, having been printed for the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. It is published in London by GAY AND BIRD, a firm whose name, though it sounds lively, is as unfamiliar as the Author's. Probably from this combination of circumstances, *Timothy's Quest* has, as far as my Baronite's quest goes, escaped the notice of the English Reviewer. That is his personal loss. The book is an almost perfect idyl, full of humanity, fragrant with the smell of flowers, and the manifold scent of meadows. It tells how *Timothy*, waif and stray in the heart of a great city, escaped from a baby-farm to whose tender cares he had been committed; how, in a clothes-basket, mounted on four wooden wheels, cushioned with a dingy shawl, he wheeled off another waif and stray, a prattling infant; and how, accompanied by a mongrel dog named *Rags*, the party made its way to a distant village, nestling in the lap of green hills with a real river running through it. Here boy and baby—and *Rags* too—find New England friends, whom it is a privilege for *nous autres* to know. *Samanthy Ann* is a real live person, and so is *Jabe Slocum*—a long, loose, knock-kneed, slack-twisted person, of whom Aunt *Hitty Tarbox* (whom GEORGE ELIOT might have sketched) remarked he would have been "longer yit if he hedn't hed so much turned up fur feet." *Timothy's Quest* is the best thing of the kind that has reached us from America since *Little Lord Fauntleroy* crossed the Atlantic.



Timothy's Quest.

(Signed) "Nihil obstat," BARON DE B.-W.

SYNONYM FOR A *CHEMISE DE NUIT*.—"A Nap-sack."



## Q. E. D.

"SORRY I'VE NO BETTER QUARTERS TO INVITE YOU ALL TO, MRS. QUIVERFULL!"

"AH, YOU SHOULD MARRY, CAPTAIN SPARKS! IF YOU'D GOT A BETTER HALF, YOU'D HAVE BETTER QUARTERS TOO!"

## WITH "THE OLD MASTERS."

At Burlington House.—Real treat. No. 6. Portrait of CHARLES DIBDIN, the Nautical Poet and Songster. Painted by SIR WILLIAM BEECHER, R.A. Appropriate, a "*Beechey Head*."

No. 11. "*Girl Sketching*." By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Everybody knows that the sun stood still for JOSHUA; here you may see how, for SIR JOSHUA, the daughter stood still.

No. 36. Our old friend, "*A Chat round the Braserio*." By PHILLIP OF SPAIN, i.e., JOHN PHILLIP, R.A. It ought to have been called "*A Good Story*." No chatting is going on, but the worthy *padre* has just told them a story which, like the picture itself, is full of local colour. The *padre* has given a "Phillip" to the conversation.

No. 43. "*Portrait of an Actor*." By ZOFFANY, R.A. Who is the Actor? The Painter we know; but the Actor? "*Ars longa, vita brevis*"—and "then is heard no more."

No. 48. Another Portrait of another Actor. By ZOFFANY. Name! Name! Did they both appear for "one night only"—come "like shadows, so depart"?

No. 75. "*Portrait of a Lady*"—an old lady, but such an old lady! By REMBRANDT. What a cap! What a frill! What a pocket-handkerchief! Delighted to see such a specimen of "Old Dutch!" Homely old Dutchess!

No. 78. "*The Fishmonger*." By VAN OSTADE. The fish as fresh to-day as when it was originally bought.

No. 109. Wonderful! VAN DYCK's "*Burgomaster Triest*." As the eminent critic and punster, JOSEPH VON MÜLLER, observed to VAN DYCK, "DYCK, my boy, thou wilt never paint a better than this *Burgomaster of Triest* if thou Tri-est ever so!"

Then quoth my companion, "Come to the BLAKE Collection." Ahem! Into the Black-and-White Room. Ugh! . . . "That way madness lies." No more to-day, thank you.

BEASTLY SUPERIORITY.—(*Konundrum by the "Boxing Kangaroo," on hearing of the "Wrestling Lion."*)—What is tamer than a tame Lion? Why, of course, a Lion Tamer.

## VALENTINE VERSES.

(*An Apology accompanying a Purse.*)

Do you like it? I wonder! Or think you it's stupid  
To send such a commonplace gift as a Purse?

Do you sigh for the tinsel, and gauze, and the Cupid,  
And the wonderful sentiments written in verse?

Well, suppose I had sent them. You'd murmur, "How pretty!"  
Then not see them again as you put them away.

Shall I candidly tell you I thought 'twere a pity  
Just to send you a gift that would last for a day?

But consider the times and the seasons—how many!

When a purse—something in it—will save you from fuss.

When you're posting a letter (to me), or a penny

You may want for a paper, a tram, or a 'bus.

When you've done with the purse, as you carefully lock it,

And look with all proper precaution to see

That the gold is still there, as it goes in your pocket,

Let a thought or two, sweetheart, come straying to me.

I've explained as I could. Do you still go on sighing

For the commoner Valentine—tinsel and gauze,

With the pictures of wonderful cherubim flying

In a reckless defiance of natural laws?

If you do—well, forgive me. Don't think me unkind. You

Know I'd not treat yourself in so heartless a style,

And so let this gift, as you use it, remind you

Of one whom you won, my dear, outright, with your smile.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT suggests that "Parish Councils will do everything for the distressed Agriculturists." SIR WILLIAM should advertise the remedy out of his *Farmercoopia*—"Try Parish's Food for Agricultural Infants in distress."

A MEERY JEST.—Said the AMEER to an English friend, "Yes, I am uncertain of my position. I *Am* 'eer to-day and gone to-morrow."





## THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

"DOG, DOG, BITE PIG,  
PIG WON'T GET OVER STILE,  
AND I SHAN'T GET HOME (-RULE) TO-NIGHT."





## THE BECKET, NOT A BECKET.

BECKET has beaten the record. By the way, how the real original THOMAS À BECKET would have beaten *The Record*, if the latter

ecclesiastical journal had existed in his time, and had given his Grace of Canterbury some nasty ones in a leading article! But "that is another story." It is some time since HENRY IRVING, — than whom no actor takes more thought, whether as to his author's lines, or to his own lines when "making up," — has



"Bene! Ego sum benedicta!"

achieved so great and so genuine a success, and a success that will last in the memory of playgoers for many years to come, as he has in placing TENNYSON's *Becket* on the stage, and himself playing the part of the great Archbishop. By the side of this ecclesiastic, his *Wolsley* is, so to speak, nowhere.

In SHAKESPEARE's time *Becket* would have been a difficult subject to tackle; as indeed did KING HENRY find him, — an uncommonly difficult subject to tackle. But fortunately for English history in dramatic form, it was left for TENNYSON to treat the incidents of the story with a free hand, poetic touch, and a liberal mind. Once, towards the close of the tragedy, HENRY IRVING, austere, yet pitiful, going "to meet his King," brought to my thoughts *Savonarola*. Grandeur far than *Savonarola* was *Thomas Becket*, soldier, priest, and martyr.

Then his tender compassion for the unfortunate *Rosamond*, a most difficult character — nay, a characterless character — for any actress to play! *Becket* as archbishop and actor, seems to pity her for being so colourless. TENNYSON couldn't do without her, yet he could do very little with her.

Our ELLEN TERRY is a sweet loving gentle figure, clinging to her royal lover with a sort of fond hope that one of these days things in general would turn out all right; but in the meantime she is living always "in a maze." The love-scene (taking place in a marvelously effective stage set) between her and *Henry* is charming. Poor *Henry*! With *Eleanor the Dark* and *Rosamond*

the Fair, — whom he was obliged to keep dark, — the life of the monarch, like that of the policeman, was "not a happy one." *Eleanor* the Queen, as a *divorcée*, was not *Henry's* wife; but *Rosamond*, if, as is supposed, the King had married her, was his wife and not his mistress. It is just this point that ought to be emphasised, in order to give the right clue to *Eleanor's* character and conduct in regard to her treatment of *Rosamond*. *Rosamond* must be right and virtuous; *Eleanor* wrong and vicious; the King fond, weak, and capricious. To regard the whole story as one of a mere *amour* is to entirely miss the beauty of the gentle *Rosamond's* nature. She is at once "gentle and simple."

And herein seems to me to have been the puzzlement in the poet's mind; he was in doubt whether to regard *Henry's* attachment to *Rosamond* as only a *liaison* — to represent *Becket* as so treating it, or to place *Eleanor* manifestly in the wrong, as being herself *not* the wife she pretends to be. "Go to a nunnery, go!" is the end of it all. But at that nunnery, it seems, *Fair Rosamond* remained for some time *permissu superiorum* as, I suppose, a lady-boarder, not assuming the habit of even a postulant, much less compelled, as a novice, to be shorn of her hair, and so to appear in the final Transformation Scene as "The Fair One without the golden locks." This freedom of action on the part of *Rosamond* shows what it is to be a postulant in a convent of a Poetically Licensed Order.

The Scene of the Martyrdom, "*Becket's crown*," is thrillingly impressive. The faithful Monks are well played by Messrs. HAVLAND and BISHOP — a real Bishop on the Stage, among all these representatives of various sees — while Mr. FRANK COOPER is a rough-and-ready *Fitzurse* leader of the four "King's-men," who, of course, are all Fellows of King's, Cambridge, and probably, therefore, under the ancient statutes, Old Etonians. Master LEO BYRNE, aged eleven or thereabouts, makes quite a big part of little *Geoffrey*, whose affections are divided between Ma, Pa, and his nurse *Margery* ("with a song"), the latter capably played and sung by Miss KATE PHILLIPS.

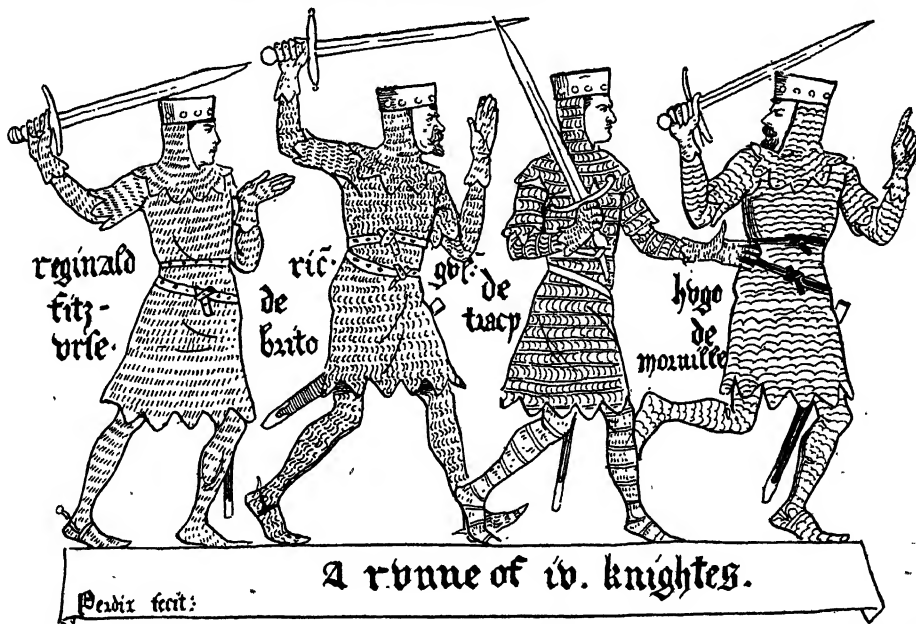
Where all the scenery is good, it is difficult, perhaps to single out one set for especial praise; but my advice is, on no account miss the Second Scene of the Prologue, "on the Battlements of a Castle in Normandy," painted by W. TELBIN. "*Rosamond's Bower*," by HAWES CRAVEN, is equally perfect in another and of course totally distinct line. To pronounce upon Professor STANFORD's music when "the play's the thing" is impossible. The *entr'actes* deserve such special attention as they are not likely to command when the audience is relaxing and refreshing itself.

On the whole, I should be inclined to say that the Lyceum has not had so big a success since *Faust*: a success due to the popularity of the subject represented, and the perfection of its representation. At least so thinks

THE BUSY B. IN A BOX.

PHILOSOPHIC Sages have generally been careless of their personal appearance. Soap and water has not been their strong point. The exception is DIOGENES, who was seldom out of his tub.

APPROPRIATE DAY FOR A MUSICAL SERVICE IN CHURCH. — "*Sunday within the Octave.*"







THE GRAND OLD MARIONETTE; OR, THE HOME-RULE DANCE.





### THE NEW DOCTOR.

"THE HIDEAR OF A YOUNG MAN LIKE THAT A-TELLING O' ME 'OW POOR PEOPLE'S CHILDREN HOUGHTER BE FED AND LOOKED AFTER! WHY, I'VE BURIED FOURTEEN O' MY OWN!"

amused and interested spectator of the scene, observed, "with all the vigorous familiarity Pantaloon is accustomed to meet with at Christmastide."

*Business done.*—Mr. G. "goes for" JESSE COLLINGS.

*Friday, 2 A.M.*—Long time since I saw Liberals in such fighting trim as at this moment. Been at it all night discussing REDMOND'S motion for release of Dynamitards. ASQUITH made speech that has confirmed and improved his Parliamentary position. At quarter to one this morning Division taken, giving thumping majority, 316, to Government. When figures announced, Ulster Member moved Adjournment of Debate. Wants to talk about release of Gweedore prisoners.

"Right you are," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD; "Twelve o'Clock Rule suspended; we can sit all night. Fire away!"

Prince ARTHUR, forgetful of many cheerful nights he has sat up hearing the chimes in company with TIM HEALY, protested against this as tyrannical proceeding. Irish Members massed below Gangway howled with delight. Their turn come now. Long they groaned under Prince ARTHUR'S iron heel. Now they've got him down, and dance round him with shouts of exultation and Homeric bursts of laughter. Hardly can his voice be heard above the din; but he pegs along, finally turning his back on jubilant mob below Gangway; addresses himself to SPEAKER, edging in a sentence amid comparative pauses in uproar. PRINCE ARTHUR protests he will not yield to force; Liberals opposite, cheered by news from Walsall, following fast on heels of triumph at Halifax, laugh and scoff. Mr. G. safely packed off to bed; the SQUIRE and his brother officers on Front Bench evidently ready to make a night of it. TIM HEALY, radiant with this rare and rosy reflection of the good old times, observes it is "an excellent hour of the evening to begin fresh work."

More hubbub; House divides, showing Government in possession of majority of 80. Renewed tumult when they come back from the Lobby. JESSE COLLINGS rising, with intent to implore House to remember its dignity, is met with such swift, sudden, rampant roar of "Rat! Rat!" that after ineffectual contest, he subsides. Another Division; Government majority gone up one. Fresh Motion made for Adjournment; Members tightening their belts for all-night sitting, when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD unexpectedly gives in. "Go on! go on!" excited Liberals cry.

"No," said the dignified Old Roman, throwing an imaginary toga over substantial shoulder. "No; they have done enough to make their position clear before the country. Let them go to bed." So at 2'20 A.M. they went. *Business done.*—Blowing great guns.

*Friday Night.*—A flash in the pan at the opening of the Sitting, when PRINCE ARTHUR, meaning to smite at the unoffending figure of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, hit Mr. G. He explained, and apologised; thereafter, a long, dull night.

DAVITT took his seat, amid loud cheers from both sides. A curious episode in his history, honourable both to him and House. A real good man DAVITT, with all the modesty of sterling merit. Still, inclined to be argumentative. Had scarcely taken his seat, when he came up to me, and said, "It's very well for you, *Toby*, to be M. P. for Barks; but I'm M.P. for Tenpence. Yes, that's the precise sum it cost me to win my seat."

New Members come, and old ones depart. Everybody sorry to hear of the death of LOUIS JENNINGS, a fine-natured, high-souled man, of brilliant intellect and wide culture. In later Sessions has been handicapped by the cruel illness that carried him off whilst in his prime. But he made his mark at Westminster as he had done in New York, India, and Printing House Square.

*Business done.*—Still talking round Address.

### THE LEGAL INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

CONCERNING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

*Question.* What is the Stock Exchange?

*Answer.* The best English substitute for Monte Carlo.

Q. Has it any rivals?

A. Certainly; the Turf and the Card-room.

Q. In your opinion, is the Stock Exchange preferable to the alternatives you have mentioned?

A. It is, as it is more business-like, and consequently more respectable.

Q. Has politics anything to do with speculation at Capel Court?

A. To a certain extent; but a good unscrupulous untruth is better than the tottering of kingdoms.

Q. Is the dissemination of false news permissible?

A. Only by operators for the rise or fall.

Q. What is a flutter?

A. The performance of a financial operation with the assistance of a tossed-up halfpenny.

Q. When is it advisable to indulge in a flutter?

A. At the moment when your credit is greater than your balance at the Banker's.

Q. What is a balance?

A. An unknown quantity—to the impecunious.

Q. Is it necessary for the impecunious to suffer want?

A. Not if the lack of funds is concealed from the tradespeople.

Q. Ought not a (legal) infant to pay his debts?

A. Only at the instigation of a County-Court Judge, or if they happen to be debts of honour.

Q. What is a debt of honour?

A. Usually the outcome of a discreditable transaction.

Q. Is the nonpayment of a tradesman dishonourable?

A. No, for such a payment is not a "necessary." Payment only becomes a "necessary" when you bet with a man of your own order.

Q. Is it possible to do without money?

A. Yes, when you can live upon your acquaintances.

Q. From your last answers it would appear that money seems sometimes capable of being treated with levity. Can you give me an instance when cash is not a light subject?

A. Yes, when it is under weight, and is, consequently, refused at your Banker's.

Q. What is the best method of obtaining the full value of a light sovereign?

A. By obtaining in return for it change in silver from a friend.

Q. Is silver of the same value as gold?

A. No, silver is a token; and in the instance to which I have referred, it would be a token of confidence.

Q. Would this transaction be amusing?

A. Yes, to everyone but the friend.

### Time-Work versus Piece-Work!

(By John Bull, Employer of Labour.)

PAYMENT of Members? Well, well, I don't mind,

If Members who're worthy of payment I find.

But then all this quarrelsome cackle must cease—

If my M.P.'s I pay—like my Smiths—by the piece,

I may yet get good work; but 'twere folly, nay, crime,

To pay seven hundred pratons for wasting my time!

A MAN WHO MAY BE SAID TO "KNOW THE ROPES."—M. BLONDIN.

## MIXED NOTIONS.

## No. V.—AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

*First Well-Informed Man.* There hasn't been much in this debate on the Address.

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, I don't know. They've promised a pretty big list of measures. How they're going to find time for the lot I can't make out.

*First W. I. M. (contemptuously).* Yes, that's always the way with these Governments. They all talk mighty big at the beginning of the Session, and then, at the end, they've done nothing, absolutely nothing; at least, nothing that's any good to anybody. Parliament's getting to be nothing but a bear-garden. The House won't be a fit place for a gentleman to be seen in soon.

*Second W. I. M. (spitefully).* You didn't seem to think it would be such a bad place for one gentleman, about eight months ago. You were after a constituency yourself, weren't you?

*First W. I. M.* Well, and what if I was? I told you at the time why I thought of standing. I thought I could do some good, but I precious soon found they were a miserable lot, so I made 'em my bow. "Gentlemen," I said, "you can worry it out among yourselves, and, when you've agreed, you can let me know."

*Second W. I. M.* And they never did let you know, did they? Went and elected another Johnny. Deuced bad taste I call it.

*Inquirer (creating a diversion).* Look here, I say, what's all this talk about Agricultural Depression? What does it mean?

*First W. I. M.* What does it mean! Why, my dear chap, I should have thought that any schoolboy knew that our agriculture is being simply ruined. If things go on like this, we shan't have a farmer left. They're all on the verge of bankruptcy.

*Inquirer (doggedly).* I daresay you're right; but, anyhow, I know, when I was at Chilborough, the other day, I saw a lot of farmers about, and they looked pretty fat and comfortable. That's why I can't make out what it all means.

*First W. I. M. (resignedly).* Well, I suppose I must explain it all, from the very beginning. The first point is, we've got Free Trade, and the farmers want Protection; and old GLADSTONE and all the rest of them say they're not to have it. Well, that isn't likely to put the farmers in a good temper, is it? Then, of course, the Americans, and the Russians, and the Indians see their chance, and they send ship-loads of food into this country, and the taxes have to be paid all the same by our farmers.

*Second W. I. M. (interrupting).* What taxes?

*First W. I. M. (flustered).* I wish you wouldn't break in just as I'm trying to make things clear. Why, the taxes on food, of course.

*Second W. I. M.* There aren't any taxes on food.

*First W. I. M.* Oh, indeed! Well, then, how do you explain Free Trade, and rent, and all that?

*Second W. I. M.* Now you're getting a bit nearer. It's all a question of rent. Free Trade's got absolutely nothing to do with it. What we want in this country is a Sliding-scale.

*Inquirer.* What's a Sliding-scale?

*Second W. I. M. (taken between wind and water).* A Sliding-scale? Let me see—it's very difficult to put these things shortly. A Sliding-scale is a—well, it's a sort of patent mechanical contrivance for weighing out things, so as to make it fairer than

ordinary scales do. (*Plunges recklessly.*) You can make it slide up or down, you know, and fix it at any point you like.

*Inquirer.* Really! What a rum-looking thing it must be. Have you ever seen one?

*Second W. I. M.* Oh yes. They've got two or three in every big town.

*Average Man.* When did you last see it?

*Second W. I. M. (suspiciously).* Oh, I haven't seen one for some time. It may perhaps be a little different now.

*Average Man.* Ah!

*Inquirer.* I see the Government's going to have an inquiry about Agricultural Distress. How are they going to work it?

*First W. I. M.* Royal Commission, of course.

*Second W. I. M.* No, no. It's going to be a Select Committee.

*First W. I. M.* Well, what's the difference?

*Second W. I. M.* Surely you know that. They only have Royal Commissions for labour and that sort of thing. Committees don't get any pay, you know.

*Inquirer.* Of course. I ought to have remembered that. But who's this Lord WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM, who's cutting about the country, talking about agriculture! What does he know about it? I don't seem to recollect his name.

*First W. I. M.* He's a Peer.

*Inquirer.* Yes, I know that; but why do they call him Lord WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM?

*Average Man.* Because that's his name.

*Inquirer (resuming).* But what is he driving at?

*First W. I. M.* He's got hold of the right end of the stick. It's just this way. (*To Inquirer, who voices under the imputation.*) You're a foreign country, and I'm a British farmer. Well, you grow your corn for nothing, and then you chuck it into my markets. Well, what I want to know is, where do I come in? You may call that Free Trade, if you like—I call it ruin. The result is, I'm smashed up, and the whole country goes to the devil!

*Second W. I. M.* But you ought to consider the consumer.

*First W. I. M.* What do you mean by the consumer?

*Second W. I. M.* Why, myself, for instance. I get the benefit of it.

*First W. I. M.* Ah, you may think you do, but you don't really. In the end you've all to pay more for everything.

*Average Man.* Well, I'm pretty happy as things are.

*First W. I. M.* Oh, of course—and you'd let the land go out of cultivation. That's mere selfishness.

*Inquirer.* How's that? Can't they work the land now?

*First W. I. M.* What a question! Of course they can't.

*Inquirer (anxiously).* But I've seen 'em ploughing a bit lately.

*First W. I. M.* My dear Sir, they do it just to occupy time—they must do something.

*Inquirer.* Of course—of course.

[Terminus.]



## THE RESOURCES OF CIVILISATION.

M.P. (apostrophising ruined hat). "VERY WELL, THEN, NEXT TIME THERE'S GOING TO BE A RUSH, I'LL BRING A JAPANNED TIN HAT CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY—THEN LET HIM SIT ON IT!!"

OUR amiable old friend, Mrs. R., came across a book entitled *Playthings and Parodies*, by BARRY PAIN. "Oh, I must buy that!" she exclaimed. "I've seen him so often in the Pantomime at Drury Lane! And fancy his being an Author, too! But I don't so much wonder at it, because I remember that, when I was a little girl, there was a celebrated Shakespearian Clown at Astley's called BARRY, and he sailed in a tub drawn by geese down the Thames, and there was a wonderful Pantomime actor of the name of PAIN. And now this talented gentleman turns out to be an Author as well!"



RETURN OF "GRANDOLPH" THE WANDERER! "BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

FRONT OF PROPOSITION: BENJAMIN



## FINALITY.

["He was one of those who believed that, even in the ordinary legislation of the House, and still more in a measure of such complexity, it was the utmost folly to talk of finality!"—*Mr. J. Redmond on the Home-Rule Bill.*]

ARE our sage legislators, then, set upon finding  
A measure that's "final, conclusive, and binding."  
As lawyer-phrase puts it? They might as well try  
To fix down in the East, or nail clouds to the sky!  
There's nothing that's "final" in infinite time,  
That great, goalless, measureless race-course sublime;  
In which relays of runners must keep up the race;  
There's nothing "conclusive" in limitless space;  
And "binding" man's soul to his best of to-day  
For the future of growth, in an absolute way,  
Were folly as futile as binding an oak  
To the seedling's first prop, or the sapling's first yoke;  
For provisional law, not for secular life,  
Such phrases are fit. Yet to heal age-long strife  
By the very best "betterment" now in our ken,  
Till—a better shines forth's the first duty of men.  
Do right to the height of our sight's actuality!—  
Yes, that is our best—and our only—Finality!

AN odd Advertisement frequently catches our eye. It is "*Dr. Gordon Stables's Health Series.*" Have the Gordon Stables anything to do with "the Gordon Hotels"? If not, why not? as evidently they could work together to their mutual benefit.

*A HISTORY of Medicine*, by Dr. EDWARD BERDOE, is announced as shortly to appear. It will be illustrated by a Black (-and-White) draughtsman.



## THE EVIDENCE OF WEALTH.

"AND WHO LIVES IN THE BIG HOUSE OPPOSITE?"  
"MR. FLINDERS, SIR,—AND MRS. FLINDERS,—THE OLD VETERINARY SURGEON AND HIS WIFE."  
"THEY MUST BE PRETTY WELL OFF, I SHOULD THINK, TO LIVE IN A HOUSE LIKE THAT!"  
"OH YES, SIR, VERY RICH INDEED. WHY, THEY 'AD A GOLDEN WEDDING THERE, THE WEEK BEFORE LAST!"

## "HOME, SWEET HOME!"

(Latest Parliamentary Version.)

Returned Wanderer sings:—

'Mid gold-fields and lion-haunts though we may roam, [home;  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like A charm from the past seems to hallow us there, [meet elsewhere.  
Which, trot round the globe, you will not Home! Home!  
Sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

An exile from home freedom dazzles in vain;  
Ah! give me my lowly front-bench seat again.  
The cheers, sounding sweetly, that come at my call, [than all.  
Give me these, and old pals of mine, dearer Home! Ho-ome!  
Sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

(Extra or encore verses on his own account.)

The first seat was mine, but I forfeited that;  
Will they welcome the waif, kill the calf that is fat?

Will dear ARTHUR rejoice to receive his lost chief?

Will the Wanderer's return bring regret, or relief?

Home! Ho-ome!

Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble (winks) there's no place like home!

So humble! Oh yes! So seemed DAVID, no doubt,  
Till he struck at GOLIATH and put him to rout.

My giant—his name, too, begins with a G—  
Braves the whole of our hosts. I—no matter—we'll see.

Home! Ho-ome!

Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble (grins), there's no place like home!

## DESIGNS FOR MI-CARÈME.

(To be worn as Costumes at the next International Fancy-Dress Ball.)

The Emperor W-ll-m.—PAUL PRY on Tour.

The Czar of R-ss-a.—Protection.

The Sultan of T-rk-y.—Wrecked in Port.

The Khedive of Eg-y-t.—Young Hopeful.

The President C-rn-t.—A Dissolving View.

Prince von B-sm-rck.—The Shadow of the Past.

Count C-pr-vi.—The Substance of the Future.

Vicomte de L-ss-ps.—A Lock on the Suez Canal.

The Pr-m-r.—A Scotch Mixture of HOMER and Home Rule.

Sir W-ll-m H-r-c-t.—The latest of the Plantagenets.

Mr. J-hn M-rl-y.—"To Dublin from Pall Mall."

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll.—The Prodigal Returned.

Mr. Speaker P-l.—The chucker in.

Mr. L-b-ch-re.—The Spirit of Te-ruth.

The Marquis of S-l-sb-ry.—The Irish Emigrant.

Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r.—Golf surviving Government.

Mr. H-nry Irv-ng.—A Canterbury Pilgrim.

Miss Ell-n T-rry.—A Nun, with none like her.

Mr. J. L. T-le.—A Walker, Running, London and the Provinces.

"I'M MANXIOUS TO KNOW."—The Isle of Man, it appears from MR. SPENCER WALPOLE'S book, has thriven on Home Rule. We all know that Club Land gets on very well, Club-law being administered by men only, seeing that men only are the governing and governed. But "Home" is the antithesis of the Club, and Home Rule, domestically, means Female sovereignty. In the Isle of Man-sans-Woman there can be no Home Rule properly so called. It must be "*Homo Rule.*"

TREATS FOR TOMMY.—"What shall I do to amuse our little boy, aged fourteen, when he returns home for Easter Vacation?" Why, certainly improve his mind. Procure for him a free admission to the Geological Society, and let him hear a paper on "Anthracite and Bituminous Coal-beds," likewise on "Inclusions of Tertiary Granite." Take him to the Linnean Society, and treat him to a lecture "On the Differentiation of the Protozoan Body Microscopically Sectionised." Another evening may be given to "Mosses and Sphagnum," not to be confounded with "Moses and Magnums." After this little course, he may write to say that during the next vacation he would prefer remaining at school.

"I CAN'T drink Champagne," quoth General BOOZER; "it gives me a red nose." "No, it won't," replied his medical adviser; "that is, not if you drink Pommery and Grey-nose."



# THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE VIII.—*In the Drawing-room—Time, 'about 10.* Mrs. BODFISH and Mrs. DITCHWATER are talking in confidential undertones on a settee. Miss BUGLE'S anxiety concerning her invalid Cockatoo has already obliged her to depart. Mrs. GILWATTLE is lecturing her Niece on a couch by the fire, while little GWENDOLEN is in a corner with a Picture-book.

Mrs. Bodfish (in a wheezy whisper). If he had condescended to make himself agreeable all round, I shouldn't say a word; but to sit there talking to that little forward governess, and never an audible word from first to last—well, I quite felt for poor dear Mrs. TIDMARSH being so neglected at her own table.

Mrs. Ditch. Ah, my dear, if she will have the aristocracy to dine with her, she must put up with such treatment. I wouldn't stoop to such presumption myself. And, if I did, I would have a couple of entrées, and everything carved off the table! He'll go away with such a poor opinion of us all!

Mrs. Bod. He must have noticed how the vegetable dishes were chipped! And I'm sure I was ashamed to see she had put out those old-fashioned doyleys with the finger-glasses. I wonder she never thought of getting some new ones. I saw some the other day in the Grove, hand-worked, at only five-pence three-farthings!

Mrs. Ditch. I could see something was weighing on her mind, or she'd have talked more to him. What is his title? It sounded like "STRATHSPODDLE." I must look it out in my Peerage. Would he be an Earl now, or what?

Mrs. Bod. I don't expect he's more than a Viscount, if so much. I do think she might have presented us to him, though!

Mrs. Ditch. It isn't the fashion to introduce, nowadays. But I consider we are quite entitled to speak to him, if we get an opportunity—in fact, he would think it very odd if we didn't! (S.c., S.c.)

Mrs. Gilwattle. Well, MARIA, I say, as I said before, don't let it turn your head, that's all! Depend upon it, this young nobleman isn't so affable for nothing. He wouldn't dine with you like this unless he expected to get something out of it. What that something may be, you best know!

Mrs. Tid. (to herself). A guinea, at the very least! (Aloud.) I'm sorry you think my head's so easily turned. Aunt JOANNA! If you'd noticed how I behaved to him, you wouldn't say so. Why, I scarcely spoke to the man!

Mrs. Gilw. I was watching you, MARIA. And sorry I was to see that being next to a member of the nobility overawed you to that extent you could hardly open your mouth. So unlike your Uncle GABRIEL!

Mrs. Tid. (hurt at this injustice). Overawed, indeed! I'm sure it was no satisfaction to me to see him here! No, Aunt the only people I welcome at my table are those in my own rank of life—relations and old friends like you and the others. And how you can think

I was dazzled by a trumpery title when I sent him in with the Governess—!

Mrs. Gil. Ah, you make too much of that girl, MARIA. I've noticed it, and others have noticed it. She takes too much upon herself! The idea of letting her forbid GWENDOLEN to recite—no wonder your authority over the child is weakened! I should have insisted on obedience.

Mrs. Tid. (roused). I hope I know how to make my own child obey me. GWENDOLEN, come out of that corner. Put down your book. (GWEN. obeys.) I wish you to repeat something to your Auntie—what you refused to say downstairs—you know what I mean!

Gwen. Do you mean the thing Miss SEATON said I wasn't to, because you'd be angry?

Mrs. Tid. (majestically). Miss SEATON had no business to know whether I should be angry or not. She is only your Governess—I am your Mother. And I shall be extremely angry if you don't repeat it at once—in fact, I shall send you off to bed. So you can choose for yourself.

Gwen. I don't want to go to bed... I'll tell, if I may whisper it.

Mrs. Tid. Well, if you are too shy to speak out loud, you may whisper. You see, Aunt, I am not quite such a cipher as you fancied!

[GWEN. puts her mouth to Mrs. GILWATTLE'S ear, and proceeds to whisper.

SCENE IX.—*The Breakfast-room—Time, the same as in the foregoing Scene.* Mr. TIDMARSH, after proposing to "join the ladies," much to the relief of Lord STRATHSPORRAN, has brought him in here on the transparent pretext of showing him a picture.

Mr. Tid. (carefully closing the door). I only just wanted to tell you that I don't at all like the way you've been going on. It's not my wish to make complaints, but there is a limit!

Lord Strath. (hotly). There is—you're very near it now, Sir! (To himself.) If I quarrel with this little beggar, I shan't see MARY! (Controlling his temper.) Perhaps you'll kindly let me know what you complain of?

Mr. Tid. Well, why couldn't you say you didn't smoke when my Uncle offered you one of his cigars? You must have felt me kick you under the table!

Lord Strath. I did—distinctly. But I gave you credit for its being accidental. And, if you wish to know, I said I smoked because I do. I don't see why you should expect me to lie about it!

Mr. Tid. I don't agree with you. I consider you ought to have had more tact, after the hint I gave you.

Lord Strath. It didn't occur to me that you were trying to kick tact into me. And, naturally, when I saw your Uncle about to smoke—

Mr. Tid. That was different, as you might have known. Why, one cigar is as much as my wife can stand!

Lord Strath. You—er—wouldn't wish her to smoke more than one, surely?



Mrs. Gilwattle rises slowly, bristling with indignation.

*Mr. Tid. (outraged).* My wife smoke! Never did such a thing in her life! She don't allow me to smoke. She wouldn't allow Mr. GILWATIE if he wasn't her Uncle. And I can tell you, when she comes down in the morning, and finds the curtains smelling of smoke, and hears you were the other, I shall catch it!

*Lord Strath.* Sorry for you—but if you had only made your kick a trifle more explanatory—

*Mr. Tid.* That's not all, Sir. When you saw me and my Uncle engaged in talking business, what did you cut in for with a cock-and-bull story about the Boxing Kangaroo being formed into a Limited Company, and say the Kangaroo was going to join the Board after allotment? You couldn't really believe the beast was eligible as a Director—an animal, Sir!

*Lord Strath.* Why not? They have guinea-pigs on the Board occasionally, don't they? But of course it was only a joke.

*Mr. Tid.* You weren't asked to make jokes. My Uncle doesn't understand 'em—no more do I, Sir!

*Lord Strath.* No, I gathered that. (*Breaking out.*) Confound it all, Sir, what do you mean by this? If you didn't want me, why couldn't you tell me so? You knew it before I did! I don't understand your peculiar ideas of hospitality. I've kept my temper as long as I could; but, dash it all, if you force me to speak out, I will!

*Mr. Tid. (alarmed).* No, no, I—I meant no offence—you won't go and let everything out now! It was a mistake, that's all—and there's no harm done. You got your dinner all right, didn't you? By the way, talking of that, can you give me any idea what they'll charge me for this, eh? What's the regular thing now?

*Lord Strath. (to himself).* Extraordinary little bounder—wants me to price his dinner for him! (*Aloud.*) Couldn't give a guess!

*Mr. Tid.* Well, considering I sent round and all that, I think they ought to make some reduction—y'know. But you've nothing to do with that, eh? I'm to settle up with BLANKLEY'S?

*Lord Strath.* I should say he would prefer your doing so—but it's really no business of mine, and—er—it's getting rather late—

*Mr. Tid. (opening the door).* There, we'll go up. And look here, do try and be a bit stiffer with my Uncle. It's too bad the way he goes on my-lording you, y'know. You shouldn't encourage him!

*Lord Strath.* I wasn't aware I did. (*To himself.*) Trying, this. But never mind, I shall see MARJORY in another minute!

*Mr. Tid. (to himself).* The airs these chaps give themselves! Oh, lor, there's Uncle GABRIEL hooking on to him again. If he only knew!

SCENE X.—In the Drawing-room; GWENDOLEN is still whispering to Mrs. GILWATIE'S ear.

*Mrs. Gilw.* Eh? You're tickling my ear, child—don't come so close. Louder. Yes, go on. "Sat next to him at dinner"? Well, what about him? ... What? ... What's the child talking about now? ... "A gentleman out of BLANKLEY'S shop"? "Hired for the evening"?!! Let her alone, MARIA. I know who's telling the truth! So this is your precious Nobleman, is it? Oh, the deceit of it all!

[The door opens, and Uncle GABRIEL enters, clinging affectionately to Lord STRATHSPORRAN'S arm.

*Uncle Gab.* And when I take a fancy to a young fellow, my Lord, I don't allow any social prejudices to stand in the way. I should say just the same if you were a mere nobody. We ought to see more of one another. I should esteem it a distinguished favour if you'd honour me and my wife by dropping in to a little dinner some evening; no ceremony; just a few quiet pleasant people like ourselves. We'll see if we can't fix a day with my wife.

[He steers him across to Mrs. GILWATIE.

*Lord Strath. (to himself).* Now, how the deuce am I going to get out of this? And what have they done with MARJORY?

*Uncle Gab.* JOANNA, my love, I've been telling his Lordship here how delighted and honoured we should be to see him at dinner some—

[Mrs. GILWATIE rises slowly, bristling with indignation, and glares speechlessly at the unconscious Lord STRATHSPORRAN, while Mrs. TIDMARSH vainly attempts to appease her, as her husband and the other men enter. *Tableau.*

End of Scene X.

### "At the Window."

In dull days of sensational horrors, and wild would-be humorous hums,

What delight to fly darkness, and watch the "Auld Light," from "A Window in Thrums"!

Let pessimists potter and pule, and let savages slaughter and harry; Give me *Henry*, and *Tammas*, and *Jess*, and a smile, and a tear born of *BARBIE*.

"THE French," says Mrs. R., "have been shown up in a very queer light by all these Panama candles."

### THE HOUSE THAT BILL (SYKES) BURGLED.

(Namely, that of Messrs. WALTER CROSS & Co., Jewellers, 8, Holywell Street, Strand, as narrated in the *Times* of the 16th inst.)

THIS is the House that BILL burgled.

This is the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, and then broken, belonging to the House that BILL burgled.

This is the rope-ladder, attached to the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, &c.

This is the show-case, reached by way of the rope-ladder attached to the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, &c.

This is the "burglar-alarm," lately connected with the show-case, reached by way of the rope-ladder, attached to the window, &c.

This is the bell that belonged to the "burglar-alarm," lately connected with the show-case, &c.

This is the wire that rang the bell, that belonged to the "burglar-alarm," lately connected with the show-case, &c.



This is the telephone that communicated with Bloomsbury, set in motion by the bell, rung by the wire, &c.

This is the dog who barked at the bell, agitated by the telephone that communicated with Bloomsbury, &c.

This is the man unshaven, unshorn, aroused from his sleep in the early morn by the dog who barked at the bell, &c.



These are the "Bobbies," all forlorn, called on by the man unshaven, unshorn, aroused from his sleep in the early morn, by the dog who barked at the bell, &c.

And this is the burglar, smiling in scorn, who escaped by the rope-ladder, window-sill-borne, and evaded the Bobbies all forlorn, called on by the man, unshaven, unshorn, aroused from his sleep in the early morn, by the dog who barked at the bell, agitated by the telephone, set in motion by the wire, attached to the burglar-alarm, connected with the show-case, reached by way of the rope-ladder, hooked to the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, belonging to the House that BILL burgled.



### SUGGESTIONS FOR RIDE PARK.

"MANY improvements," the *Daily News* writes, "in the arrangement of the Parks in the West End" have been made. Have they? Perhaps visible to the eye assisted by Mr. Weller's "pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power." But why, for the hundredth time we ask, and every equestrian asks as well, why aren't rides made across Kensington Gardens from Princess' Gate to Bayswater? Beautiful rides they would be under the trees, and thus varying the wearisome monotony of the round and round squirrel-in-a-cage sort of routine exercise, to which the Rotten-Row Riders are purgatorially bound. Also, why not a ride right across Hyde Park from the Achilles Statue to an exit facing about Albion Street, Bayswater? What difficulties can there be which a First Commissioner of Works representing an actively Liberal and Progressive policy could not carry out for the benefit of the Mounted Liver Brigade and the Light Cavalry?

Old Father Thames is still rather dirty. We often hear of "The Thames Basin." Why doesn't Father Thames use it,—with soap? What a chance here for a P\*\*rs' advertisement.



## FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

"JUST MAKE IT A COUPLE OF SHILLINGS, CAPTAIN DEAR!"—"NO!" "EIGHTEENPENCE THEN, MAJOR!"—"NO!"  
 "OOH THIN, COLONEL DARLING, JUST THEREFFENCE FOR A GLASS O' WHISKEY!"—"NO, I TELL YOU!"  
 "GIT OUT WID YE THIN, YE BOA OONSHTRUOTOR, SURE AN' I KNOW'D YE ALL THE TOIME!"

[N.B.—The Fare is the Head of an eminent Firm of Furriers in Killoonan Street, and cultivates a martial appearance.

## A BIG LION AMONG THE LITTLE 'UNS.

"DANIEL in the Lions' Den" will occur to many on reading how HENRY IRVING ventured into and actually dined as the distinguished guest of a society styling itself "The Playgoers' Club." But after all, whether these were real leonine cubs, or only "lions stuffed with straw," the Real Lion of the evening was the Daniel come to Judgment, HENRY IRVING, who, having partaken of the "chicken and champagne," and acknowledged the goodness thereof, gave them the less smooth side of his own tongue with charming frankness.

"I do not hesitate to tell you," purred the Lion, sweetly, "that there have been times when the genius of frankness which possesses the Club"—he did not allude to the existence among them of any other sort of genius—"has not appeared to be allied with the finest discrimination. (Laughter.)"

Yes—the poor little Lions laughed—it was all they could do, unless they had whimpered, and promised not to offend again. It must have been a delightful evening. To what other banquets will our leading Historian be invited? To the Pittites' Club Dinner? To the Wreckers' Banquet? Will he be entertained by the Dissident Gallery-Boys' Club, and finish up with a supper strictly confined to the Upper Circles' Society? Instead of "Give your orders, Gents—the Waiter's in the room!" of old days, the Chairman will probably advise the enterprising Playgoers to "Ask for 'orders,' Gents—the Manager's in the room." However, if these heaven-born dramatic critics occasionally hear a few words of good advice from so honest a guest as HENRY IRVING, such gatherings may perhaps serve some useful purpose.

## Gladstone's Aside on the Irish Members.

You are, in faith, like women—divil doubt you!—  
 For "there's no living with you, or without you."

VERY BAD DRAINAGE.—Because the London School Board built schools with defective drainage, the London Ratepayers are to be mulcted in £250,000. A nice drain this on our pockets!

## THE POLITE SPEAKER.

(Intended for the use of courteous Members of Parliament.)

Question. I trust you quite acknowledge that strong language is absolutely unnecessary in Westminster?

Answer. Quite, especially when a compensating description can be found for every suitable term of abuse.

Q. You grasp the idea. How would you describe NERO fiddling during the burning of Rome?

A. I should say that he was a musician with a turn for pleasing variations.

Q. Very good. And how would you speak of GUY FAUX on the eve of blowing up the House of Commons?

A. An experimentalist who would have been a useful lecturer upon chemistry at the Royal Institution.

Q. And could you refer to Blue Beard after the discovery of the cause of his last widowhood without giving offence?

A. Yes; as a married man who objected on principle to the Mormon practice of being wedded to more than one wife at a time.

Q. Yes. And what would you say of MARIE DE MEDICIS, who is reported to have fired at the Huguenots from the Louvre?

A. I should say that her late Majesty took such an interest in field sports, as nowadays would have secured her election to the Gun Club.

Q. And, lastly, were you asked to describe HENRY THE EIGHTH after he had slaughtered most of his wives, plundered all the monasteries, and imprisoned or executed many of his subjects, what would you call him?

A. Without hesitation I should refer to him as "an excited politician."

"CONTINUOUS-SOUNDING MACHINES."—Lots of 'em on view in the House of Commons. But, for the genuine article, consult a "Colomb" of the Times.

"I love those cradle-songs," said Mrs. R. "The other day I heard—I forget who it was—sing a most charming abba."



## A LULLABY.

NURSE G. (*sings*). "'O HUSH THEE, MY BABY,  
TAKE REST WHILE YOU MAY'"—

(*To himself.*) "AND NOW I MUST GO AND LOOK AFTER THE OTHERS!"





## TO SERAPHINE.

THROUGH happy years, that number now I ween  
A dozen, or—to be correct—thirteen,  
My comfortable better-half you've been,

O SERAPHINE!

The ups and downs of life we two have seen—  
From Camberwell, of stucco-fronted mien,  
To quaintly-decorated Turnham Green,

O SERAPHINE!

Till Grandma's money came with golden sheen,  
You lent a hand at SARAH's weekly clean,  
And did not tilt your nose at margarine,

O SERAPHINE!

And now that I've been made a  
Rural Dean,  
Your figure is no longer slim, my  
Queen;

You'd scarcely make a graceful *bal-  
lerine*,

O SERAPHINE!

But after dinner as you doze each  
e'en,  
From your disjointed mutterings I  
glean  
Your mind is running on a crinoline,

O SERAPHINE!

Oh, let me not appear to speak with  
spleen—  
Yet pause!—nor go to Madame

ANTONINE

To get yourself a—you know what I  
mean,

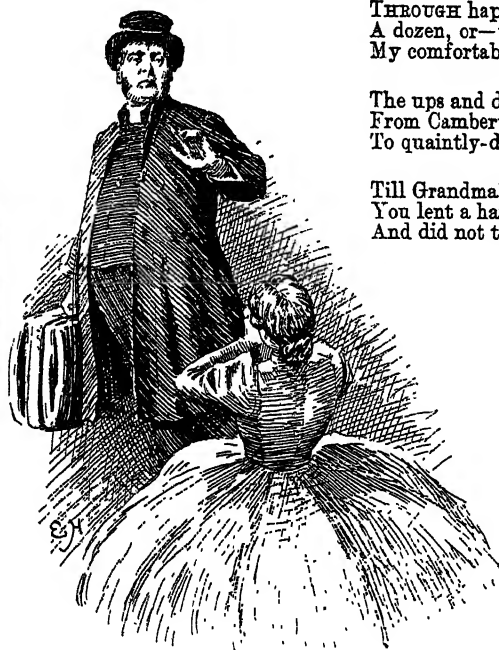
O SERAPHINE!

I will not condescend to make a "scene,"

But—if you needs *must* have your crinoline—

Good-bye!—you cannot have your Rural  
Dean,

O SERAPHINE!



For if that huge and hideous machine  
Should thrust its bilious bulginess between  
A blameless couple, such as we have been,  
My SERAPHINE,

## DER COPHETUALISCHEHOCHZEITVEREIN.

["In Vienna a Club has been formed among  
young men of fashion for the encouragement of  
marriage with poor girls."—*James Payn*, in  
"Illustrated News."]

O YOUTH of Wien, what does this mean?  
Can you forget you are  
All *hochgeboren* as of yore  
Was King COPHETUA?

To wed a lot of girls *sans dot*  
Is strange, and yet you are  
No more afraid of beggar maid  
Than King COPHETUA.

But if you break the vow you take,  
And dowries get, you are  
A thousand pound to forfeit bound,  
Which beats COPHETUA.

So you by stealth can't marry wealth,  
Not if in debt you are;  
But, as we see, resemble the  
Late King COPHETUA.

O men elsewhere, Mammams declare  
How hard to net you are!  
You can't be led poor girls to wed  
Like King COPHETUA.

Consider, then, these noble men,  
And you'll regret you are  
Unmarried still, and quickly will  
Do like COPHETUA!

PUT A STOP TO IT!—A Correspondent,  
signing himself "O'NOODLE," asks, "What  
does this mean? See *Cook's Guide-Book to  
Paris*, page 23:—'Visitors should take the  
precautions against pickpockets recommended  
by the Administration.' A comma or a  
dash after 'precautions,' and another  
after 'pickpockets,' or put pickpockets into  
brackets—handcuff 'em, in fact—and then  
O'NOODLE will get at the sense of the  
paragraph.

## A DOLE-FUL PROSPECT.

*Easter*.—Wonder what the effect of the  
BISHOP's appeal to the "loyal laity," to come  
down heavily with Easter Offerings to the  
Clergy, will be? Rather an exciting day for  
me. Hard-up is not the word for my con-  
dition at present. Can't keep myself, and  
have to keep a Gardener and a Curate!

A lot of cast-off clothes arrive from "A  
SYMPATHETIC PARISHIONER!" How degra-  
ding! Wish BISHOP of WORCESTER hadn't  
said that he knew a Clergyman who stayed  
in bed because he had no decent clothes to  
wear. Congregation seem to think he meant  
*me*! Two blankets, and a rig-out of "Cel-  
lular under-clothing," from "CHURCH DE-  
FENCE," addressed to "Our Beloved but  
Impoverished Incumbent." Quite insulting!  
Give blankets to Gardener, and send the  
Cellular things to Curate, as his tendencies  
are distinctly monastic.

Letter from a Newmarket Bookmaker!  
Says he hears I'm in want of Easter Offerings,  
so he offers to "put me on to a good thing for  
the Derby." I am, apparently, to forward  
him a £5 note, and he returns me £50  
"without fail." Tempting, but haven't got  
a £5 note to send.

Arrival at my quiet Vicarage of a donkey,  
a cow, two pigs, and a dozen barndoor  
fowls! Perhaps, in honour of the pigs, I  
might call this a "sow Easter!" The whole  
menagerie sent by neighbouring farmers.  
Wish they'd send me arrears of rent for  
glebe instead; yet I daren't ask for them.  
Evidently intended as Easter "gifts in  
kind;" but not the kind I want. Send  
donkey on to Curate, and tether cow in back-  
yard, not having a field. Pigs temporarily  
accommodated in back kitchen. Cook  
threatens to give notice.

Church: Offertory goes to me to-day!  
Don't half like it. Feel like a schoolboy  
expecting to be tipped. Curate rather glum.

Finds he thinks my sending the donkey to  
him was meant to insult him. When I assure  
him it wasn't, he cheers up, and says he'll  
hold the plate. Does so. Seems very heavy.  
Curate distinctly winks at me, which is  
against the Rubrics, no doubt, but still  
seems to be an augury of happy tidings about  
the sum collected. On his way to Vestry,  
Curate whispers to me "Two-fifty!" What  
does he mean? Is it two fifty pounds, or  
shillings? It's neither—it's *pence*! Really,  
if this is all the "loyal laity" can do, I may  
as well disestablish myself.

Best Easter Offering of all comes by post.  
Offer of position as Under-Cashier in a firm  
of eminent Bone-boilers. Write to accept  
offer with thanks. Better to boil bones for  
other people than to have all the flesh taken  
off my own.

## THE NEW COINAGE.

ART will now adorn our purses,  
Hitherto an artless place;  
More than pictures, songs, or verses,  
This should elevate the race.

Is it safe to be prophetic?

Will the miser, once abused,  
Be considered quite æsthetic,  
With the connoisseur confused?

Will the banker, grown artistic,  
Talk a jargon new and strange?

Will this feeling, subtle, mystic,  
Even reach the Stock Exchange?

Will it from the City banish

Dress that artists should eschew?

Will the hallowed "topper" vanish,  
And the frock-coat fade from view?

Will the cabman now be willing,

After driving half a mile,  
To accept a high-art shilling,  
Not with oaths, but with a smile?

Will the porter at the station

While his thanks pause on his lip,  
Gaze in silent admiration  
At the beauty of his tip?

"Music hath," so CONGREVE stated,  
"Charms to soothe the savage breast";  
Numismatic art is fated

May be to be likewise blest.

## NAILED!

(*Lord Dufferin and the Gallic Vermin.*)

[At the Annual Dinner of the British Chamber  
of Commerce in Paris, Lord DUFFERIN took  
occasion to refer trenchantly, but temperately, to  
the long series of calumnies lately directed against  
him by certain sections of the French Press.]

YES, DUFFERIN, yes, the Reptile Press

Is not confined to realms Teutonic.

You squelch it—could you well do less?—

With an urbanity fine, ironic.

France is too chivalrous, too polite,

To back these crawlers, venomous, "var-  
ment"!

But our Ambassador does quite right

To—brush them lightly from his garment.

## A "Plucky" Answer.

Q. Who was PROCRUSTES? What was the  
Bed of PROCRUSTES?

A. He was an ancient philosopher who  
never would get up in the morning. Hence  
the word for a person who puts off or delays;  
viz., "One who Procrastinates."

THE WHITTINGTON RECORD BROKEN.—

"MR. HURST," *The Athenæum* gossip informs  
us, "has been four times Mayor of Bedford." He  
ought to be perfect in the part, for cer-  
tainly it has been well *re-hearsed*.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 13.*—House filled from floor to topmost range of gallery. Terrible rumour that it is also peopled underneath. Members sitting on two front benches evidently restless through opening passages of Mr. G.'s speech. Weird whispering heard, apparently rising from boots of FIRST LORD of the TREASURY. GRANDOLPH pricks up his ears; fancies he recognises voice familiar in Harley Street. First thought, whispered commentary must come from Ladies' Gallery. Right Hon. Gentlemen look up, and conclude it is too remote. Besides, Ladies never talk in the Gallery.

"Moreover than which," said FERGUSSON, staring stolidly at open network of iron floor, "it comes from quite different quarter."

Even Mr. G., absorbed as he was with great topic, evidently noticed the odd state of things, for towards end of magnificent

yore, on the long-suffering box; the voice even better than it was for a certain period towards close of 1880 Parliament; the mental vision as clear; the fancy as luxuriant; the logic as irresistible; the musical swing of the stately sentences as harmonious. For two hours and a quarter, unfaltering, unflinching, Mr. G. held the unrivalled audience entranced, and sat down amid a storm of cheering, looking almost as fresh as the posy in his button-hole.

*Business done.*—Mr. G. introduces Home-Rule Bill.

*Tuesday.*—COLONEL SAUNDERSON going about to-day just as if nothing had happened yesterday. *But something did.* Little misunderstanding arose in connection with appropriation of a Seat. The Colonel, of course, in the row at the door of the House, between eleven and noon. Two hundred Members waiting to get in as soon as doors opened. "Nothing like it seen in civilised world since the rush for Oklahoma," says Lord PLAYFAIR, who has been in the United States. "Then, you remember, the intending settlers, gathering from all parts, bivouacked on line marked by military, and on appointed day, at fixed hour, at sound of gun, made the



GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TAKING THEIR SEATS, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1893.

speech he dropped his voice right down through the grating into the chamber below, so that Strangers in distant Gallery lost the purport of his words. Above-board—or rather above iron grating—House presented spectacle worthy of occasion. Last time anything like it seen was in April, 1886, when first Home-Rule Bill introduced. Singularly like it this afternoon, with chairs blocking the floor in fashion to which LORD-CHAMBERLAIN, looking down from Peers' Gallery, admitted he would not permit in any other theatre. Side-galleries filled; Members thronging Bar, sharing the steps of SPEAKER'S Chair, peeping round from behind its recess, sitting on the Gangway steps. The Lords' Gallery thronged, with somewhat disorderly fringe of Viscounts jostling each other on the steps. Not an inch of room to spare in the Diplomatic Gallery, whilst happy strangers rose tier beyond tier on the benches behind. Over the clock H.R.H., *debonnaire* as usual, able to extract fullest pleasure and interest out of passing moment. By his side, his son and heir; not the one who sat there on the April night nine years ago, but the younger brother, with Cousin MAX facing him through the grille of Ladies' Gallery. Many other gaps filled up on floor of House, the biggest those created by the fitting of BRIGHT and PARNELL.

The figure at table answering to SPEAKER'S call, the "FIRST LORD of the TREASURY" is the same, though different. Marvellously little different, considering all that has passed since '86, and remembering the weight of added years when they come on top of fourscore. Scantier the hair, paler the face and more furrowed; but the form still erect, the eye flashing, the right hand beating vigorously, as of

dash into the Promised Land. Lack some of those particulars here. But the passion just the same; equally reckless; every man first, and the Sergeant-at-Arms take the hindmost."

PLAYFAIR himself came down two hours later, intending to take his seat in Peers' Gallery, but, finding another mob at entrance, almost as turbulent, concluded he would not add to the tumult by wrestling with anybody for a place in the front rank. So, meeting a Bishop, who had come down with similar intent and abandoned endeavour from analogous reason, they went for a walk in the Park.

SAUNDERSON not a man of that kind. Thoroughly enjoyed himself for exciting three-quarters of hour. Was in first flight of heated and dishevelled senators who crossed the Bar when door flung open, and elderly Messenger was simultaneously flattened at back of it. SAUNDERSON dropped on to first convenient seat; folded his arms; beginning to view the scene when, like the person in the pastoral poem, "he heard a voice which said,"—"You're sitting on my hat!"

"Well," replied Colonel, genially recognising Irish Member of same Province, but another faith, "now you mention it, I thought I did hear something crunch." On examination, found remains of hat.

"Come out of my seat!" said the other Ulster man.

"Not at all," said the Colonel.

"Then I'll take you!" said the Ulster man.

"Do so," said the Colonel. Ulster man seized Colonel by collar and coat, and tugged violently. Rest of conversation was carried on with the Ulster man lying on his back, at full length, partly under his seat. "There was no hat here when I arrived," said the Colonel.



MR. PUNCH'S HISTORICAL CARTOONS. MR. G.'S ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



"Then how did it get there?" said the Ulster man, under the seat.

"That's for you to explain," said the Colonel, politely assisting Ulster man to rise. "If, when a gentleman is taking his seat; an Hon. Member places his hat upon it, accidents will happen."

Ulster man threatens to bring question under notice of SPEAKER. "Begad, I hope he will," said the Colonel, smiling grimly. "If you know the gentleman, Toby, tell him I'll keep him in hats through Leap Year if he'll only do it. I should like to give the House an unadorned narrative of the incident. JOHN ROCHE's deer-stealing story would be nothing to it."

*Business done.*—Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

**Thursday.**—GRANDOLPH back again at old post on Front Opposition Bench. All the Parliamentary world gathered to greet him. H.R.H. in old familiar seat over clock, whence, up to Monday, his presence had long been missed. Not a seat vacant on floor of House. Galleries crammed, whilst, through grille of Ladies' Gallery, bright eyes rained influence. GRANDOLPH had arranged to resume Debate on Home-Rule Bill; should have come on bright and fresh as soon as questions were over. Meanwhile sat on Front Opposition Bench, awaiting the signal to dash in. Incessantly playing with beard, in fashion that testified to high state of nervousness.

Everything excellently planned, the man, the hour, and the surroundings. Only thing forgotten was the dog—dog, you know, that has a little place down at Epsom, and turns up on course just as the ranged horses are straining at the bit, and the flag is upheld for the fall. On this occasion, Irish dog, of course. Introduced in artfullest way. ESMONDE, mildest-mannered man that ever whipped for Irish party, casually, as if he were inviting him to have a cigarette, asked WOLMER across House whether it was true that he had called Irish Members “forty paid mercenaries”? WOLMER, an equally well-dressed, civil-spoken young man, smilingly admitted that it was quite true he had couched a remark in the terms quoted, but had certainly not meant anything offensive to Irish Members. Indeed general aspect of noble Lord, and his tone, suggested feeling of surprise that ESMONDE and his friends should not rather have felt complimented by the observation challenged.

This turned out to be polite crossing of swords before duel to the death, a shaking of hands before deadly set-to without gloves. SEXTON suddenly dashed in, and, with back-handed stroke at WOLMER, went for the *Times* who had adopted and improved upon the Viscount's genial remarks. Assault admirably planned; carried on with irresistible vigour, sweeping down earlier resistance of SPEAKER. Showed what SEXTON can do when so deeply moved as to forget himself, and resist besetting temptation to play the fatal windbag.

An hour-and-half's tussle all round House; at end Irish held the field, and, without dissentient voice, *Times* article declared to be "gross and scandalous breach of privileges of House."

But the hour and half had passed, and with it RANDOLPH's chance of supreme success. House of Commons, though greedy for excitement, will never stand two doses in quick succession. After scene like that, which to-night filled House with fire and smoke, anything that follows is anticlimax. It was a cruel fate, which GRANDOLPH bore uncomplainingly, and fought against with quiet courage. Painfully nervous when he broke the silence of two years, the still crowded House had difficulty in catching his opening sentences. But, as he went on, he recovered himself, and regained mastery over an audience evidently eager to welcome his permanent return to position of old supremacy.

*Business done.*—The Wanderer returned. Slow music. Air—  
*"Come, Kill the fatted Calf."*

## REAL "DIPLOMACY."

No doubt of it! A great diplomatic stroke on the part of Mr. JOHN HARE in this revival of *Diplomacy*—i.e., SARDOU'S *Dora* in an English-made dress—at the Garrick Theatre. An unequivocal success (of which more "in our next") on Saturday night for everybody; and, after the Play was over, the audience, inspired by "the gods," called Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT before the curtain. Mrs. BANCROFT, in the course of an admirable little speech, said, "If I stood here till next week, I should not be able to express all I feel." Now as, by the right time, it was exactly 11'54 P.M. *Saturday night*, this clever lady would certainly *not* have been able in the time to express all she felt, or to say all she would have liked to say, seeing there were only six minutes left before "next week" began.

*Saturday, 12:50, A.M.*—Mr. G. just brought in Home-Rule Bill, amid ringing cheers from Ministerialists, who rise to their feet, and wildly wave their hats as PREMIER passes to table. Been some effective speaking on this last night of Debate. CHAMBERLAIN, BLAKE, and JOHN MORLEY, each excellent in varied way. Only few Members present to hear BODKIN insert maiden speech in dinner-hour. A remarkable effort, distinguished, among other things, by necessity of SPEAKER twice interposing, second time with ominous threat that BODKIN could not be tolerated much longer. BODKIN, resuming thread of his discourse, humbly apologised, kept his eye (BODKIN's eye) warily on SPEAKER, and, when he saw him preparing to rise for third time, abruptly resumed his seat,—returned hurriedly to the needle-case, so to speak,—and thus avoided worse things.

*Business done.*—Home-Rule Bill read a First Time.



"GOING FOR THE TIMES!"—CHARGE OF "MERCENARIES."

"Once more unto the breach (of privilege) dear Friends!"—*Henry the Fifth*, Act iii. s. 1.

THE OLD FRENCHMAN AND THE YOUNG.

(After a Well-known Original.)

"You are old, *Le Grand Français*," the young Frank said,  
 "And your hair has become very white.  
 Yet the Judges award you five years, it is said—  
 I can't think, at your age, it's quite right."

"Such Gaul gratitude, boy!" *Le Grand Français* replied,  
 "As it brightens history's page;  
 In my youth I served France, was her boast and her pride;  
 And France has forgotten my age."

"I HEAR," said Mr. R., "that there is some question of real or sham Constables at Burlington House. Why not refer it to the Chief Commissioner of Police?"

**Sad, but True.**

YOUR journalist may be a scribe of sense, or comicality,  
Avoiding the sensational, the silly, and the shabby ;  
But he can never make a claim to true originality,  
His contributions always being recognised as "conv."

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## A BALLAD OF WEALTHY WOOING.

AH, why, my Love, receive me  
 With such tip-tilted scorn?  
 Self-love can scarce retrieve me  
 From obloquy forlorn;  
 'Twas not my fault, believe me,  
 That wealthy I was born.  
 Of Nature's gifts invidious  
 I'd choose I know not which;  
 One might as well be hideous  
 As shunn'd because he's rich.  
 O Love, if thou art bitter,  
 Then death must pleasant be;  
 I know not which is  
 fitter,  
 Not I—or is't "not  
 me"?)

'Tis not that thou abhor-  
 rest, [mould!  
 Oh, maid of dainty  
 The foison of the florist,  
 The goldsmith's craft  
 of gold;  
 Nor less than others storest  
 Rare pelts by furriers  
 sold;  
 But knowing I adore thee,  
 And deem all graces  
 thine, [thee  
 My choicest offerings bore  
 Just because they are  
 mine. [deceiver,  
 Then smile not, dear  
 Keep no kind word  
 for me, [seiver  
 Enough that the re-  
 is thou—or is it  
 "thee"?)

When others come, how  
 trimly [sail!  
 Thou sett'st thy chatty  
 For me alone all dimly  
 Seemeth the sun to fail.  
 Young FRANK he frown-  
 eth grimly,  
 And thou turn'st  
 haughty pale.  
 'Tis not the taint of  
 "City,"  
 For here be scores who  
 sport [pretty  
 Their Mayfair manners  
 In Cop-the-Needle  
 Court. [coolly,  
 Ah, chill me not so  
 A Croesus though  
 I be— [truly  
 The one who loveth  
 I swear is I—or  
 "me"?)

But what availeth gram-  
 mar  
 As taught in straitest  
 schools—  
 The hammer of the Cram-  
 mer  
 Forging Bellona's  
 tools—

Or words that humbly stammer  
 Regardless of the rules?  
 And what availeth fretting,  
 Deep sighs, and dwindling waist,  
 And what the sad forgetting  
 Of culinary taste,  
 Since still thou fondly spurnest  
 Five hundred thou. (or "thee.")?  
 And on young SRONEY turnest  
 Love's eye—or is it "me"?)

SAD CONCLUSION.—To be virtuous for  
 virtue's sake, without prospect of reward,  
 tis is to be good for nothing!

## INDERWICKEDNESS.

"I do not wish to make a joke," Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., is reported to have observed in the course of examining the plaintiff in a divorce case, but, in spite of this pathetic announcement, which passed without any comment from the Judge, the ruling passion was too strong for him, and he continued, "but Artists' models are not always models of virtue, are they?" Not new, not by any means new, of course, but he had apologised beforehand, and he couldn't help it; as the weak heroine, who yields to strong tempta-

and brighter times, "when all the world was young."

When a good old joke is again brought into Court with or without apology, instead of its being received with respectful silence, we should like to read that it was greeted with "tears" or "sobs." It would, indeed, not be unbecoming on the part of the Judge if, unable to control his emotion, he had immediately arisen, and, in broken judicial utterances, had adjourned the Court for the day, out of respect to the memory (for old jokes) of the Leader or Junior who had apogetically perpetrated one. Should Mr.

INDERWICK try this again, the new effect, as above suggested, may be obtained to the satisfaction of all parties, except, maybe, those to the suit. "whom," as one learned brother might say with another, and still pro-founder apology, "such a proceeding would not suit at all."

## LINES ON A LIFE-BELT.

(After Waller's "On a Girde.")

"According to the evidence of the only two witnesses who sailed with her, no Life-belts were forthcoming, when the Life-belts might have given many of those on board a last chance of life."—The "Times" on the Inquiry into the Wreck of the "Koumania."

Shipwrecked Passenger  
 loquitur:—

THAT which would give  
 me ease of mind, [find.  
 And hope of life, I cannot  
 No monarch but would  
 give his crown  
 For a Life-belt, when  
 ships go down.

It would relieve extremest  
 fear,  
 That circlet light, that  
 cork-lined sphere;  
 But in dark nooks below,  
 above, [trifles shove!  
 The careless crew such  
 A narrow compass, and  
 yet there  
 Dwells safety, but for  
 want of care.  
 Give me the Belt, which  
 can't be found,  
 And I might live, who  
 must be drowned!

A CERTAIN noble Lord was supposed to have somewhat disparaged one of his horses on sale by describing him as "a Whistler." JAMES MCNEILL, "of that ilk," was of opinion that this description, supposing the animal to have been "a genuine Whistler," ought to have increased its value considerably.

## The Musical Coster Craze.

Customer. Have you a copy of COSTA'S *Eli*?  
 Shopman. No, Sir; we have none of CHE-  
 VALIER'S songs.

SUPERLATIVE!—The appointment of Mr. DUFF, M.P., to be Governor of New South Wales is a "positive" good, seeing that they might have appointed "a comparative Duffer."



## BYE-ELECTION-OLGY.

Gladys. "LISTEN, SIBYL. PAPA HAS WON A GREAT MORAL VICTORY—WHAT DOES A MORAL VICTORY MEAN EXACTLY?"

Sibyl (who has had more experience). "OH, IT MEANS—WELL, THAT WE ARE TO BE THE VICTIMS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND NOT GO TO LONDON, AFTER ALL!"

tion in a French novel or play, usually acknowledges "C'était plus fort que moi." The inflammable materials being in close contact, there was nothing to 'inder-wick from catching fire when in proximity to a spark of genius. Yet so powerfully had the eminent Queen's Counsel's prefatorial apology affected the Court and the audience, that his saucy sally—for there is life in the old sally yet, whether in our alley or in this Court—was not followed by the usually reported "laughter." How was it received? Doubtless with decorous silence and down-cast eyes, expressive of sweet memories of dear old jokes made long ago, in happier

## LOVELY CHEESE! OR, A WELSH RARE-BIT.



AIR—"Lovely Night." Dissenting Anti-Church Mice sing:—

LOVELY Cheese! Lovely Cheese!  
To Church Mice thou art most dear,  
But *do* please, but *do* please  
Let us also share thy cheer:  
For though our "freedom" gladsome seems,  
Too oft it brings poor fare alone;  
But aided by what haunts our dreams,  
How many joys Church Mice have known!  
Lovely Cheese! Lovely Cheese!  
Long we've yearned to draw more  
To the ease, toothsome ease, [near  
Of the dwellers in thy sphere!

Lovely cheese! Lovely cheese!  
When a mouse thy cover nears,  
Growling fit his heart to freeze,  
Some keen-claw'd (Church) cat appears.  
But now—that knife portends a boon;  
Monopoly slice by slice 'twill slay.  
We, too, may get—let it be soon!—  
Our bit of cheese, some day, some day!  
Lovely Cheese! Lovely Cheese!  
When that cover's lifted clear,  
With what ease, with what ease  
We poor mice may share Church cheer!

THERE was a feeling of uncertainty in the House of Commons last Wednesday, as to what should be taken to constitute "A Religious Body." Not to go harking back to the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH's definition of "a Corporation"—which, without speaking it profanely, cannot be here quoted without offending eyes polite,—one may say that "A Religious Body" is a contradiction in terms. It is simply "A Soul-less Thing."

"WHAT's the name of that German Beer?" asked Mrs. R., "I rather think it is Pil-sen-ner. It sounds to me more like medicine."



## THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE XI.—*The Drawing-room.* Mrs. GILWATTLE is still unable to express her feelings by more than a contemptuous glare.

Uncle Gabriel. My—ah—love, you didn't hear me. I was saying I've almost prevailed on his Lordship—

Mrs. Gilwattle (*becoming articulate*). His Lordship, indeed! If that's a Lord, I don't wonder you're such a Radical!

Uncle Gab. Why—why—what's come to you, JOANNA? My Lord, I hope you'll excuse her—she's a little—

Mrs. Gil. Fiddlesticks! You've been made a fool of, GABRIEL! Can't you see for yourself that he's neither the manners nor yet the appearance of a real nobleman—or anything but what he is?

Uncle Gab. (*dropping Lord S.'s arm*). Eh? If you're not a Lord, Sir, what else are you?

Lord Strath. (*wavering between wrath and amusement*). Afraid I can't enlighten you—I'm extremely curious to know myself.

Mrs. Tid. (*distractedly*). Oh, Aunt, it wasn't my fault, really! MONTAGUE would have him! And—and we sent round to say he wouldn't be required—we did indeed! Please, please don't tell anybody!

Mrs. Gil. (*rigidly*). It is my duty to let everyone here know how disgracefully we have been insulted to-night, MARIA, and might have gone away in ignorance, but for that innocent child—who has done nothing, that I can see, to deserve being shaken like that! I'm not going to sit by in silence and see a man passed off as a Lord who is nothing more nor less than one of the assistants out of BLANKLEY'S shop, hired to come and fill a vacant seat! Yes, GABRIEL, if you doubt my word, look at MARIA—and now ask that young man to dine!

[*Profound sensation among the company.*]

Uncle Gab. I—ah—withdraw the invitation, of course—it is cancelled, Sir, cancelled!

Feminine Murmur. I had a feeling, the moment he came in, as if—so thankful now I didn't commit myself by so much as—ah, my dear, it all comes from a desire to make a show!—&c., &c.

Uncle Gab. It's the bare-faced impudence of coming here on false pretences, that I can't get over. Come, Mr. SHOPWALKER, COUNTERJUMPER, or whatever you really are, what have you got to say for yourself?

Lord Strath. Say? Why—

[*He struggles to control his countenance for a moment, until he is convulsed at last by irrepressible laughter.*]

All (*except the TIDMARSHES*). He's laughing—positively laughing at us! The brazenness of it!

Lord Strath. (*regaining composure*). I—I'm awfully sorry, but it struck me suddenly as so—After all, the joke is only against myself. (*To himself*). Must try and get my unfortunate hostess out of this fix—not that she deserves it! (*Aloud*). If you will kindly let me explain, I think I can—

Mr. Tid. (*suddenly*). Oh, hang explaining! It's all out now, and you'd better leave it there!

Lord Strath. I can't, indeed. I must make you all understand that this well-meaning lady with the highly-developed sense of duty has done our host and hostess a grave injustice, besides paying me a

compliment I don't deserve. I'm sorry to say I can't claim to be half as useful a member of the community as any of the very obliging and attentive gentlemen in Mr. BLANKLEY'S employment. If I'm anything, I'm a—*an Egyptologist*, in an amateur sort of way, you know. A—in fact, I'm writing a book on Ancient Egypt.

The Others. A literary man! As if that made it any better!

Lord Strath. I merely mention it because it led me to write to Mr. CARTOUCHE—whom I happened to hear of as a famous collector—and ask to be allowed to call and inspect his collection. Mr. CARTOUCHE (who lives, I believe, at No. 92, next door) very kindly wrote, giving me leave, and inviting me to dine at the same time, and—I know it was unpardonably careless of me—but somehow I came here instead, and, Mr. and Mrs. TIDMARSH being both

too—er—hospitable to deceive me, I never found my mistake out till too late to put it right, without inconveniencing everybody. That's really all.

[*Uneasy reaction in the company.*]

Uncle Gab. (*pompously*). Ha—hum—no doubt that puts a somewhat different complexion on the case, but it doesn't explain your conduct in calling yourself Lord STRATHFOOZLEUM, or whatever it was.

Lord Strath. I think you mean STRATHSPORRAN. I did call myself that, because it happens to be my name.

Mrs. Tid. (*passionately*). I don't believe it.... I can't. If it is, why did Miss SEATON call you "Mr. CLAYPOLE"?

Lord Strath. I beg your pardon—CLAYMORE. Because, when we last met, I was DOUGLAS CLAYMORE, with no prospect whatever, as it seemed then, of being anything else.

Mrs. Tid. (*faintly*). Then he really is—Oh!

[*She sinks on the couch, crushed.*]

Uncle Gab. Ha, well, my Lord, I'm glad this little misunderstanding is so satisfactorily cleared up, and if I may venture to hope for the honour of your company,—shall we say Friday wee—(Lord S. looks at him steadily.) Oh, if your Lordship has some better engagement, well and good. Makes no difference to me, I assure you. JOANNA, our carriage must be here by now, say good-bye and have done with it! Good-night, MARIA, I'll see you don't expose me to this again!

SCENE XII.—*The guests have all taken leave with extremely frosty farewells; GWENNIE has been pardoned on Lord S.'s intercession, and dismissed, in much bewilderment, to bed. Mrs. TIDMARSH and Lord STRATHSPORRAN are alone.*

Mrs. Tid. (*hysterically*). Oh, Lord STRATHSPORRAN, when I think how I—What can I ever say to you?

Lord Strath. Only, I hope, that you forgive my stupidity in blundering in here as I did, Mrs. TIDMARSH.

Mrs. Tid. It was a good deal your fault. If you had only said who you really were—if my husband had not been idiot enough to misunderstand—if Miss SEATON had been more straightforward, all this would never—!

Lord Strath. We were all the victims of circumstances, weren't we? But I, at least, have no reason to regret it. And, if I may ask one last indulgence, will you—let me have an opportunity of saying good-bye to Miss SEATON?

Mrs. Tid. She, she doesn't deserve—Oh, I don't know what I'm



"Sitting down heavily on a Settee."



saying. Of course, Lord STRATHSPORRAN, anything, anything I can do to—I will send her down to you, if you will only wait. She shall not keep you long!

*Lord Strath. (alone, to himself).* It's an ill wind, &c. I shall have MARJORY all to myself, now! To think that—but for a lucky blunder—I should be spelling out scarabs and things on the wrong side of that wall at this moment, and never dreaming that MARJORY was so—Ah, she's coming! (*Miss SEATON enters, looking pale and disconsolate.*) MARJORY, you've no idea what you've missed! I must tell you—it's too good to lose. What do you think all these good people have been taking me for? You'll never guess! They actually believed I was hired from BLANKLEY'S! Give you my word they did! . . . Why don't you laugh, MARJORY?

*Miss Seaton. (faintly).* I—I am laughing. No, DOUGLAS, I'm not. I can't; I haven't the conscience to. Oh, I never meant you to know—but I must tell you, whatever comes of it! I believed it too, at first. (*Tragically.*) I did, DOUGLAS!

*Lord Strath.* Did you though, MARJORY? Then, by Jove, I must have looked the character!

*Miss Seaton. (timidly).* I knew you—you weren't very well off, DOUGLAS, and so I fancied you might—Oh, I know it was hateful of me ever to think such a thing, but I did. And you can never really forgive me!

*Lord Strath.* Couldn't think of it! Shall I tell you something else, MARJORY? I've a strong impression that you will not be an inmate of this happy English household much longer.

*Miss Seaton.* I'm sure I shan't, from Mrs. TIDMARSH'S expression just now. But I don't care!

*Lord Strath.* Don't be reckless. How do you know there isn't a moral lion about? And where will you go next, MARJORY?

*Miss Seaton. (with a shrug).* I don't know. I suppose to anybody who wants a Governess, and doesn't mind taking her without a reference, if there is such a person!

*Lord Strath.* Well, oddly enough, I fancy I know somebody who

has been trying for a long time to find a young person of just your age and appearance, and might be induced to waive a reference on a personal interview. (*Miss SEATON looks incredulous.*) . . . MARJORY, don't you understand? If I hadn't been such a pauper, I'd have spoken long ago, when we were up in Scotland together, only it didn't seem fair then. I—I daresay I've no better chance now; but, at least, I've more right to speak than I had, and—and—will you have me, MARJORY? (*She turns away.*) I—I won't worry you, dear, if you really can't care about me in that way; but—but if you only could, MARJORY, even a little!

*Miss Seaton.* DOUGLAS! . . .

*Same Scene—somewhat later.*

*Lord Strath.* Not yet, MARJORY—I can't let you go just yet! . . . Must I, really? Before I've said half what I wanted! . . . Well—in one minute, then. And you're coming to my people as soon as you can get out of this, MARJORY; and I shall see you every day, till—till we shall never be separated any— Confound it!—who's that?

[*Mr. TIDMARSH enters suddenly.*]

*Mr. Tid.* Oh—er—Lord STRATHSPORRAN, sorry to interrupt you, but—hem—my wife, who's feeling too unwell to come down again, desires me to say that, in her opinion, Miss SEATON has been here quite long enough. [*Miss SEATON escapes by the back drawing-room.*]

*Lord Strath.* I entirely agree with Mrs. TIDMARSH; but I am happy to say that Miss SEATON will not remain here very much longer, as she has just done me the honour of consenting to be my wife. Good night, Sir, and many thanks for a most eventful evening.

[*He goes out.*]

*Mr. Tid. (making an effort to escort him downstairs, but giving it up, and sitting down heavily on a settee instead).* She'll be Lady STRATHSPORRAN! And I shall have to break it to MARIA—after she's just gone in and stuck a month's salary and immediate notice on her pincushion! Oh, lor—as if my poor wife hadn't trouble enough to bear as it was!

THE END.

## HARE-ING HIS DIPLOMACY.

As I have already conveyed, in a short note last week, the first night of the revival of *Diplomacy*, viz., Saturday, Feb. 18th, will be for ever memorable in the annals of the English stage in general, and in the reminiscences of Mr. JOHN HARE in particular, whenever he may choose to give them to the public. It will also afford matter for a brilliant chapter in the second or third series of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT'S *On and Off the Stage*. A great night, too, for the eminent adapters Messrs. SCOTT and STEPHENSON, once known as "the Brothers ROWE," who rowed in the same boat.

Never, at any time, has this version of the French play been so well cast as it is now at the Garrick Theatre, though nervousness told on all the actors, especially on the elder ones, except, apparently, Mrs. BANCROFT, in whose performance there was hardly any trace of it, though once she nearly missed her cue while resting awhile at the back of the stage.

The part of *Lady Henry Fairfax* has literally nothing whatever to do with the plot, and were it not played as it is now, and played so capably by Mrs. BANCROFT, it would be better, for an English audience at least, if omitted entirely, or reduced to a few appropriate lines in pleasant places. An English audience wants the story, when once begun, to go on without any break or interruption; and indeed, but for dramatic effect, an English audience is inclined to resent even the division of a piece into Acts, unless such arrangement is evidently necessitated by some heavy mechanical change of scenery.

So our audiences would decidedly prefer to have the rôles of *Lady*

*Henry* and *The Marquise de Rio Zarès* (with her wearisome iteration about "Don ALVA," and played with rather too much accentuation by Lady MONCKTON) reduced to the smallest possible algebraic expression. Mr. BANCROFT was the same *Count Orloff* as he was years ago on the little stage of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre; his action more deliberate than when he was younger and

more impetuous; his pauses for meditation longer by a thought or so than of yore; while in his tone and manner there was just a delicately-deepened colouring of the genuine original Bancroftian "Old Master." To Mr. BANCROFT, resuscitating our old courtly friend *Count Orloff* (now *Count Orloff*—again), I would address the once well-known line from "*Woodman, spare that Tree*"—

"Touch not a single bow!"

ARTHUR CECIL, too, as *Baron Stein*, excellent,

*cela va sans dire*; yet, somehow, his effects now seem to me to be laid on with too broad a brush, especially in the scene of his last appearance, where he makes a sly, and, for the *Baron Stein*, a rather over-elaborated and farcical attempt to recapture the letter he has just given up. FORBES ROBERTSON is good from first to last as the very weak-kneed *Julian Beauclerc*, sufficiently emotional in the strong situations, and never better than when the character itself is at its weakest; that is, in the one great scene with his wife.

The *Algie Fairfax*, of Mr. GILBERT HARE, was natural where the authors have allowed him to be natural, and best, therefore, in the last Act, where he has become a responsible personage in a diplomatic office. The "three-men-in-a-difficulty" scene went as well as ever, though, on the whole, played far too slowly, and with so much "suppressed force," that the celebrated



"Three Men in a boat."

"*Monsieur! à vos ordres!*" when Orloff suddenly breaks out into "the language of diplomacy," did not electrify the house. On the contrary, the audience took it very quietly, awaiting with some curiosity the interference of *Henry Beauclerc*. And it was at this point that the services of Mr. JOHN HARE in this character were

momentous situation of his interview with *Zicka*. "*Maintenant à nos deus!*" Odd that, in his treatment of the strength of the scent, SARDOU should have shown the feebleness of his method. Yet so it is. The play, at this point, being practically played out, he carelessly chucks the puppets into a corner. He has made his great scenes, and there's an end of it; let the weakest go to the wall.

Last of all to be mentioned with unstinted praise is Miss KATE RORKE. It is as well to remember throughout that we are witnessing a play of semi-French, not purely domestic English life, and the essence of the play could not be adapted to ordinary English notions. *Julian Beauclerc*, for example, in England, would never have challenged Count Orloff; he might have had "a deuce of a row with him"; *et voilà tout*. Dora, as a young Irish girl, and not, as she is here, a half-breed, would never have threatened to suicide herself out of the window, though all else she, as a not particularly well-educated, but certainly very impulsive girl, might probably have done. Her great scene, where she bangs her fists against the locked doors, shrieking to her husband to return—an effect to be led up to and made within the space of a minute—was, if I may be allowed to say so, without being suspected of exaggeration, "just perfect." That some considerable time will elapse before the enthusiasm aroused by this revival dies out among the patrons and lovers of the Drama—at its best is the private opinion, publicly expressed, of Yours, truly, "THE ONE MAN SEEN" IN A BOX.

P.S.—When *Diplomacy* shall have accomplished its Hundred Nights, Mr. HARE can announce its Scentenary.



DUET—Baron Cecil Stein and Lady Henry Bancroft Fairfax (with original model of Strasbourg Clock)—"Here we are again!"

invaluable. Never had his crisp incisive style produced more marked effect. It is a pity that in the Third Act, which being the weak point of the play requires all the strength of the actor to be seriously employed, Mr. HARE should have given a very light comedy, nay, even a farcical touch to his treatment of the "business" of sniffing the perfume—when he is literally "on the scent"—and to the



SCENT ZICKA—from a (guilt)-stained-glass Russian window.

### A LAST STRAW.

(By One who has to Make Bricks with It.)

"... It is rumoured that a measure will shortly be introduced for transferring the duties of Revising Barristers to Magistrates."

Go, tell the budding blooms they'll ne'er have dew more,

Go, doom the summer trees to languish leafless—

A like effect this ultra-fiendish rumour Works in the drooping bosoms of the Briefless.

No more Reviserships! No paltry pittance For Themis' harvesters, too often sheafless! Is this the Constitution, once Great Britain's; This, your provision for the meekly Briefless?

As well proclaim to such as slave at Sessions, A world unburlarised and wholly thiefless,

As rob the least rewarded of professions Of its ancestral comfort for the Briefless.

What's to become of us?—I speak for many, Idle and "Unemployed," but oh! not griefless;

Please, please kind Government to spare a penny,

Or yet Trafalgar Square shall rouse the Briefless.



A REGULAR KNOT AND KNOTTER!!!

Yes! Don't imagine, uncomplaining creatures [chiefless; Are quite disorganised and limp, and Our jaw is one of our most drastic features, And Art is long, though Life perforce be Briefless.

"'BEN' TROVATO."—Odd that the French author of such truly Parisian stories as *Cœur d'Actrice*, *L'Amour pour Rire*, *Flirtage*, and others *du même genre*, should be named "TILLET." There is a "du" before the French author's name, and it is of course proverbial that even a certain person in the Lower House shall have his "due." 'Tis just this, that, as far as name goes, differentiates him from t'other TILLET, "which his Christian name is BEN."

### Further Fall in Irish Stocks.

(Vide Daily Papers, Feb. 24, 1893.)

THOUGH mongers of panic, with malice satanic,

The credit of Ireland be troublin', Home Rule cannot shake her, nor severance break her,

So long as her capital's *D(o)ublin*!

WEATHER FORECAST BY MRS. R.—"After this cold snowy weather," she observed, oracularly, "we may expect what they call 'equally obnoxious gales.'"



### HISTORY CONTRADICTS ITSELF.

THE MISSES ROUNDABOUT THINK TIGHT SKIRTS A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. WEASEL'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE. [Vide "Punch" for Nov. 21, 1857.]

### PUTTING IT PLEASANTLY.

[Mr. FOWLER announced the Government's willingness to appoint "a small Commission" to consider how the City could be amalgamated with the rest of London.]

"DILLY, Dilly, come and be killed!"  
Cried good Mrs. Bond to the ducks, in the story.  
Conceive with what rapture the victims were thrilled,  
And then picture the joy of our Turtle friends, filled  
With sweet premonitions of glory!

No little testudinate triflers are these,  
Unmindful of doom unforbodingly playing.  
The cook's charming manners are likely to please,  
But the flash of that knife Snapping Turtles might freeze,  
'Tis so strangely suggestive of—slaying.

The civic Brer Terrapin certainly seems  
Extremely content with its time-honoured station.  
Our "young men" may dream highly optimist dreams,  
But Turtledom feareth what Turtledom deems  
The perils of—Unification!

"No compulsion, of course, only, darlings, you must!"  
That's their reading *au fond* of the C. C. Cook's attitude.  
"Amalgamate" Us? Doosed cool, most unjust!  
Your offer inspires us with dismal distrust,  
Your 'Commission' won't move us to gratitude.

"We love the traditions of Old London Town,  
We Turtles. Pray leave us alone, and don't bother!  
Amalgamate? Nay, on the notion we frown!  
Like the lion and lamb we'll together lie down—  
When the one is safe inside the other!"

Alack and alas! But the new Mrs. Bond  
Means mischief, we fear, with her kind "Dilly, Dilly!"  
And well may the Turtles droop fins and despond,  
When the snug isolation of which they're so fond,  
They must part with at last, willy-nilly!

### WAGES.

(A long way after Lord Tennyson.)

["Lord WOLMER . . . pointed out that Mr. GLADSTONE's majority of forty would be wiped out if the 'paid mercenaries' of the Irish-American factions were withdrawn, or were even unable to keep up a steady attendance in the House of Commons."—*The Times*.]

"The proposed Bill to Provide for the Payment of Members of Parliament . . . is a bold attempt to transfer to the tax-payers of Great Britain the burden of supporting at Westminster the Irish Nationalist Members."—*Ibid.*]

GLORY of Irishman, glory of orator, going it strong,  
Paid by his countrymen's mites from across the Atlantic Sea—  
Glory of PAR, to spout, to struggle, right Ireland's old wrong!  
Nay, but they aim not at glory, or Home Rule (swears WOLMER, swears he):

Give 'em the glory of living on us and our L. S. D.!

The wages of swells are high; if high wage to a Minister's just,  
Shall we have the heart low wages to hard-worked M. P.'s to deny?

*Mercenaries?* What then are those toffs in high places of trust,  
Who live on our golden largess? Will WOLMER inform us just why  
We may give wages to Wealth, and *not* unto Poverty?

### "Down Among the Dead Men."

*Ebrius loquitur* :—

SILLY spook-hunters show a wish to learn  
If (*hic!*) departed spiritsh e'er return!  
*Did* they, I should not have so dry a throttle,  
Nor would it cost so much to—passh the bottle!  
Thersh no returning (*hic!*) of Spiritsh fled,  
And (*hic!*) "dead men"—*worsh luck!*—continue dead!

WANTED BADLY.—A "close time" for Autograph-hunting.  
Alas! the great—and even the not-so-very-great—are "made game of" all the year round.



## PUTTING IT PLEASANTLY!

COUNTY COUNCIL COOK. "DILLY, DILLY, DILLY! COME AND BE—AMALGAMATED!"







## A TRUSTY KNIGHT.

Tommy (who has undertaken to escort his fair Cousin to see the Hounds draw Covert). "AND YOU KNOW YOU NEEDN'T MIND ALL THESE MEN. IT'S ALL RIGHT, AS YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER FELLOW WITH YOU."

## MR. PUNCH'S CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

Question. What is a holiday?

Answer. The hard work of that wearisome pursuit known as "pleasure."

Q. To whom are holidays profitable?

A. To the butchers, the pastry-cooks, and last, but certainly not least, the doctors.

Q. What are the ends of holidays?

A. Pills and Bills.

Q. What are pills?

A. The means by which fortunes are made, and in another sense Clubs kept select.

Q. And Bills?

A. Necessary evils laid on the table in the House of Commons, and thrown into the waste-paper basket in the domestic circle.

Q. What is Parliament?

A. An assembly of men in which hats are worn when the Members don't want to talk, and removed when they wish to show what amount of brains they may possess.

Q. What is a hat?

A. Generally a nuisance.

Q. What is cover?

A. The profit made by an Outside Broker out of his too confiding customers.

Q. What is the difference between an Outside Broker and an Inside Broker?

A. One is associated with the Stock Exchange, and the other is usually made comfortable with a pot of beer and a penny paper in the kitchen.

Q. What is a kitchen?

A. The source from which happiness or misery flows under the superintendence of a cook.

Q. Describe a cook.

A. As a food-preparer he, or she, is often an executioner.

Q. What is a century?

A. When obtained by a cricketer, an honour; when achieved by an individual, a distinction that must be shortly followed by extinction.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE. — JOHN OLIVER HOBBS's last contribution to FISHER UNWIN's charming Pseudonym Library is well named *A Study in Temptations*. It is not in itself an attractive title, but it accurately indicates the style of the book. It is a study for a novel rather than an accomplished work. One expects, my Baronite says, that in some leisure time the author will come back and finish it. It is well worth the labour, being full of living characters. *Lady Warbeck* in particular, is excellent, reminiscent of, and worthy of THACKERAY. The temptingly arranged pages glitter with shrewd thoughts admirably phrased. BARON DE B.-W.

NO DOUBT AS TO THE ANSWER.—In the list of "Noblemen and Gentlemen" (invidious distinction, by the way) attending the *Levee* at St. James's Palace, whose name would be always found?—Why that of "JAMES O. FORBES, of Corse."

## NEW (NORWEGIAN) NONSENSE VERSE.

(After seeing Ibsen's Dramas.)

THERE was a young female in Norway,  
Who fancied herself in a poor way,  
Because she felt that  
Her sweet sex was squeezed flat,  
As though caught in cold Destiny's doorway.

This rebellious young woman of Norway  
Cried, "Man, in his coarse, brutal boor-way,  
Would wipe his big feet  
On my sex soft and sweet;  
But I'll be no mere mat in Man's doorway!"

And so this young woman of Norway  
Got IBSSEN to write, in cock-sure way,  
Concerning her woes,  
And tip-tilted her nose, [way!"]  
Crying, "Now womankind will have more

But alas! this young woman of Norway  
Still feels that her soul's in a poor way,  
Because, in a play,  
She won't charm (so they say) [way.  
Or draw crowds through the theatre's door—

LATEST À PROPOS OF THE COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALLS. — "Of course," observed Mrs. R., "as ladies do not want to be recognised, they simply go in dummy noses."

LEGAL QUERY.—When a leading Barrister gets someone to "devil" for him, may the latter's occupation be correctly described as "devilry"?



**"IL Y EN A TOUJOURS UN QUI AIME-ET L'AUTRE  
QUI TEND LA JOUE."**

He. "AH! YOU'D THINK A PRECIOUS LOT MORE OF ME, MATILDA, IF I WAS ONLY SIX FEET HIGH!"

She. "YES, DEAREST! BUT THEN YOU WOULDN'T THINK SUCH A PRECIOUS LOT OF ME!"

**AN ORLEANS PLUM.**—Prince HENRI D'ORLÉANS (says the *Times*) has just been rebuking the British people for the Chauvinism of their Oriental policy. Like the late M. MASSIE, whose shade he invokes, the young Prince seems to object to us, not because we commit any specific acts of hostility, but "because we look on in a most aggravating fashion." This is truly funny! One country may steal a—Tonkin, but another may not look over a boundary! Prince HENRY presents a peculiarly close parallel to KEENE's infuriated (and incoherent) Paterfamilias, who angrily commanded his silent son "not to look at him in *that* tone of voice!"

**OPERA AND DISESTABLISHMENT.**—*La Damnation de Faust* was produced most successfully at the Theatre at Monte Carlo. According to some stern moralists, who regard the Principality as a gambling-hell upon earth, this particular Opera was in a quite congenial atmosphere. Odd that in the two Principalities, Monte Carlo and Wales, the objects for Disestablishment should be so diametrically opposite. In Wales it is the particular Church, and at Monte Carlo it is the not-at-all-particular t'other word, unmentionable twice in the same paragraph to ears polite.

**NEW READING.**—(By a *Musical Lady Latinist*).—"Amor et melle et KELLIE est fecundissimus."

**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 20.*—New Chairman to-day; dropped in in most casual way. Wondered to see MELLOR wandering about Library and corridors at three o'clock in afternoon in full evening dress. "Going out to tea?" I asked, in my genial way.

"Order! order!" said MELLOR; "the Hon. Member will please give notice of that question." And he stalked off, trying to convey to the mind of his astonished interlocutor as near an approach to back view of COURTNEY as could be attained, without loan of late Chairman's famous summer pantaloons.

Everything explained later. Soon as questions over, Mr. G., rising and fixing glittering eye on SPEAKER, observed, "I beg to move that you, Sir, do now leave the Chair." Strangers in Gallery picked up their ears; thought SPEAKER been doing something, and was now in for it. Right Hon. Gentleman offered no defence, but meekly left Chair. Mr. G. up again like a shot. "I beg to move that Mr. MELLOR do take the Chair," he said. Then MELLOR (fortuitously on spot in evening dress) stepped into Chair, where through six Sessions, COURTNEY has sat ruling the whirlwind out of order, and riding on the storm. All done in moment. Before you knew where you were, there was new Chairman of Committees proposing vote of £2,000 for rearrangement of rooms in Houses of Parliament. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS rose, with evident intent of wanting to know "about these rooms," when irrepressible Mr. G. on his feet again. "I beg to move," he said, addressing Chairman, "that you do report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

Rather hard this on MELLOR. Just got into Chair; beginning to feel comfortable. Had proposed subject that might have agreeably occupied Committee for half an hour, when here comes the untameable, irresistible, peremptory Mr. G., and bundles him off. At first some signs of inclination to resist. New Chairman, having put question and declared it carried, should forthwith have stepped away from the table. MELLOR dropped into Chair again.

A moment of embarrassment. COURTNEY, looking critically on form below Gangway, grimly smiled. Members under Gallery tittered. Clerk nudged new Chairman in ribs. MELLOR sat on till, lifting his eyes, discovered Mr. G. meaningly regarding him. Knew he'd be up again if he didn't go; so with promising alacrity, hopped out of Chair, and disappeared from ken of House.

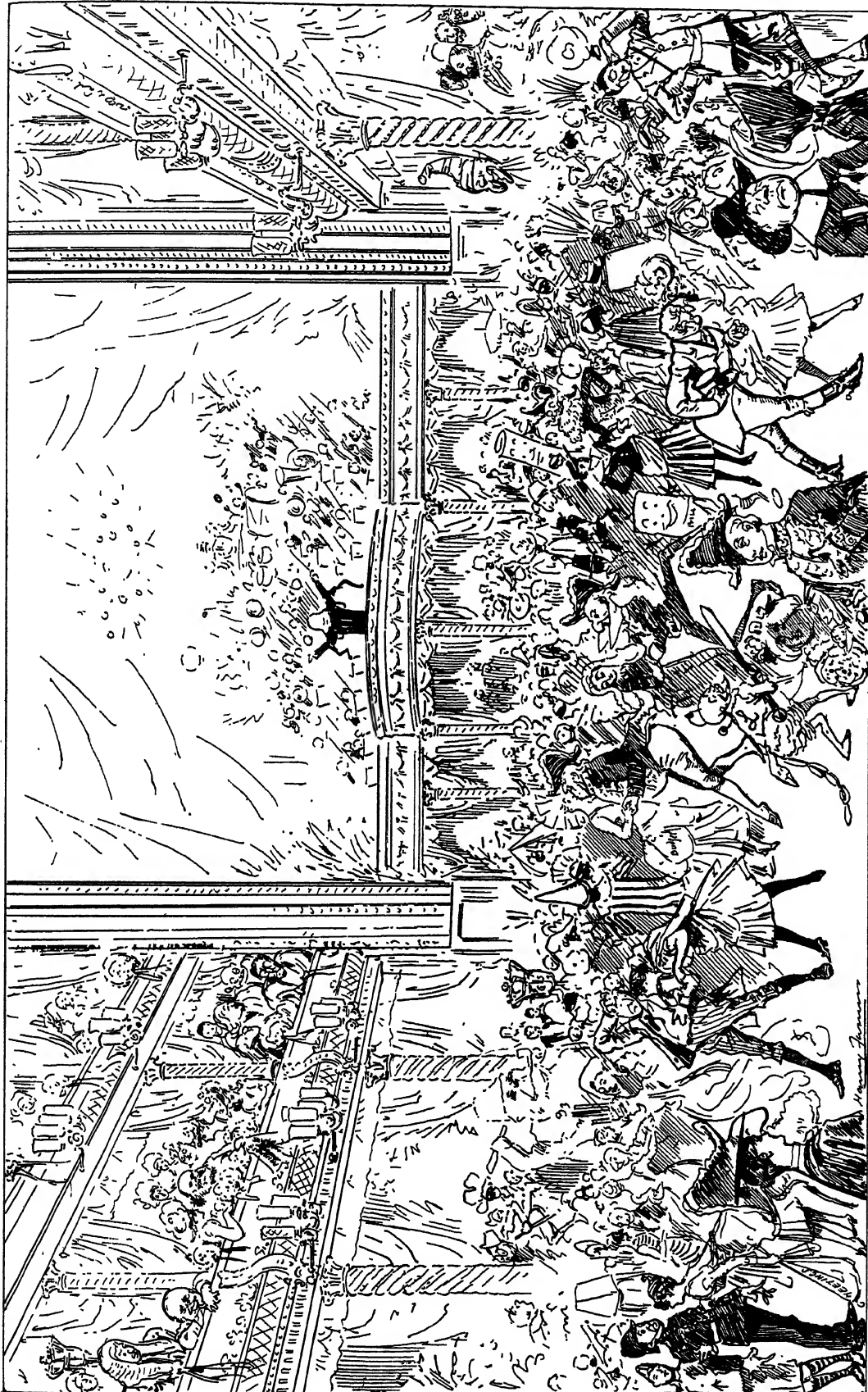
"Well, I don't know," said honest BILL CREMER. "Of course I don't hold with COURTNEY's goings-on in the political field, and he can scarcely have expected us to keep him on in a snug berth. But this I will say, the manners of the new Chairman may, so to speak, be more MELLOR, but, as Chairman of Committees, COURTNEY 'll be hard to beat."

*Business done.*—"Ban, ban, Caliban, got a new Premier, get a new man"—in Chairman of Committees.

*Tuesday.*—"The life of Her Majesty's Ministers," said the GRAND YOUNG GARDNER, moodily contemplating his spats, "is not an entirely happy one. I think I may add that is peculiarly the case with the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE. I must say, if the language, be not regarded as too flowery—"

"The MINISTER for AGRICULTURE," I said, desiring to put GARDNER at his ease, "would be fully justified in using cauliflowery language."

"Thank you. Then I'll say I go to bed with tuberculosis, and get up with HARRY CHAPLIN. The casual observer is, doubtless, aware that CHAPLIN has an eye. He sees it gleaming through the eyeglass. I feel it ever upon me. It is no slight thing to have succeeded a statesman of the calibre of CHAPLIN. But when he persistently sits opposite you, critically observing all your movements with that air of supreme intelligence which more than hints that, as MINISTER for AGRICULTURE, he was personally acquainted with every one of the cattle on a thousand hills, it is an ordeal that calls into play all the higher faculties of Man. As to the tuberculosis, it is always breaking out in unexpected places; people concerned insist upon regarding me as personally responsible for the visitation."



THE POLITICAL FANCY DRESS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.

"Supposititious."—"Well," observed our old friend, who was discussing a recent case that had been headed "Romance in the Court of Chancery," "this all comes from bringing up a child that they pretended was their own. I mean what they call 'A Supposititious Child.'"

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—With reference to a recent burglary at Sir THOMAS PROR's, it is stated that "thieves were known to be in the neighbourhood, and the police have the matter in hand." Wouldn't it be better if they had the thieves there?



"But," I said, "you have your little holiday, Saturday to Monday, and get out to dinner on off-nights?"

"No," he sighed, "the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE has no off-nights; and if I go to church at the seaside on a Sunday, the Churchwarden in passing round the collection-plate, is sure to steal into my hand a telegram, announcing a fresh outbreak of tuberculosis. As to going out to dinner—"



Harry'd H-rry Ch-pl-n, as he appeared when meditating on Bimetallistic and Agricultural Distress.

"Ministers," CAUSTON here observed, "never dine out when the House is sitting, unless commanded by the QUEEN, and Whips can't be spared even to dine with HER MAJESTY."

"As to going out to dinner," continued the GRAND YOUNG GARDNER, ignoring the interruption of his genial colleague, "it is impossible. It was said, I believe by one of themselves, 'The Guard dies, but never surrenders.' I may add, the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE lunches but never dines. What would become of the Government if a division-bell rang and he was found out of the way? Now to-night, you would say, looking at the business, I might well be spared. We commence with KIMBER on disparities in the representation of constituencies. ROLLIT will follow in the interests of undersized flat-fish. What has the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE to do with flat-fish of whatever size? you might ask. To the casual observer, nothing. But, looking ahead, as the responsibilities of my position make it necessary I should habitually do, I recall the fact that sometimes the placid pilchard is cast upon our shores in such quantities as to be carted away for manurial purposes. I am not intimately acquainted with the pilchard. It is not like the terrapin a land fish. I am not sure it is flat. Still I have a strong impression it is undersized. Therefore it might come within the purview of the discussion on ROLLIT's motion. MUNDELLA, as you say, is in charge of the debate, and I might comfortably go to dinner. But what does MUNDELLA know of manure? No; the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE remains, and will dine,—if necessary die, at his post."

*Business done.*—8.10 P.M., House Counted Out, whilst GRAND YOUNG GARDNER is explaining how it was he couldn't go out to dinner.

*Friday, 12.30 A.M.*—Storm subsided. Magnificent whilst it lasted. GRANDOLPH in fine form. Mr. G., under his influence, renewed his youth like the eagle. At same time, though Welsh Church may be doomed, supply of cabs on night like this inadequate. Better be out in yard in good time. KENYON lingers on scene, still asking for Bill to be "taken de die in diem." "As if he were giving a prescription," said WILFRID LAWSON, back from Mansion House, where he has seen his portrait presented to Lady LAWSON. KENYON, with eye on Bishop of St. ASAPH, up in Peers' Gallery,

made desperate resistance to attack on Church. Bishop looked a little grave when KENYON dropped into metaphor.

"Bill like bagged fox, don't you know," said KENYON, nodding confidentially to SPEAKER. "Meant to run any way you like."

What I mean to say is— and here he turned for approval to Lord Bishop, consorting in Gallery with his fighting Dean, "this fox is so tainted with insincerity, or aniseed, that the hounds may just as well shut up their noses, and have nothing to do with it."

With this sage remark, and something horribly like a wink at the Bishop, KENYON sat down. Up again later, when Closure moved. HICKS-BEACH, in temporary command of Opposition, deprecated resistance. But KENYON's blood up. With strong effort of self-restraint he stopped himself midway in stentorian shout, "Yoicks!" dexterously turned the "Yo" into "No," and so saved himself from reproof of SPEAKER. Having got the "No!" he made most of it. Nothing left but to clear House for Division. Members near entreated KENYON to desist from further opposition. No use fighting Closure; only meant another Division and twenty minutes' prolongation of sitting. KENYON, with eye reverently fixed on Bishop, immovable. Others suis-je "alien" might falter on the way; might palter with the truth; might parley with the enemy. KENYON would have no compromise, no surrender. "Yoic—" he meant



A FEATURE OF THE DEBATE.

*M-and-lla.* A cause de mon nom suis-je "alien" ? J. L-with-r (heard but not seen). Mais vous n'osez pas dire le contraire.

"No! no!" and he shouted it too.

"Will the Hon. Member name another teller?" said the wary SPEAKER, when House cleared for Division. KENYON, evidently still seeing the fox steal away, Aniseed at the Helm and Insincerity at the Prow, almost stumbled on the name "Yoicks!" Again stopped himself just in time, and looked forlornly round; eye finally resting on Peers' Gallery. If only the Bishop could "tell" with him! That evidently out of order. Bishop belonged, to other House. No one volunteering to stand with him in the breach, and two tellers being a necessary preliminary to Division, KENYON bent his head in silent grief, and leave given to bring in Bill which ASQUITH remorselessly admitted was first step towards Disestablishment of Welsh Church.

*Business done.*—Welsh Church Suspensory Bill read First Time, by majority of 56, in excited House of 546 Members.

*Friday Night.*—After the storm, the customary calm. Spent night in discussing tempting themes of Local Taxation in London, and Superannuation of School-teachers. On latter subject that *preux Chevalier*, TEMPLE, laying down the lute, and leaving Amaryllys in the shade, delivered luminous speech; convinced CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; made him promise to fork out.

*Business done.*—Much of useful kind.



Hy. F.

#### "THE WESTMINSTER PLAY."

Young Grandolphus (in costume, with appropriate action). "Hæc recinunt Juvenes dictata senesque!"

that *preux Chevalier*, TEMPLE, laying down the lute, and leaving Amaryllys in the shade, delivered luminous speech; convinced CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; made him promise to fork out.

## MIXED NOTIONS.

## No. VI.—REGISTRATION REFORM.

(Scene and Persons as Usual.)

*First Well-Informed Man* (bristling with indignation, as he lays down his newspaper). Well, I'm dashed!

*Inquirer* (nervously). What's up?

*First W. I. M.* What's up? Everything's up. Up the spout, that's where this blessed country will be if this kind of thing's going on.

*Inquirer*. What kind of thing?

*First W. I. M.* Why, all this gerrymandering kind of business.

*Inquirer*. Oh, by the way, that reminds me. I came on that word the other day. Can any of you chaps tell me what it means?

*First W. I. M.* It's as plain as a pikestaff. It means playing ducks and drakes with things all round, and letting the whole business go thoroughly rotten.

*Inquirer*. Has it got anything to do with jerry-builders?

*First W. I. M.* It's the same thing precisely.

*Inquirer* (insisting). But what's the point of calling 'em jerry? Where does that come in?

*First W. I. M.* It's a French word.

*Second W. I. M.* It isn't. It's German.

*First W. I. M.* Bosh, it's French.

*Second W. I. M.* I bet you a dollar it's German.

*First W. I. M.* And I bet you a dollar it's French. (To *Average Man*.) Here, you decide. Which is it?

*Average Man*. Well, I'm sure it isn't French—

*Second W. I. M.* (interrupting). Of course it isn't. Pay up, my boy!

*Average Man* (continuing). But, on the other hand, it isn't German.

*First W. I. M.* Oh, rot! It must be one or the other, you know. (Scornfully.) You'll be telling us it's Greek next.

*Average Man*. Well, of course, it might be; but, as a matter of fact, I fancy it's English.

*First W. I. M.*, *Second W. I. M.* (together). Oh, you tell that to the Marines! It won't wash here.

*Inquirer* (doubtfully). Perhaps it's American.

*Average Man* (resignedly). Well I daresay it is. Any way, you can have it so if you like. It may be Sanskrit for all I care.

[Retires to his paper. A pause.]

*Inquirer* (to *First W. I. M.*). But, look here, what made you lose your hair, just now? You looked as angry as blazes about something.

*First W. I. M.* (with dignity). Did I? Well, isn't it enough to make anybody, who loves his country, angry when he sees what's going on.

Why, the Government's going to turn everything inside out, with some blessed new law about elections. Registration Bill, they call it, or something of that sort. Just as if we hadn't had enough tinkering and pottering lately. It's all through this confounded County Council interfering with everything.

*Second W. I. M.* (aggressive). What the dickens has the County Council got to do with it? You're always dropping on the County Council.

*First W. I. M.* Oh, they've got their finger in every pie. I'm pretty certain this is their job.

*Second W. I. M.* Well, you're wrong this time, that's all. You're thinking of the Employers' Liability Bill.

*First W. I. M.* No, I'm not. I never even heard of it. So that's where you're wrong. What has the Employers' Liability got to do with the County Council? (steachly, and with determination) Li-a-bil-ity Bill got to do with the County Council?

*Second W. I. M.* Everything. Didn't you read JOHN BURNS's speech about it?

*First W. I. M.* No—and I don't mean to. Ask me another.

*Second W. I. M.* All right—I will. Do you mean to deny that our present Registration System is a ridiculous one?

*First W. I. M.* (hotly). Yes, I do.

*Second W. I. M.* (with triumph). Ah, I've got you now. You said, only yesterday, that any system by which a Government like this got into power must be ridiculous. (To *Inquirer*.) Didn't he?

*Inquirer* (hesitating). Well, I'm not quite sure. I rather fancy he did say something of that kind. But—(deprecatingly)—perhaps he meant something else.

*First W. I. M.* No, I didn't. I meant what I said—and I stick to it. But that isn't the same thing as the Registration System.

*Second W. I. M.* Perhaps you'll tell us, then, what the Registration System is?

*Inquirer* (eagerly). Yes, do. I should like to get to the bottom of it, because I'm constantly meeting a sort of third cousin of mine, who's a Registrar of something or other, and I never quite know what he does. All I know is, that he isn't a Registrar in Bankruptcy.

*First W. I. M.* Let me see—how can I put it shortly? It's just this—you chaps have got votes.

*Inquirer* (decisively). No, I haven't.

*First W. I. M.* (put out). Ah, but you ought to have.

*Second W. I. M.* (cutting in). There you are again. That's just what I've been saying all along. He ought to have—but he hasn't; so where's your beautiful system now?

*First W. I. M.* (retreating strategically). I never said it was perfect, did I? But I'll come to that afterwards. (To *Inquirer*.) Now why haven't you got a vote?

*Inquirer* (with a painful sense of inferiority). I'm sure I don't know. I suppose the old Johnny, whoever he is, didn't chalk me down when he went round last time.

*First W. I. M.* Probably you haven't lived in your house long enough. You haven't got a qualifying period.

*Inquirer*. Haven't I? How long ought I to have lived there?

*First W. I. M.* (vaguely). Oh, it's something between three and four years. I can't tell you the exact number; they alter it every year.

*Second W. I. M.* Who alter it?

*First W. I. M.* The Revising Barristers, or somebody.

*Second W. I. M.* Well, my brother-in-law's a Revising Barrister, and I never heard of him doing that.

*First W. I. M.* (sarcastic). But you don't suppose he'd tell you everything he does, do you?

*Inquirer*. But I've lived in my house six years.

*First W. I. M.* Ah! but aren't you a lodger?

*Second W. I. M.* What's the odds if he is? My brother's a lodger, and I know he's got a vote.

*First W. I. M.* But that's a different franchise altogether.

*Second W. I. M.* How do you mean? They're both lodgers.

*First W. I. M.* But they don't live in the same district. Perhaps they don't give him a latch-key.

*Inquirer* (producing it). Yes they do. Here it is. (Chuckles.) I think I jolly well see myself without a latch-key. But, I say, about this vote. I don't half like not having got one. What shall I do about it?

*First W. I. M.* You'd better see somebody about it.

*Inquirer*. Somebody was talking about Leasehold Franchise the other day. Perhaps I could get in on that.

*First W. I. M.* Ah! I daresay that might help you. [Terminus.]



“NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA!”

“WERE YOU EVER IN CHICAGO, DUCHESS?”

“WHY YES, LADY MARY. IT'S MY NATIVE PLACE, YOU KNOW—AT LEAST, IT USED TO BE!”

NEW NOVEL BY Mr. G.—*The Art of Midlothian.*



**DRESS REHEARSAL OF EMINENT COMEDIANS, GRANDOLPH AND SARUM,**

*Previous to Starring Tour in Scotland and Ireland respectively.*

*Ludwig Staudmann del. & sculp.*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Time and the Woman.* By RICHARD PRYCE. Not by any means a pearl of Pryce, and certainly not likely to make so great noise in the novel-reading world as did *The Quiet Mrs. Fleming*, by the same author. METHUEN & Co. publish it.

The Baron heartily recommends FRANK BARRETT's novel, in three vols., entitled, *Kitty's Father*. A thoroughly absorbing plot, well worked out, and interesting right up to the last page. *Kitty's* father is a mysterious person, and she, not being a wise child, for she doesn't know him, does several foolish things, and says several wise ones. *Kitty's* uncle is a necessary nuisance, but a cleverly and consistently drawn character, while *Kitty* herself is delightfully made out of good home-spun material. But the villainous Curate is just a bit too grotesque, too Uriah-Heepish for the awfully tragic situation in which he is placed. When the imaginative author shifts the scene to Dublin, why did he not represent an Irish Cardinal-Archbishop as waiting at the stage-door to escort home the light-and-leading lady? But "for a' that and a' that," most decidedly "read it," quoth the Baron, and on he goes again.

MARION CRAFTORD's *Children of the King*, published by MACMILLAN, is a tragic story, told in most simple and most fascinating style. It is all colour and character: the colours and the characters being those of Southern Italy.

Out of regard to the importunities of numerous correspondents, the Baron has read IBSEN's *Master Builder*, translated by two of the Ibsenitish cult. "Only fancy!" Of all the weak-knee'd, wandering, effeminate, unwholesome, immoral, dashed "rot," to quote *Lord Arthur* in the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, this is the weak-knee'dest, effeminatest, and all the epithets as above superlatived. Read it by all means, and see it, too, if you will, but if the honest English playgoer's verdict is worth a "big, big, D" (I thank thee, W. S. G., for teaching me that abbreviated form of dashed expressiveness!) he will give IBSEN's *Master Builder* the benefit of the "D," and "D" it once and for ever. And that, at your service, my masters, is the rough-and-ready opinion expressed by.

Yours truly, THE BARON DE B.-W.

A RACY READING OF AN OLD QUOTATION FROM SCOTT.

(Suggested by Burns.)

"My foot is on Newmarket Heath!  
My name, JEM LOWTHER!"

THE benefits that Sir JOHN LAWES has been able, and will yet be able to confer on agriculturists everywhere, including those in his immediate neighbourhood, cause him to be regarded as a living exception to the rule about a prophet in his own country. So, in that part of England, "Profit and LAWES" are synonymous terms, meaning the same person.

## "HAPPINESS IN—FOLKESTONE."

["He said, 'Go and be —' I accordingly went and stayed at Folkestone." See last Thursday's "Daily News;" Evidence in the De Walden Case.]

THRICE happy Town Council! when pestered to pave,  
Remember this fact that her Ladyship mentions.  
Intend, but do nothing; your rates you can save  
By paying your streets with the best of intentions.

HITHERTO UNREPORTED.—Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. ASQUITH received deputations on the Eight Hours' Question last Friday. The chief speakers were Mr. PARROT and Mr. ONIONS. Mr. G.

observed that in all his vast experience, frequently as he had tasted a savoury dish of rabbit and onions, yet the combination of Parrot with Onions was something really novel. Perhaps Mr. PARROT would be useful at any bye-election, and would give them the state of the poll. As to Mr. ONIONS, well, he (Mr. G.) hadn't words of welcome sufficiently strong for him. Why hadn't he brought "BREX RABBIT" with him? In approaching the Eight Hours' Question, no time must be lost, so he would at once proceed to business.

At a recent Monday Pop Concert, Mr. BORWICK put any amount of powder—everyone has seen or heard of Borwick's Powder—into his performance of "*Suite Anglaise*." As a pretty lady observed, "He might just as well, or better, have put the name in English, and called it, '*The Sweet English Girl*.'" Messrs. JOACHIM, RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI, played a string-quartet in C Sharp Minor, and out of respect to the Ecclesiastical Season of the year, they gave marked prominence to the "*Lento*" in G. Flat.

A GENUINE BUILDING SOCIETY.—The Birds, just now. And its members are not even waiting for a Re-leaf Fund, which will, however, soon come, with "the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!"

THE G. O. M. FROM A MUSICAL POINT OF VIEW.—When preternaturally alert, he is "Mr. G. Sharp." When depressed,

he is "Mr. G. Flat." When himself again, he is "Mr. G. Natural." As being second son, he is "G. Minor." He is also *hors ligne*. But he refuses to be musically translated to the House of Lords, and become "The Upper G."

Q. What is the difference between a lover asking the object of his affections to marry him, and a guest who ventures to hint to his host that the Pommery '80 is rather corked?

A. The one pops the question, the other questions the pop.

MRS. R. saw the heading of a paragraph in the *Times*, of Monday, Feb. 27, "Jade in Upper Burmah." She laid the paper down, and exclaimed, "Dear me! I wonder who she is!"

If we ever do adopt Bimetallism, it is evident, from Mr. GLADSTONE's masterly speech, that holders of Consols will obtain very little consolation.



## FROM OUR VILLAGE.

Mrs. Sharply (to the Doctor, who has looked in, having heard that her "good man" is ailing). "No, I THANK YE, SIR. YOU SEE I'VE HEARD OF YOU, SIR, AS YOU'VE BEEN 'PRACTISING' HERE FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS, AND SO I'D RATHER YOU WENT 'PRACTISING' ELSEWHERE, AS I DON'T WANT NO 'SPERIMENTS' ON MY OLD MAN!"



## PILL-DOCTOR HERDAL.

(Translated from the Original Norwegian by Mr. Punch.)

[PREFATORY NOTE.—The original title, *Mester-Pyl-drögster Herdal*, would sound a trifle too uncouth to the Philistine ear, and is therefore modified as above, although the term “drögster,” strictly speaking, denotes a practitioner who has not received a regular diploma.]

## ACT FIRST.

An elegantly furnished Drawing-room at Dr. HERDAL'S. In front, on the left, a Console-table, on which is a large round bottle full of coloured water. On the right a stove, with a banner-screen made out of a richly-embroidered chest-protector. On the stove, a stethoscope and a small galvanic battery. In one corner, a hat and umbrella stand; in another, a desk, at which stands SENNA BLAKDRAF, making out the quarterly accounts. Through a glass-door at the back is seen the Dispensary, where RÜBUB KALOMEL is seated, occupied in rolling a pill. Both go on working in perfect silence for four minutes and a half.

Dr. Haustus Herdal (enters through hall-door; he is elderly, with a plain sensible countenance, but slightly weak hair and expression). Come here, Miss BLAKDRAF. (Hangs up hat, and throws his mackintosh on a divan.) Have you made out all those bills yet?

[Looks sternly at her.] Senna (in a low hesitating voice). Almost. I have charged each patient with three attendances daily. Even when you only dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat. (Passionately.) I felt I must—I must!

Dr. Herd. (alters his tone, clasps her head in his hands, and whispers). I wish you could make out the bills for me, always.

Senna (in nervous exaltation). How lovely that would be! Oh, you are so unspeakably good to me! It is too enthralling to be here! [Sinks down and embraces his knees.]

Dr. Herd. So I've understood. (With suppressed irritation.) For goodness' sake, let go my legs! I do wish you wouldn't be so confoundedly neurotic!

Rübub (has risen, and comes in through glass-door, breathing with difficulty; he is a prematurely bald young man of fifty-five, with a harelip and squints slightly). I beg pardon, Dr. HERDAL, I see I interrupt you. (As SENNA rises.) I have just completed this pill. Have you looked at it?

[He offers it for inspection diffidently.]

Dr. Herd. (evasively). It appears to be a pill of the usual dimensions.

Rübub (cast down). All these years you have never given me one encouraging word! Can't you praise my pill?

Dr. Herd. (struggles with himself). I—I cannot. You should not attempt to compound pills on your own account.

Rübub (breathing laboriously). And yet there was a time when you, too—

Dr. Herd. (complacently). Yes, it was certainly a pill that came as a lucky stepping-stone—but not a pill like that!

Rübub (vehemently). Listen! Is that your last word? Is my aged mother to pass out of this world without ever knowing whether I am competent to construct an effective pill or not?

Dr. Herd. (as if in desperation). You had better try it upon your mother—it will enable her to form an opinion. Only mind—I will not be responsible for the result.

Rübub. I understand. Exactly as you tried your pill, all those years ago, upon Dr. RYVAL.

Dr. Herd. (uneasily). He said that so strangely, SENNA. But tell me now—when are you going to marry him?

Senna (starts—half glancing up at him). I—I don't know. This

year—next-year—now—never! I cannot marry him . . . I cannot—I cannot—it is so utterly impossible to leave you!

Dr. Herd. Yes, I can understand that. But, my poor SENNA, hadn't you better take a little walk?

Senna (clasps her hands gratefully). How sweet and thoughtful you are to me! I will take a walk.

Dr. Herd. (with a suppressed smile). Do! And—h'm!—you needn't trouble to come back. I have advertised for a male book-keeper—they are less emotional. Good-night, my little SENNA!

Senna (softly, and quiveringly). Good-night, Dr. HERDAL!

[Staggered out of hall-door, blowing kisses.] Mrs. Herdal (enters through the window, plaintively). Quite an acquisition for you, HAUSTUS, this Miss BLAKDRAF!

Dr. Herd. She's—h'm!—extremely civil and obliging. But I am parting with her, ALINE—mainly on your account.

Mrs. Herd. (evades him). Was it on my account, indeed, HAUSTUS? You have parted with so many young persons on my account—so you tell me!

Dr. Herd. (depressed). Oh, but this is hopeless! When I have tried so hard to bring a ray of sunlight into your desolate life! I must give RÜBUB KALOMEL notice too—his pill is really too preposterous!

Mrs. Herd. (feels gropingly for a chair, and sits down on the floor). Him, too! Ah, HAUSTUS, you will never make my home a real home for me. My poor first husband, HALVARD SOLNESS, tried—and he couldn't! When one has had such misfortunes as I have—all the family portraits burnt, and the silk dresses, too, and a pair of twins, and nine lovely dolls.

[Chokes with tears.] Dr. Herd. (as if to lead her away from the subject). Yes, yes, yes, that must have been a heavy blow for you, my poor ALINE. I can understand that your spirits can never be really high again. And then for poor Master Builder SOLNESS to be so taken up with that Miss WANGEL as he was—that, too, was so wretched for you. To see him topple off the tower, as he did that day ten years ago—

Mrs. Herd. Yes, that too, HAUSTUS. But I did not mind it so much—it all seemed so perfectly natural in both of them.

Dr. Herd. Natural! For a girl of twenty-three to taunt a middle-aged architect, whom she knew to be constitutionally liable to giddiness, never to let him have any peace till he had climbed a spire as dizzy as himself—and all for the fun of seeing him fall off—how in the world—!

Mrs. Herd. (laying the table for supper with dried fish and punch). The younger generation have a keener sense of humour than we elder ones, HAUSTUS, and perhaps, after all, she was only a perplexing sort of allegory.

Dr. Herd. Yes, that would explain her to some extent, no doubt. But how he could be such an old fool!



"For goodness' sake, let go my legs!"

Mrs. Herd. That Miss WANGEL was a strangely fascinating type of girl. Why, even I myself —

Dr. Herd. (*sits down and takes some fish*). Fascinating? Well, goodness knows, I couldn't see *that* at all. (*Seriously.*) Has it never struck you, ALINE, that elderly Norwegians are so deucedly impressionable—mere bundles of overstrained nerves, hypersensitive ganglia. Except, of course, the Medical Profession.

Mrs. Herd. Yes, of course; those in that profession are not so inclined to gangle. And when one has succeeded by such a stroke of luck as you have —

Dr. Herd. (*drinks a glass of punch*). You're right enough there. If I had not been called in to prescribe for Dr. RYVAL, who used to have the leading practice here, I should never have stepped so wonderfully into his shoes as I did. (*Changes to a tone of quiet chuckling merriment.*) Let me tell you a funny story, ALINE; it sounds a ludicrous thing—but all my good fortune here was based upon a simple little pill. For if Dr. RYVAL had never taken it—

Mrs. Herd. (*anxiously*). Then you *do* think it was the pill that caused him to —?

Dr. Herd. On the contrary; I am perfectly sure the pill had nothing whatever to do with it—the inquest made it quite clear that it was really the liniment. But don't you see, ALINE, what tortures me night and day is the thought that it *might* unconsciously have been the pill which — Never to be free from *that*! To have such a thought gnawing and burning always—always, like a moral mustard poultice! (*He takes more punch.*)

Mrs. Herd. Yes; I suppose there is a poultice of that sort burning on every breast—and we must never take it off either—it is our simple duty to keep it on. I too, HAUSTUS, am haunted by a fancy that if this Miss WANGEL were to ring at our bell now—

Dr. Herd. After she has been lost sight of for ten years? She is safe enough in some Sanatorium, depend upon it. And what if she *did* come? Do you think, my dear good woman, that I—a sensible clear-headed general practitioner, who have found out all I know for myself—would let her play the deuce with me as she did with poor HALVARD? No, general practitioners don't *do* such things—even in Norway!

Mrs. Herd. Don't they indeed, HAUSTUS? (*The Surgery-bell rings loudly.*) Did you hear *that*? There she is! I will go and put on my best cap. It is my duty to show her *that* small attention.

Dr. Herd. (*laughing nervously*). Why, what on earth! — It's the night-bell. It is most probably the new book-keeper! (*Mrs. HERDAL goes out; Dr. HERDAL rises with difficulty, and opens the door.*) Goodness gracious!—it is *that* girl, after all!

Hilda Wangel (*enters through the Dispensary door. She wears a divided skirt, thick boots, and a Tam o' Shanter, with an eagle's wing in it. Somewhat freckled. Carries a green tin cylinder slung round her, and a rug in a strap. Goes straight up to HERDAL, her eyes sparkling with happiness.*) How are you? I've run you down, you see! The ten years are up. Isn't it scrumptiously thrilling, to see me like this?

Dr. Herd. (*politely retreating*). It is—very much so—but still I don't in the least understand—

Hilda (*measures him with a glance*). Oh, you *will*. I have come to be of use to you. I've no luggage, and no money. Not that *that* makes any difference. I never *have*. And I've been allured and attracted here. You surely know how these things come about? [*Throws her arms round him.*]

Dr. Herd. What the deuce! Miss WANGEL, you *mustn't*. I'm a married man! There's my wife! [*Mrs. HERD. enters.*]

Hilda. As if *that* mattered—it's only dear, sweet Mrs. SOLNESS. She doesn't mind—do you, dear Mrs. SOLNESS?

Mrs. Herd. It does not seem to be of much use minding, Miss WANGEL. I presume you have come to stay?

Hilda (*in amused surprise*). Why, of course—what else should I come for? I *always* come to stay, until—h'm!

Dr. Herd. (*involuntarily*). She's drinking my punch! If she thinks I'm going to stand this sort of thing, she's mistaken. I'll soon show her a Pill-Doctor is a very different kind of person from a mere Master Builder!

[HILDA finishes the punch with an indefinable expression in her eyes, and Dr. HERDAL looks on gloomily as the Curtain falls. End of First Act.]

"AMONG THE MEMORABLE BOOKS OF THE PRESENT RAINE."—Canon RAINE has just published (*per LONGMANS*) his *York*, as one of the series of Historic Towns. The proofs of RAINE on *York* of course came very moist from the press. Is there a frontispiece to it of "RAINE poring over his own book?" The work is highly spoken of,—so disons, "Vive le Raine!"

MR. WILSON BARRETT is to appear in a play called *Pharaoh*—"What the plague!"—Is he coming out as an Egyptian Mummer? Will the drama prove interesting to plague-goers?

## A FULL MEASURE OF JUSTICE.

(According to the Modern Method.)

SCENE—The Old Bailey. Judge seated on the Bench, thoroughly enjoying himself. Prisoner in the Dock. Jurymen in the Box. Counsel, Solicitors, and Public, in attendance.

Judge. Now I will swear the Jury.

Officer of the Court. I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I have always been accustomed to—

Judge (*interrupting*). Not at all; I will do it myself. You can't give me too much work. (*Swears the Jury.*) And now, Prisoner, what do you plead, guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner. Well, my Lord, I should say—

Judge. Not guilty. Quite right, always give yourself the benefit



of the doubt. You can't imagine what stupid Jurymen we have sometimes. Quite right to say Not guilty. And now who appears for the prosecution?

Counsel. I do, my Lord, I—

Judge. Glad to see the eminent counsel here, and I know of no one who can better conduct a case. Still, with my learned friend's or rather my learned brother's, I should say the learned Counsel's permission, I will just open for the Crown myself. (*Opens for the Crown with brilliant effect. Applause.*) No; I cannot allow any demonstration of that sort. By the way (*to Counsel for the Prosecution*), Have we any witnesses?

Counsel. Yes, my Lord, a Police Sergeant.

Judge. Oh, indeed, I will soon settle him. (*Witness enters box and is sworn.*) And now, you Sir, I am not going to allow any speeches—so be on your guard. (*Examines and cross-examines him.*) Have we any more witnesses?

Counsel. No, my Lord—that is our case.

Judge. Quite so. The face of the learned Counsel, who is retained for the defence, is new to me, but if he has no objection, I will open for him. Counsel. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Thank you. (*Addresses the Jury.*) And now, if we have no witnesses, I think I will sum up. (*To Counsel for the Defence.*) Have we any witnesses?

Counsel. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Well, I think we won't call any witnesses, because then the Prosecution won't have a reply.

Counsel. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Quite so. And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I have now my own special functions to perform. I will sum up the case in my judicial capacity. You must know then—(*Sums up.*) And now I will leave you to decide upon your verdict. (*Jury consults.*) Or perhaps you would like to leave the matter to me?

Foreman of the Jury. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Thank you. Then I think we may say "Guilty." Prisoner at the Bar, it is now my duty to sentence you. I think, under all the circumstances of the case, that I need not treat you too harshly. There is no doubt that the prosecution has been conducted in a very able manner; and this remark is equally applicable to the manner in which the defence has been carried out. I think a month's imprisonment will be sufficient. Prisoner, you are sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

Prisoner. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. But, as I have had a good deal to do with this case, I think I may as well remain in it to the end. So, with the consent of the convict, the Counsel, and the Jury, I will go to prison myself. The Entire Court. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Thank you all very much. I hope, after a month's retirement, to have the pleasure of meeting you again.

[Exit, in custody. Curtain.]

FOR A FEW NIGHTS OHNET.—Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL have revived *The Ironmaster*. As may be imagined, the dialogue is full of irony.



### THE OLD COUNTRY. ST. WYCLIFFE'S COLLEGE, OXBRIDGE.

*Mr. Jonah P. Skeggs, from Chicago (with his family) suddenly bursts on Jones, who keeps at Letter A in the Cloisters.*

"SIR—WE OFFER YOU—MANY APOLOGIES—FOR THIS—UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION! WE WERE NOT AWARE THE OLD RUIN WAS INHABITED!"

#### BETWEEN THE ROUNDS.

"The record of the Opposition, so far, is one of wasted opportunities and ill-conceived tactics. They have been beaten, out-maneuvred and discredited by a foe on whom, with proper management, they might often have turned the tables. . . . These are no days for punctilious or overstrained courtesy in dealing with political opponents. . . . Conservatives and Unionists may be tolerably certain that they will gain nothing by this misplaced delicacy."—*The Standard.*

*Perturbed Old Party loquitor:—*

WICH, ARTHUR, I'm puffed awer as a fighter you're truly tip-top, Our party's peccoliar pride, and our cause's perticular prop!

You can "pop in a slommacking wunner," if ever a lad could, dear boy:

But—well, there, you ain't scored *this* round; and yer foes is a-chortling with joy!

'Ow is it, my ARTHUR, 'ow is it! I've nurriged you up from a kid,

And if ever a lathy young scrapper showed pluck and fair promise, boy, you did;

Wich I've cheridged and cracked you up constant, and backed you in all of your fights.

And I've swore it was you, right as rain, as would do the Grand Ould 'Un to rights!

But he's turned up more younger than ever—O drabbit him; 'ow he do wear!

I thought he'd be knocked out at once, the fast round, and he ain't turned a hair!

He hits hard and fast as the "TINMAN," he's nimble as poor "Young DUCROW,"

And now this round's over, *where are we?* I'm jiggered, dear boy, if I know!

Look at 'im! As perky as pickles! Weaves in like a young 'un, he do,

Jest as limber of limb as a kitten; pops in that perdigious one—two,

Like a new Eighty-tonner. Good gracious, the wetterun's all over the shop!

He can mill you, or throw you a burster; feint, parry, duck, counter, or stop!

Reglar mixture of MACE, YOUNG DUTCH SAM, and a Old Pugilistical 'And!

'Ow the dooce does he do it, I wonder? I don't mind admitting it's grand.

But—wot price our Party, my ARTHUR? He's scoring two points to our one;

And I don't see the fun of it, ARTHUR, I certainly *don't* see the fun.

Mustn't take it to heart overmuch, 'ARTY! 'Taint as I wants for to scold;

But—you play him too light—*entry noo!* 'Taint acos you are young, and he's old.

As you need be so precious "punctilious." Delicate 'andling of him

Won't pay; it's misplaced altogether. Go at him, lad! I am the old limb!

His bellows can't be as they used to wos. Youth will be served—that's your chance;

But, if you play light with Old Shifty, he'll lead you no end of a dance.

Think of BENJY, dear boy, my old champion, bless his black curls! He wired in,

Never thinking of manners or taste, wich is muck when you're fighting to win.

Look at GRANDOLPH, the Marlborough Midget, as often reminds me of BEN!

There—there! Don't turn touchy, and tiff; we all need a straight tip now and then.

You can do him, next round, I've no doubt, if you'll only fight up to your form.

Pull yourself well together, 'it 'ard, bustle up the old boy, make it warm!—

Remember wot JOHNNY BROOME's mother once wrote to her boy—mark, and mind!—

"Be sure you make use of your left; keep away from your man till you find

You can reach him in safety, and *then*—give him pepper. Avoid being thrown.

But give 'im all the bursters you can!" Wich that Ammyzon, who is beknown

To the fistical world, gave her son—as you're mine—werry proper advice.

When time's called, my ARTHUR, wire in; and wotever you do, *don't be nice!*

No "overstrained courtesy" *this* time! It's blessed nigh bunnicked your chance.

Let me fan you, dear boy, let me fan you! And when it is time to hadvance

Go at 'im for all you are wuth! Bless yer, him and his low Irish lot

Won't be in it with GENTLEMAN ARTHUR—*if only you'll give it him hot!*

[*Left fanning and fuming.*]

SHAKSPEARIJ JUNIORES. — Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS's and PETTITT's *Prodigal Daughter* is going all over the shop. She is coming out in France, in Germany, also, of course, in the Horse-tryin' capital, and will appear, as a matter-of-Corso, in Rome. This for the original English authors is a dramatic triumph which for the universality of their work is second only to that of SHAKSPEARE.



## BETWEEN THE ROUNDS.

PERTURBED OLD PARTY (*log*). "WHICH, ARTHUR MY DEAR, YOU'VE TREATED HIM TOO DELICATE IN FUST ROUND! YOU'LL AYE TO PULL YERSELF TOGETHER, IF YOU'RE A-GOIN' TO DO ANY GOOD!"

SWAIN JR





## POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

THE MAN THAT SMOKES THE RANK TWO-D CIGAR, OH!

AIR—"The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

[Pardon, good  
GILBERT,  
pardon, ge-  
nial COBORN,  
That from the  
Bois Boolong,  
Unto the Cock-  
ney purheus  
of 'Igh 'Ol-  
born,  
We shift your  
famous song.]

I'M just "all there," no  
'ARRY; I've the  
money, so I score!  
To a Race last week I  
went,  
And there staked a  
quarter's rent.

Dame Fortune smiled upon  
me as she never done  
before:

And now I've copped the  
ochre I'm a gent!  
Yus, now I've piled the  
pieces, I'm a gent!

Chorus.

As I mash and lark in  
Finsbury Park,  
With a free an' heasy  
hair,  
You can twig the donahs stare.  
"Bob must be a millionnaire!"  
You can 'ear 'em cry,  
"Oh, ain't 'e fly?"

And can't 'e wink the hother heye?"  
The man wot smokes the prime Two-D cigar,  
oh!

I've chucked my crib, and two-quid-screw,  
for betting's now my walk;  
I do my mornin' march  
Down to the Marble Arch.  
I'm bound to spot more winners; I've a eye  
that's like a 'awk;



I'm a mass of oof and 'air-  
oil, shine and starch;  
Yus, a reg'lar mass of ochre,  
shine and starch.

Chorus.

As I walk along, still "go-  
ing strong,"  
With my Tuppenny all  
a-flare,  
You can 'ear old buffers  
swear,  
As my bacey scents the  
air.  
You can hear 'em sigh,  
And moan, "Oh my!"  
You can see 'em choke,  
and blink the heye  
At "the man wot smokes  
the rank Two-D cigar,  
oh!"

I paternise the Promenards  
on a Sunday, with the  
Swells,  
With my topper on the  
skew,  
And my cloud a-blowin'  
blue;  
For a tuppenny smoke and  
a leary joke they nobble  
the mam'selles,  
And if they're nuts on  
me, wot can I do?  
Yus, if they're arter me,  
wot can I do?

Chorus.

As I swagger and swell along Pell-Mell,  
With a reg'lar oof-bird air,  
You can 'ear sour swells declare,  
"A Whitechapel weed!"—and swear.  
But their narsty cry  
Means—jealousy.  
So I puff, and wink the hother heye—  
"The man wot smokes the rank Two-D  
Cigar, oh!"

## Nuts for Knutsford.

In the City Article of last Saturday's *Times*,  
we read that Lord KNUTSFORD has joined the  
London Board of "CHAFFEY, Bros., Limited."  
What a festive board! What a rivalry must  
exist among the CHAFFEY Brothers as to who  
shall be the chaffiest and the wheatiest of the  
family!

## WOMEN'S WRONGS IN JAPAN.

[The new Japanese Press Bill prohibits women from  
becoming Publishers or Editors.—*Daily Graphic*.]

A LAND of flowers and of Art,  
Which lived for centuries apart,  
Some years ago woke with a start;  
Folks, simply dressed by wrappin' knees  
In silken robes of dainty hue,  
Began to long for something new  
The good, the beautiful, the true  
No longer charmed the Japanese.

So Western Art improved their lot;  
A House of Commons grew. Each got  
Boots, trousers, frock-coat, chimney-pot.  
"Art? 'E don't care a rap. an' 'e's,"  
Says 'ARRY, "sich a swell! I'm blowed  
'E'd knock 'em in the Old Kent Road."  
You are a sight, dressed *à la mode*  
O too-progressive Japanese!

And yet, to *Madame Chrysanthème*,  
Divided Skirter, Primrose Dame,  
And all the rest, are but a name;  
It therefore cannot happen ease

Is yours, although men dress like frights,  
And even have election fights;



One thing is wanting—Women's Rights,  
O *fin-de-siècle* Japanese!

## THE COMING COAL-SCUTTLE.

SWEET Maiden, what is this you wear,  
This most eccentric sort of bonnet,  
That stands erect upon your hair  
As though a coal-scoop fixed upon it?

A very funny shape it seems,  
Flat, oval, rather like a shuttle,  
Or, like some Statesmen's foreign schemes,  
A sort of undecided scuttle.

And yet not wholly of the kind  
Beloved by loud Salvation lasses,  
Which brings the coal-box to one's mind—  
Boorn's fashions would not suit the Classes.



There's some resemblance to a spoon,  
But you are not considered "spooney"—  
Word coined by some low buffoon,  
Romantic, quite, as "*Annie Rooney*."

It's rather like the ace of spades,  
And yet it plays the deuce with features,  
O Queen of hearts, of pretty maids,  
So say we knaves of clubs, male creatures;  
Who look askance at what may shade—  
When larger grown—the face that charms  
us.

If scoop or scuttle, spoon or spade,  
No matter; each of them alarms us.

A POSSIBLE BUNGLER.—Through REUTER'S  
Agency last Friday, we learn that "BUNGLE  
KHAN is in Afghan territory." Capital man  
to be opposed to us. We shall be ready to  
take any advantage of him, as, if BUNGLE  
KHAN can bungle, he will of course do so.

ONE FOR THE OTHER SIDE.—Mrs. R. can-  
not understand how Mr. GLADSTONE can  
advocate Monometallism in the House of Com-  
mons, as, she says, she has always heard that  
"Words are silver, and silence is gold."



### EMBARRASSING.

*Curate.* "HELLO, REGIE! AH, IT'S GOOD TO BE YOU! A POOR BEGGAR LIKE ME, YOU SEE, HAS TO BE CONTENT WITH RUNNING AFTER THE HOUNDS ON FOOT."

*Regie (who, as the Son of our M.F.H., has all the Hunting-Man's horror of Foot people).* "AH—YES. AND THE PATER SAYS HE WOULDN'T MIND THAT SO MUCH, IF ONLY HALF THE PARISH DIDN'T SOMETIMES TURN OUT TO RUN AFTER YOU!"

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 27.*—"Am thinking, TOBY," said RIGBY, just now, "of applying for Chiltern Hundreds. Parliament isn't quite the place I pictured to myself when I fought for a seat. Of course I've done pretty well. To be made SOLICITOR-GENERAL right off, with WADDY around, and WILLIS still in prime of life and energy, was a fine thing. But House seems perversely inclined to accept me as a joke, and that's not the sort of thing I'm accustomed to at Chancery Bar. Look what happened the other night, when, in my learned brother RUSSELL's absence, I answered questions. Did it in my best, most imposing, and conclusive style. Kept my eye on SPEAKER throughout, to see how he'd take it. Effect most satisfactory. You know I make CHITTY sit up, and NORTH tremble. They, to certain extent, used to it; all new to SPEAKER, and told accordingly. Was really fascinated myself. I frowned at him, pursed my mouth, wrinkled my forehead, squared my jaw, sometimes lowered my voice into my boots, anon uplifted it above where my wig ought to have been. Being my first appearance at table, thought it worth while to make an effort. Judging from SPEAKER's limp appearance towards conclusion of my remarks, felt I had done it. Suddenly curious noise, that I'm told is known as a titter, interrupted me, and, before I had quite finished, there was a boisterous roar of laughter."

"Oh, come," I said, "you mustn't take that too much to heart. House will have its joke, and, if you won't make it, it sometimes makes it round you, using you as lay-figure. Your voice and manner in answering simple matter-of-fact question, were perhaps a size or so too large. But you'll get the hang of the place by-and-by, and will be all right."

"I don't think so," said SOLICITOR-GENERAL, sadly. "Look

again what happened just now. House unexpectedly goes into Committee. Can't find MELLOR. 'You take the Chair,' says the SQUIRE; 'you'll fill it admirably.' No time for hesitation; I take the Chair; Clerk claps Bill into my hand. I say, 'Question is, that I do report progress, and ask leave to sit again.' Shouts of 'Aye,' and 'No.' 'I think the Ayes have it,' I say, in deep chest-notes, with persuasive fall of eyebrows. 'The Noes have it!' they shout. Very well; first duty of Chairman is to be impartial; so I say, 'The Noes have it.' Again they roar with laughter. WOODALL, in charge of Bill, feels for sword of Financial Secretary to War Office. Fortunately, can't find it. Otherwise, Chair of Committees might have been steepled with my gore. What shall I do next? 'Put question again,' Clerk hoarsely whispered. 'Question is, that I do report progress, and ask leave to sit again. Those who are of that opinion say Aye; the contrary, No. I think the Ayes have it.' That would at least get me out of the Chair, and you certainly won't find me asking for leave to sit again. But what follows? In all parts of the House, just now opposing progress, hilarious shout of 'No! No!' rises up. That means I'm to go on with the Bill; but I know if I declare 'the Noes have it,' they'll turn round to the 'Ayes.' So, after standing for moment irresolutely, Bill in hand, I'm not ashamed to say I bolted from table, taking Bill with me. House roared louder than ever. Seem to have discovered excellent joke. But I don't see it, TOBY. If this is House of Commons life, give me the dignity and quiet of the Chancery Bar."

Quite a procession of new Members took their seats on election. Honours of the day with HARRY LAWSON, who, after stubborn fight, has won Cirencester. As young HARRY, with his beaver on, marched to table, Liberals temporarily relieved themselves from imputation that they don't know how to cheer.

*Business done.*—Local Veto Bill brought in.

*Tuesday Night.*—"It's a natural temptation," said CHARLES



APPLYING FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.



RUSSELL, "for the human mind to believe that Mr. G.'s latest performance at table of House of Commons excels all he has done before. There is a phrase—you are probably familiar with it in HORACE—which speaks of the *Laudator temporis acti*. But the other



Young Harry obtaining his Majority on Coming of Age in the Parliamentary Time.

impulse is certainly, in this connection, quite as strong. I, therefore, hesitate to affirm that that's the best speech Mr. G. ever made; but certainly it's among the best."

It was on Bimetallism. Like olives and claret, Bimetallism quite an acquired taste; ordinary Member will have none of it; flees House when subject announced. In the Parliamentary world, Bimetallism supplies part of the BROWNING or IBSSEN cult known out-of-doors. Analogy accurate inasmuch, that whilst mass of mankind are averse to contemplation of topic, the few faithful pass all ordinary bounds in the enthusiasm of their worship. Thus, for upwards of hour to-night, MEYSEY-THOMPSON handled it as if he loved it. MONTEAGU, whilst musically jingling in trowser-pocket handful of newly-minted sovereigns, equally adulatory. Then Mr. G. walked in. It was reasonably thought in advance that Bimetallism would prove too much even for the charm of his oratory. Had evidently come down unprepared for special effort; neither sheaf of notes nor pomatum-pot. He listened to mover and seconder, and then just talked to entranced House, crowding up in every corner. Quite surprised, as Mr. G. was himself when he sat down, to find he'd been talking for an hour.

**Business done.**—House declares by 229 votes against 148, will have nothing to do with Bimetallism.

**Wednesday.**—Hear a very pleasant thing in connection with an old friend. Am told that as soon as Local Veto Bill passes into law, WILFRID LAWSON is to be raised to the Peerage.

"Why not?" asks SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. "On the principle that the Devil shouldn't have all the good tunes suitable for WESLEY'S

hymns, why should the Trade have the monopoly of the Peerage? Why shouldn't there be a Viscount APPOLINARIS as well as a Baron BASS, a Lord BARLEYWATER to pair off with a Baron BARLEYCORN? Let us drink (in toast-and-water), health and long life to Lord BARLEYWATER of Brayton!"

**Business done.**—In discussion on Irish National Education Bill GRANDOLPH effects little surprise. Been running admirably in double harness with Prince ARTHUR. This afternoon suddenly jibs; nearly upsets coach.

**Friday, 1 A.M.**—"Begin to think, TOBY," said Prince ARTHUR, as we walked home together in the moonlight, "that we shall scotch this Home-Rule Bill yet. Expectation only just dawned on me. When I went down to House in the afternoon, was of different opinion. Had philosophically settled down to acceptance of inevitable. Might maim it a bit in Committee; play with it so as to block off other business, and send it up to Lords at so late period of Session that they would seem justified in throwing it out, on score of inadequate time to discuss it. Now I think we shall go one better. COURTNEY thought he could serve Unionist cause better from standpoint below Gangway. The supremest service he could render to that cause was effected when he created vacancy in Chair."

"Don't you think," I said, "they were a little hard on MELLOR? Wasn't the sport something after the fashion of the gallant emprise in Windsor Park with the carted stag? And then the merry sportsmen didn't give the new Chairman the ordinary courtesy of a fair start and a little run."

"Oh," said Prince ARTHUR, "if you put it in that way, of course there's something to be said. But all is fair in hate and war. Mr. G. should have thought of that before he got rid of COURTNEY. Our business is to stop Home-Rule Bill from passing, and after to-night the way is clear, and the goal certain."

**Business done.**—New Chairman baited for an hour by Westminster Clock. Before the lawless, disorderly squabble about Law and Order in County Clare, regular foot-ball scrimmage, in which SAUNDERSON naturally turned up. In one of the pauses the Colonel dropped into poetry; could hear him crooning to himself:—

There's Justice O'BRIEN of Clare,

How rare!

'Tis little for justice they care

Down there!

They're choke full of crimes,

(So at least says the *Times*),

And they've got no policemen to spare,

How quare!

They've got no policemen to spare.

**Friday Night.**—Seems, after all, MELLOR quite right in his ruling yesterday. Point was that, on supplementary Estimate, you may not debate questions of policy settled when original vote agreed to. Prince ARTHUR denounced this as absolutely novel principle. CHAMBERLAIN kept game up from other side, and for full hour conviction borne in upon new Chairman that life not worth living. SPEAKER, appealed to to-day, declares MELLOR to have been in the right. Report of Select Committee on Estimates. Procedure cited to show COURTNEY categorically laid down the principle challenged, and systematically acted upon it.



Irish National Football Match.

"Yes," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reflectively stroking his chin, "and COURTNEY might have got up and said so last night. Only his fatal bashfulness, his irreclaimably retiring disposition, could have kept him silent in such circumstances. True, his interposition would have spoiled the little game of his friends. It would not have been War, but it would have been Magnanimous."

**Business done.**—ALBERT ROLLIT, and Ex-Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD, carry Resolution declaring Revised Railway Rates prejudicial to commercial interests of country.

## MIXED NOTIONS.

## No. VII.—PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

*Inquirer (to First Well-Informed Man).* I say, have you ever been in the House of Commons?

*First W. I. M. (shortly).* No, you know I haven't.

*Inquirer.* Oh, I don't mean as a Member. Of course I know you wouldn't stand the rot of all these Constituents, or whatever they call themselves. But have you ever been there as a visitor while a debate's going on?

*First W. I. M.* Yes, once—some years ago. But why do you ask?

*Inquirer (producing an order of admission).* Well, you see, I got

old JENKINS to give me a ticket for to-night, and I'm hanged if I know how I'm to get there, or when I'm to go, or anything about it. I thought you might be able to tell me how it's done.

*First W. I. M.* Let's have a look at your ticket.

[Both the Well-Informed Men inspect it with an air of critical sagacity.]

*First W. I. M. (after a prolonged pause).* I don't see where your difficulty is. You just present this at the door.

*Inquirer.* Ah, I daresay—but what door? That's what I want to know. The place looks as if it had about fifty thousand doors, you know. And then I believe, if you make any mistakes, they march you off, in two-twos, as a dynamiter, or a Socialist, or an agitator, or something. You know old BONKER. Well, he went there once with a black bag, in which he'd got some sandwiches and cake, and, just because he wouldn't open it, they made no end of a row, and shoved him in the Clock-tower, or something, until he apologised. I don't want any of those games, you know.

*Average Man.* Don't take a black bag then. They won't want to search your pockets.

*Inquirer (relieved).* Won't they? That's one comfort, at any rate. Do you think I ought to go in at the big entrance?

*First W. I. M.* Of course you ought. The

*Inquirer.* Ah! And I suppose I ought to get there pretty early now that they've changed their hours. (With determination.) I'll go about half-past eleven.

*Inquirer (suddenly, with intense alarm).* Oh, I say, look here, you chaps. Here's old GLADSTONE gone and suspended the Twelve o'Clock Rule. What does that mean?

*Second W. I. M.* It means that they start everything at twelve o'clock in the day.

*First W. I. M.* No, it doesn't. It means that they don't start anything till twelve o'clock at night.

*Second W. I. M. (pityingly).* My dear fellow, where have you been all these years? They always go home on the stroke of midnight now.

*First W. I. M.* That's just where you're wrong. Midnight to two in the morning is just jolly well their best time now.

*Second W. I. M.* I'll bet you half a thick 'un you're wrong!

*First W. I. M.* And I'll bet you half a thick 'un I'm right!

[The argument continues for some minutes in this strain.]



## "WELL MATCHED."

*Medico (pathetically, with a view to touching the Dealer's heart).* "Now, Mr. BOBBS, WHAT DO YOU THINK I COULD GET A THOROUGHLY GOOD USEFUL PAIR OF HORSES FOR, EH? PRICE NOT STIFF."

*Mr. Bobbs.* "LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, TO FIND HORSES—NOTHIN' EASIER. BUT, AS REGARDS PRICE—WELL—YOU CAN HAVE 'EM AT ALL PRICES, JUST AS YOU CAN DOCTORS!"

*Inquirer.* I wonder if they'll have any obstruction. I should like to see some of that. I believe it's no end amusing.

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, you may trust this Opposition for that. Their only notion for employing time is to obstruct everything and everybody.

*First W. I. M. (with a deadly calmness).* Ah! you call it obstruction, of course, because you want to rush your iniquitous Bills through the House. But you don't think we're going to stand that, do you?—because we're not, and the Country's with us. Just look at Grimsby.

*Second W. I. M.* All right! Suppose you look at Cirencester.

*First W. I. M.* What do you say to Stockport then?

*Second W. I. M.* And what do you say to Walsham and Hexall, and all the rest of them? (At the suggestion of the Average Man, they abandon this fiery debate. A pause.)

*Inquirer.* Who's Speaker now?

*First W. I. M.* Sir ROBERT PEEL.

*Inquirer.* Will he be there to-night?

*First W. I. M.* Of course he will. He's got to be there.

*Inquirer.* But then what does the Chairman of Committee do?

*First W. I. M.* Oh, ah,—um, let me see; the Chairman of Committee does—(Brightly.) He's only appointed, you know, when they want a Committee about something.

*Second W. I. M.* Ifancy he has to read the Bills.

*First W. I. M. (gathering assurance as he proceeds).* Not when they're read a first time. Somebody else does that—I forget what they call him. The Chairman reads 'em a second time, and takes 'em up to the House of Lords.

*Inquirer.* So he does, of course. I ought to have remembered that. But I'd got a sort of notion they didn't really read the Bills at all—just chucked 'em into a bag, and called it a Second Reading.

*First W. I. M. (con- descendingly).* That's how they used to do it about ten years ago; but they had to alter the whole thing after they got BRADLAUGH into the House.

*Inquirer.* Why was that?

*First W. I. M.* Well, he wouldn't take an oath, you know; so, after that, they altered everything.

*Inquirer (with admiration).* By Jove, what a chap you are for recollecting things!

[Terminus.]

## QUEER QUERIES.

A NEW POLL-TAX.—Would somebody inform me of the easiest way of getting into Parliament? I see that Members are soon going to be paid, and that would be very useful to me, as my present yearly expenses are £1,500, and my income barely £150. Had I better try as a "Labour Candidate"? I feel that I may claim the title, on account of the labour—twelve hours at least *per diem*—which I have to expend on getting out of the way of my creditors. I presume that, before long, there will be Parliaments all over the place, for England, Wales, and Scotland, as well as for Ireland, and I want to get into all! At least, I want to get into all where the excellent system of payment of Members is adopted, with salaries "On the higher scale," as they say in the Courts. It is curious that, when I explain to my creditors this most promising source of prospective income, they don't seem to see it! But creditors always were a purblind race.—WOULD-BE LEGISLATOR.

## THE "WITLER" AND THE "WASSER-MAIDEN."

*A Ballad of Bungdom. (After Hans Breitmann's Ballad of the Mermaid.)*

DER noble Witler\* Bungo  
 Von Schvillenschvigenop,  
 Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,  
 Und he coom to de panks of de Schlopp.

Und oop dere rose a Meer-maid  
 Vot hadn't got nodings on.  
 Und she say, "Oh, Witler Bungo,  
 Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

\* Licensed Victualler.

Und he says, "I rides mine high-horse,  
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer,  
 Till I gooms unto mine Gasthaus,†  
 Where I sells goot wine und peer."

Und den outspoke de Maiden  
 Vot hadn't got nodings on:  
 "I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh  
 Dat cares for demsels alone.

† Tavern, or Wine Shop.

You'd petter coom down to de Wasser,—  
 'Tis de pest trink ash you'll see,—  
 Und haf a wholesome tinner  
 Mit Schlopp-Vaah, along mit me."

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin!  
 Und dere healthy efery one."  
 So sang dis Wasser-Maiden,  
 Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Your shtrong tipplesh cost mooch money,  
 Dere ish death in de trinks you've sold;



Und you helps yourself, by doonder,  
Te de Vorkmansh hard-earned gold.

"Shoost look at doze soddan wretches,  
White schlafes of de Witler Rings!  
From dere 'trunks' you vill your pockets,  
Und you rob dem like efery dings.

"Vot dey vantsh mit your schnaps\* und  
Vitrioled gin and doctored wine? [lager,  
Smash your pottles, and preak your parrels,  
Und try dese Schlopps of mine!

Vill dat fetch him! He standsh as shpell-  
bound!

She would pool his coat-tails down.  
She von't draw him onder der Wasser—  
Dat Maiden mit nodings on!

\* Drams, drinks.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THANK you, Mrs. HUNGERFORD (says the Baron, bowing his very best to the talented authoress), for one of the cheeriest, freshest, and sweetest—if I may be allowed to use the epithet—of one-volume'd stories I've read for many a day. The three daughters are delightful. I question whether you couldn't have done better with "two only, as are generally necessary;" but perhaps this is ungrateful on my part. Anyway, two out of the three lovers are scarcely worth mentioning, so I don't think I am far wrong. for the team was a bit unmanageable, well as you had them in hand. Excellent, too, is the sketch of *Dad*, though that of *Aunt Jane* is a trifle too grotesque, and will, perforce, remind those of your readers, who are theatre-goers, of Mr. PENLEY in petticoats, now actually playing "*Charley's*" irresistibly comic *Aunt* at the Globe Theatre. But it is all good, and not too good to be true. Likewise, my dear Madame, you have given us two life-like sketches, one of a car-driver with his vicious mare, and the other of *Molly's* little dog. In conclusion, I congratulate you, Mrs. HUNGERFORD, as also the publisher, Mr. HEINEMANN, on having secured so good a specimen of the material for sale in this Hungertord market, says  
THE BARON DE B.-W.

#### HOME, CHEAP HOME!

"THINE be a cot beside a hill,"  
Hums Mrs. HAWES in our ear;  
"Such cots are in the market still,  
At only thirty pounds a year.

"Then, as for furnishing the fold,  
Another fifty pounds will do it;  
But mind you stick to what is old,  
Nor carry modern rubbish to it!

"Your chairs must all be Chippendale,  
Your tables of the native oak,  
Your sofas"—but of what avail!  
To further urge this little joke?

For in this cot the chairs may be  
Much chipped, but hardly Chippendale,  
Unless the lady will agree  
To costs "upon the hire scale."

SAID a prim Bachelor, in a nasty temper,  
after a struggle with an ultra-stiffened clean shirt,  
"I should like to indict my laundress  
at the Old Bailey, charge her with murdering  
my linen, and, as evidence, I'd produce the  
mangled remains in Court."

Mrs. R. has been studying architecture.  
She says that "all Schoolmasters' Houses  
ought to be built in the Early Perpendicular  
Tutor style."



#### "WHERE A FOOTMAN IS KEPT."

"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO LEAVE, SARAH? IT'S NOT A HARD PLACE, AND JOHN  
DOES MOST OF YOUR WORK?"

"YES, MA'AM! BUT—A—JOHN HAS NO CONVERSATION?"

#### LIQUID AIR.

A LEARNED Professor, the other day,  
At the Royal Institution,  
Explained, in a quite scientific way,  
How, helped by a contribution  
From the Goldsmiths' Company, he'd  
prepare  
Some liquid oxygen—you're aware  
This is what plain English folks call  
Unspoilt by smoky pollution. ["air"]

No doubt he meant well, and the Goldsmiths  
In their noble work together; [too,  
But was it the very best thing to do,  
In that showery, soaking weather; [cats,  
When drizzle, or downpour, of dogs and  
From the "liquid air" made us all  
drowned rats,  
And ruined our clothes and our best top-  
hats,  
And spoilt boots of the stoutest leather?

Professors and Companies, if you would  
Invent some sort of appliance  
To dry "liquid air," on which we could  
Repose implicit reliance,  
Arranged to diminish this H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Which, as every schoolboy ought to  
know,  
The Germans call *wasser*, the French  
call *eau*,  
We should bless your chemical science.

#### CON. FOR CAPITALISTS.

Q. Why is it clear the Sparrow is an  
advocate of Free Competition?  
A. Because his everlasting cry is, "Cheep-  
Cheep!"

"THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM."—Mrs. R.  
warmly espouses the cause of Temperance.  
She is very strong on what she has heard is  
called "The Gotobed System," in Sweden.



## PILL-DOCTOR HERDAL.

(Translated from the Original Norwegian by Mr. Punch.)

## SECOND ACT.

DR. HERDAL's Drawing-room and Dispensary, as before. It is early in the day. DR. HERDAL sits by the little table, taking his own temperature with a clinical thermometer. By the door stands the New Book-keeper; he wears blue spectacles and a discoloured white tie, and seems slightly nervous.

Dr. Herd. Well, now you understand what is necessary. My late book-keeper, Miss BLAKDRAF, used to keep my accounts very cleverly—she charged every visit twice over.

The New B. I am familiar with book-keeping by double entry. I was once employed at a Bank.

Dr. Herd. I am discharging my assistant, too; he was always trying to push me out with his pills. Perhaps you will be able to dispense?

The New B. (modestly). With an additional salary, I should be able to do that too.

Dr. Herd. Capital! You shall dispense with an additional salary. Go into the Dispensary, and see what you can make of it. You may mistake a few drugs at first—but everything must have a beginning.

[As the New B. retires, Mrs. HERDAL enters in a hat and cloak with a watering-pot, noiselessly.

Mrs. Herd. Miss WANGEL got up early, before breakfast, and went for a walk. She is so wonderfully vivacious!

Dr. Herd. So I should say. But tell me, ALINE, is she really going to stay with us here? [Nervously.

Mrs. Herd. (looks at him). So she tells me. And, as she has brought nothing with her except a tooth-brush and a powder-puff, I am going into the town to get her a few articles. We must make her feel at home.

Dr. Herd. (breaking out). I will make her not only feel, but be at home, wherever that is, this very day! I will not have a perambulating Allegory without a portmanteau here on an indefinite visit. I say, she shall go—do you hear, ALINE? Miss WANGEL will go!

[Raps with his fist on table.

Mrs. Herd. (quietly). If you say so, HAUSTUS, no doubt she will have to go. But you must tell her so yourself.

[Puts the watering-pot on the console table, and goes out, as HILDA enters, sparkling with pleasure.

Hilda (goes up straight to him). Good morning, Dr. HERDAL. I have just seen a pig killed. It was ripping—I mean, gloriously thrilling! And your wife has taken a tremendous fancy to me. Fancy that!

Dr. Herd. (gloomily). It is eccentric certainly. But my poor dear wife was always a little—

Hilda (nods her head slowly several times). So you have noticed that too? I have had a long talk with her. She can't get over your discharging Mr. KALOMEL—he is the only man who ever really understood her.

Dr. Herd. If I could only pay her off a little bit of the huge, immeasurable debt I owe her—but I can't!

Hilda (looks hard at him). Can't I help you? I helped RAGNAR BROVIG. Didn't you know I stayed with him and poor little KAJA—after that accident to my Master Builder? I did. I made RAGNAR build me the loveliest castle in the air—lovelier, even, than poor Mr. SOLNESS's would have been—and we stood together on the very top. The steps were rather too much for KAJA. Besides, there was no room for her on top. And he put towering spires on all his semi-

detached villas. Only, somehow, they didn't let. Then the castle in the air tumbled down, and RAGNAR went into liquidation, and I continued my walking-tour.

Dr. Herd. (interested against his will). And where did you go after that, may I ask, Miss WANGEL?

Hilda. Oh, ever so far North. There I met Mr. and Mrs. TESMAN—the second Mrs. TESMAN—she who was Mrs. ELVSTED, with the irritating hair, you know. They were on their honeymoon, and had just decided that it was impossible to reconstruct poor Mr. LÖVBORG's great book out of Mrs. ELVSTED's rough notes. But I insisted on GEORGE's attempting the impossible—with Me. And what do you think Mrs. TESMAN wears in her hair now?

Dr. Herd. Why, really I could not say. Vine-leaves, perhaps.

Hilda. Wrong—straws! Poor TESMAN didn't fancy that—so he shot himself, un-beautifully, through his ticket-pocket. And I went on and took Rosmersholm for the Summer. There had been misfortune in the house, so it was to let. Dear good old Rector KROLL acted as my reference; his wife and children had no sympathy with his views, so I used to see him every day. And I persuaded him, too, to attempt the impossible—he had never ridden anything but a rocking-

horse in his life, but I made him promise to mount the White Horse of the Rosmersholms. He didn't get over that. They found his body, a fortnight afterwards, in the mill-dam. Thrilling!

Dr. Herd. (shakes his finger at her). What a girl you are, Miss WANGEL! But you mustn't play these games here, you know.

Hilda (laughs to herself). Of course not. But I suppose I am a strange sort of bird.

Dr. Herd. You are like a strong tonic. When I look at you I seem to be regarding an effervescent saline draught. Still, I really must decline to take you.

Hilda (a little sulky). That is not how you spoke ten years ago, up at the mountain station, when you were such a flirt!

Dr. Herd. Was I a flirt? Deuce take me if I remember. But I am not like that now.

Hilda. Then you have really forgotten how you sat next to me at the table d'hôte, and made pills and swallowed them, and were so splendid and buoyant and free that all the old women who knitted left next day?

Dr. Herd. What a memory you have for trifles, Miss WANGEL, it's quite wonderful!

Hilda. Trifles! There was no trifling on your part. When you promised

to come back in ten years, like a troll, and fetch me!

Dr. Herd. Did I say all that? It must have been after table d'hôte!

Hilda. It was. I was a mere chit then—only twenty-three; but I remember. And now I have come for you.

Dr. Herd. Dear, dear! But there is nothing of the troll about me now I have married Mrs. SOLNESS.

Hilda (looking sharply at him). Yes, I remember you were always dropping in to tea in those days.

Dr. Herd. (seems hurt). Every visit was duly put down in the ledger and charged for—as poor little SENNA will tell you.

Hilda. Little SENNA? Oh, Dr. HERDAL, I believe there is a bit of the troll left in you still!

Dr. Herd. (laughs a little). No, no; my conscience is perfectly robust—always was.

Hilda. Are you quite quite sure that, when you went indoors with dear Mrs. SOLNESS that afternoon, and left me alone with my Master Builder, you did not foresee—perhaps wish—intend, even a little, that—H'm?

Dr. Herd. That you would talk the poor man into clambering up that tower? You want to drag Me into that business now!



"Beautiful rainbow-coloured powders that will give one a real grip on the world!"

*Hilda (teasingly).* Yes, I certainly think that then you went on exactly like a troll.

*Dr. Herd. (with uncontrollable emotion).* HILDA, there is not a corner of me safe from you! Yes, I see now that *must* have been the way of it. Then I *was* a troll in that, too! But isn't it terrible the price I have had to pay for it? To have a wife who—No, I shall never roll a pill again—never, never!

*Hilda (lays her head on the stove, and answers as if half asleep).* No more pills? Poor Doctor HERDAL!

*Dr. Herd. (bitterly).* No—nothing but cosy commonplace grey powders for a whole troop of children.

*Hilda (lively again).* Not grey powders! (*Quite seriously.*) I will tell you what you shall make next. Beautiful rainbow-coloured powders that will give one a real grip on the world. Powders to make everyone free and buoyant, and ready to grasp at one's own happiness, to *dare* what one *would*. I will have you make them. I will—I will!

*Dr. Herd.* H'm! I am not quite sure that I clearly understand. And then the ingredients—?

*Hilda.* What stupid people all of you pill-doctors are, to be sure! Why, they will be *poisons*, of course!

*Dr. Herd.* Poisons? Why in the world should they be that?

*Hilda (without answering him).* All the thrillingest, deadliest poisons—it is only such things that are wholesome, nowadays.

*Dr. Herd. (as if caught by her enthusiasm).* And I could colour them, too, by exposing them to rays cast through a prism. Oh, HILDA, how I have needed you all these years! For, you see, with her it was impossible to discuss such things. [*Embraces her.*]

*Mrs. Herd. (enters noiselessly through hall-door).* I suppose, HAUSTUS, you are persuading Miss WANGEL to start by the afternoon steamer? I have bought her a pair of curling-tongs, and a packet of hair-pins. The larger parcels are coming on presently.

*Dr. Herd. (uneasily).* H'm! HILDA—Miss WANGEL I *should* say—is kindly going to stay on a little longer, to assist me in some scientific experiments. You wouldn't understand them if I told you.

*Mrs. Herd.* Shouldn't I, HAUSTUS? I daresay not.

[*The New Book-keeper looks through the glass-door of Dispensary.*]

*Hilda (starts violently and points—then in a whisper).* Who is that?

*Dr. Herd.* Only the New Book-keeper and Assistant—a very intelligent person.

*Hilda (looks straight in front of her with a far-away expression, and whispers to herself).* I thought at first it was . . . But no—that would be too frightfully thrilling!

*Dr. Herd. (to himself).* I'm turning into a regular old troll now—but I can't help myself. After all, I am only an elderly Norwegian. We are *made* like that . . . Rainbow powders—*real* rainbow powders! With HILDA! . . . Oh, to have the joy of life once more!

[*Takes his temperature again as Curtain falls.*]

## PROFESSOR WHITEWASH'S GUIDE TO HISTORY.

*Question.* WHO WAS WILLIAM the Conqueror?

*Answer.* The Managing Director of an Exploration Company composed of the most respectable shareholders.

*Q.* WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY THE FIRST and RICHARD THE FIRST?

*A.* RUFUS, a worthy son of a worthy father; HENRY, a scholar, who strongly objected to over-cramming; and RICHARD, a mild-mannered man, who modestly shrank from canonisation.

*Q.* And what do you know about King JOHN?

*A.* That he gave to a grateful country the Magna Charta.

*Q.* And all the intermediate monarchs—being equally good, what have you to say about King HENRY THE EIGHTH?

*A.* He was a model monarch, and worthy to be the father of MARY and ELIZABETH.

*Q.* How about the Royal ladies you have last mentioned?

*A.* The first had as large a mind as the other a heart.

*Q.* What do you think of the STUART Family?

*A.* It was famed for its fidelity, trustfulness, and gratitude.

*Q.* Were WILLIAM and MARY, and ANNE, pleasant Monarchs?

*The Professor.* *A.* Most pleasant. As witty as they were beautiful.

*Q.* And how about the GEORGES?

*A.* All that could be desired—and more. Indeed, all our monarchs have been of the most exemplary character, against whom the most scandal-loving would utter no word of complaint.



## THE ENGLISH-FRENCH EMBASSADORE AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WELL, we've bin a going on much as usual at our grand old Manshun House under our trewly liberal LORD MARE, but I ain't had nothink werry new to tell about, till a few nites ago, when we had what I can truthfully call a reel staggerer, and no mistake. It seems as it's allers the custon, when a Embassadore, who has made hisself werry poplar, is gitting jest a leetle tired of us, and begins to si for Ome sweet Ome, for the principalest Gent in London to give him sitch a grand Bankwet as he ain't never seen afore, and ain't never likely for to see again. So the LORD MARE, hearing as the French Embassadore was in that werry delicate sitiuation, asked about three hundred of the most hement Gents in all London to come to the Manshun House to meet him, and they all came, as in course they wood do, and that was one of the werry grandest Bankwets as regards silly brated Gests as ewen I ewer had the honner of waiting on.



And now for the staggerers! Just to begin with, why the French Embassadore is no more a Frenchman than I am! for his name it's WODDINGTON, and so was his Father's before him, and strange to say, thanks, I spose, to the splendid dinner, *et setterer*, as was guv him, he acshally told us as he rowed in the Winning Boat at the University Boat-race at Putney, ewer so many years ago! Werry like a Frenchman, suttlenly, or, as I should prefer saying, werry like a Whale! Of course all the Gents present, being reel Gents, looked quite as if they beleaved it all; but, when he afterwards went on to say that his Grate Grandfather took his most religious and grayshus Majesty, King CHARLES THE SECOND, right up into the Hoak Tree, and so saved his preshus life, I saw sum two or three of the werry hiest on 'em trying in wain to look quite serious, as if they bleaved it all; and one werry smart young feller near me said to his friend, "Why not call it the Hoax Tree?" I didn't kno quite what he meant, but they both had a quiet larf over it.

He gave us a few more staggerers, but not quite equal to the King Charles one, and of course we could all make allowances for him, as it was his last chance in such a party as that was. But he made up for it all before he left, by speaking of the Grand Old Copperation as one of the werry noblest bodys in the world, and as having made its mark in the history of this great Country, and how artily he hoped it would continue and flurish for ever! I don't suppose as there was any county counsellors among so distingwisht a Body, or I should like to know what they thort of the Embassadore's opinion of us! An I'm thinkin of wizitin Parry myself and cummin out strong. And wy not? They tell me it will make me kwite young again, for I shall go over there a helderly henglish waiter and reappear in Parry as a "garsong" which is french for "a young man." ROBERT.



"Robaire" à la mode de Parry.

## BRIGHTON BOORS.

[MR. GLADSTONE was mobbed by an immense crowd on Sunday, the 5th.]

O BRIGHTON, it isn't a thing to be proud of

That people, the fat uns as well as the bony uns,  
Should squeeze an old Gentleman, crushed in a crowd of  
Brightonians.

All watering-places you claim to be Queen of,

As proud as the Tyrians or the Sidonians;  
Your manners don't match; such behaviour seems green of  
Brightonians.

You scare away visitors, who are affrighted

By folks rude as Goths, Huns, or wild Caledonians.  
Such staring shows that in two ways you're short-sighted  
Brightonians.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—CHATTO AND WINDUS have published, in handy form, cloth bound, and handsomely printed, an edition of JUSTIN MCCARTHY's novels. There are ten in all, going at half-a-crown a-piece, and well worth the money. The literary style is excellent—not a matter of course in the writing of novels—the tone wholesome, whilst on every page gleams the light of genuine, if gentle humour. In looking through the pages of this charming little library, my Baronite is inclined to regret that Mr. MCCARTHY should, to some extent, have given up to Politics what was meant for Literature. B. DE B.-W.



## AN EFFECT OF SHYNESS.

*Proud Mamma.* "WHICH DO YOU THINK EFFY'S MOST LIKE, MR. JINKS?—HER FATHER, OR ME?"

*Mr. Jinks.* "OH—A—I SHOULD SAY SHE'S A PLAIN LIKENESS OF HER FATHER—I MEAN—A—HANDSOME LIKENESS OF HER MOTHER—A—I MEAN—A—A—"

[Stammers hopelessly, upsets his Tea, and wishes himself unborn.]

## THE ASSAULT!!

*Beleaguers babble around the Battering-Ram:—*

*Balfourius (musingly).* "Heroes tall  
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet  
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall."

*Chamberlainus (sardonically).* Heroes tall, indeed! Have the distressed defenders of this untenable Citadel any such? GLADSTONIUS is a sort of hero, perhaps, but hardly tall; HARCOURTIUS is tall indeed, but no hero. Aha!

*Saundersonius (sharply).* Yes; and we have had too much of that "tortoise-creeping" business. Sharp's the word now, I hope. BALFOURIUS'S Battering-Ram—though the murderous ruffians—I mean excited politicians—*did* denounce it, is better than all your tortoises!

*Balfourius (completing his quotation).* "Lances in ambush set."

*Saundersonius.* Oh yes; they're all very well—in their way. A School of Strategy for our "young bloods," with secret *séances*, and—ahem!—*Fagin*-like rehearsals, is not a bad notion. But on the whole I agree with *Moloch*:—

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
More inexpert, I boast not: there let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to arise, sit lingering here,  
Prisoners of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury all at once,  
O'er these high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning Obstruction into horrid arms  
Against the Obstructor; when to meet the noise  
Of his 'iniquitous' engine, he shall hear  
Ulsterian thunder; and for lightning set  
Green fire and rockets shot with equal rage  
Among his 'items'; and his seat itself

Shake with Tartarean tactics, 'dirty tricks',  
His own invented dodges.

*Grandolphus (tugging at Balfourius's tunic-tails).* Ha! ha! ha! Well quoted, my Orange-plumed Hyperborean hero! (*Aside: I must read up the bards a bit. Didn't know they were so practically pertinent. How handy that "senesque" bit came in the other day!*)

*Balfourius (fidgeting).* I say, GRANDOLPHUS, if you'd tug at the rope, instead of my tails, I fancy you'd tire me less, and have more effect on the Ram.

*Grandolphus (cheerily).* Ah, my old friend, I assure you I intend to stick to you "loyally and unhesitatingly."

*Balfourius (drily).* Oh—thanks!!!

*Chamberlainus.* Never were such a United lot as we are!

(*Sings sotto voce.*)

*For I love dear B. as a brother, I do,*

*And dear B. he worships me;*

*But we'll both be blowed if we'll either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see!*

*Balfourius.* What's that you say?

*Chamberlainus.* Oh, merely humming "Birds in their little nests agree."

*Balfourius.* Ah, as the Chief says, there'll be plenty of opportunity for personal sacrifice and pulling together before we're through with this siege. To work this Battering-Ram with effect, unanimity and simultaneity of effort are especially essential.

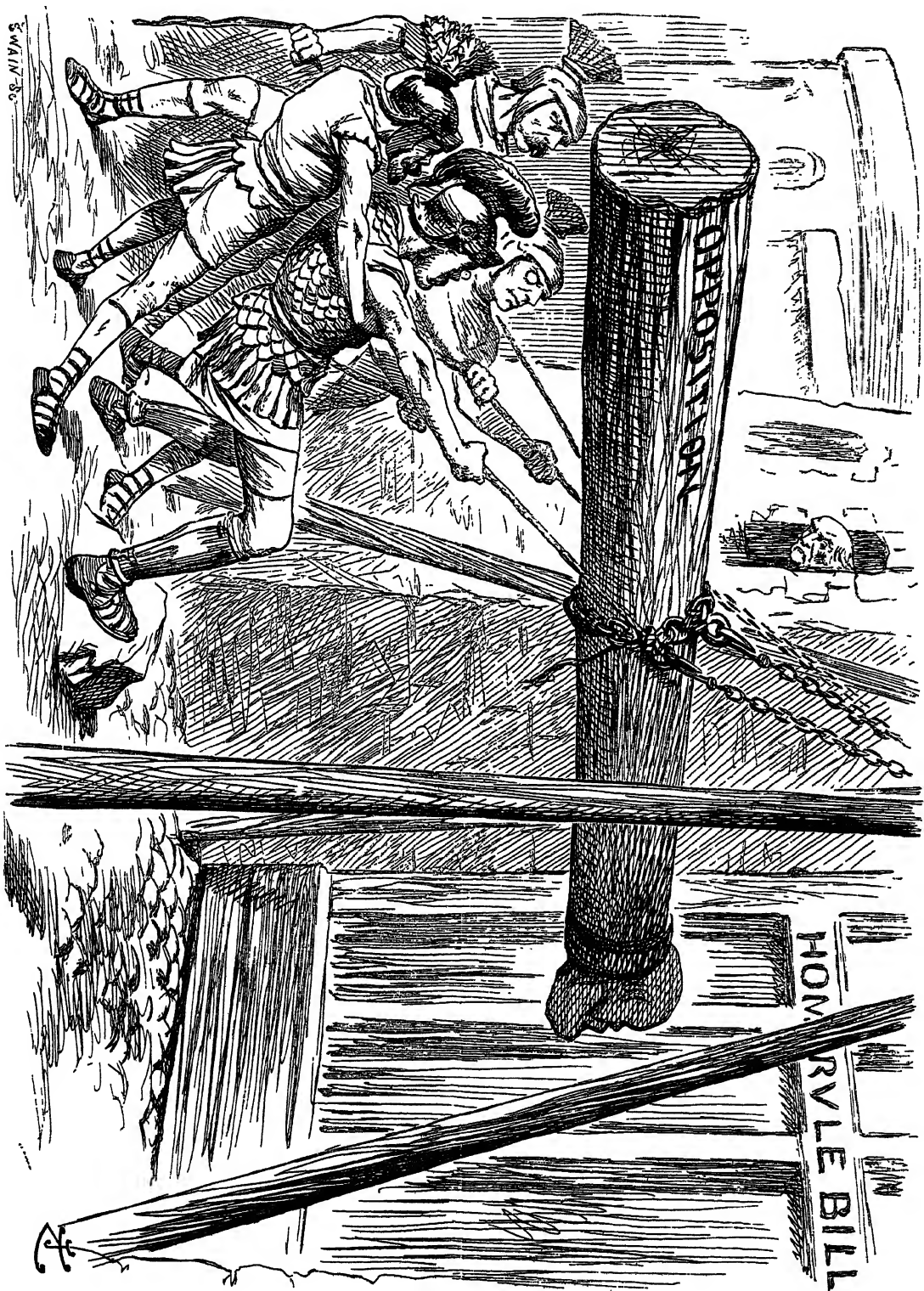
*Saundersonius.* Quite so! So bear a hand—at the rope, GRANDOLPHUS, if you please. Now then, boys—all together!!! BANG!!!!!!

*Grand Old Voice (from within).* "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." Wonder if that gate will stand the shock! Must disable that Rampant Ram of theirs—somehow.

[*Left keeping his eye on 'em.*]

SUFFICIENTLY ANTIQUE.—Said TOMKINS, "I won't say my ancestors were in this Country before the Flood, but they came in with the High Tide."

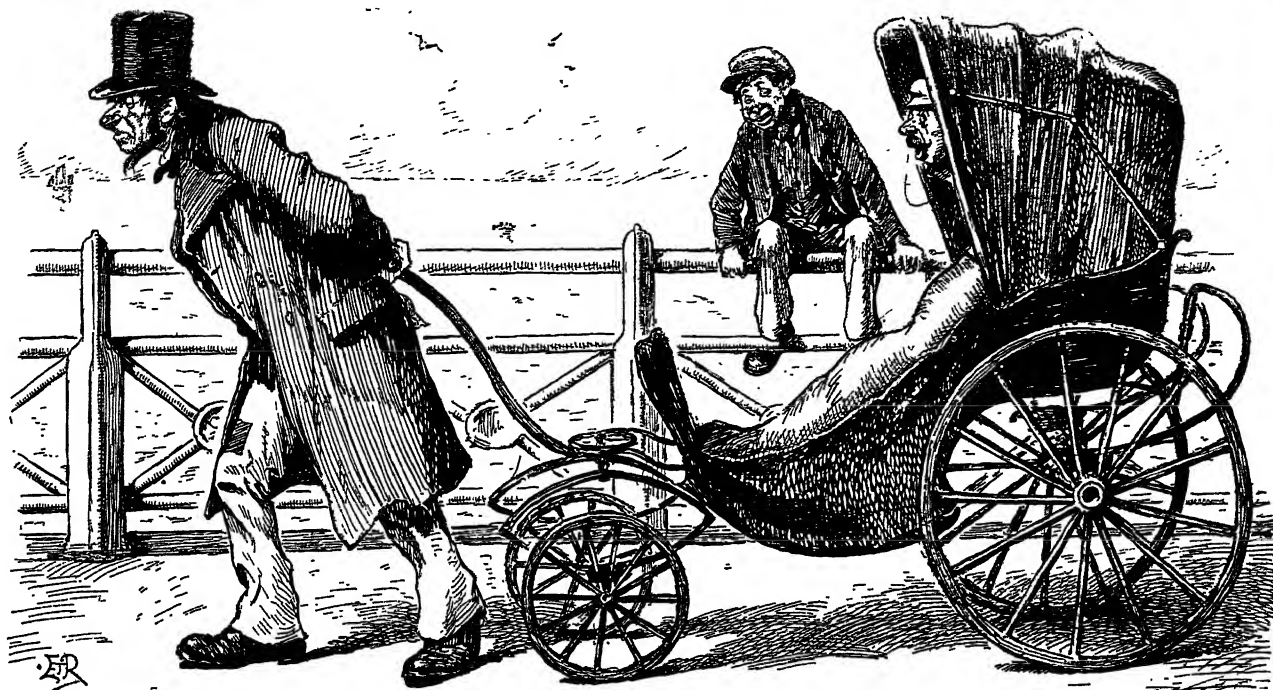




THE ASSAULT!!







### TRIALS OF A CONVALESCENT.

*Tompkins (in a feeble voice, for the fourth or fifth time, with no result). "CHAIRMAN!!! CHAIRMAN!!!"*  
*That Awful Boy. "LYDIES AND GENTLEMEN——"!!*

### A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.

By AN OLD "CROCK."

*After reading the rattling verses of "Tis," entitled "Good Luck!" in the "Granta."*

Good old *Granta*! They set the blood glowing,

Your verse-grinder's galloping lines,  
 There seems rare inspiration in Rowing!  
 The Muse, who politely declines  
 To patronise pessimist twitters,  
 Has smiled on these stanzas, which smack  
 Of health, honest zeal, foaming "bitters,"  
 And vigour of brain and of back.

Good luck to the Light Blues! That burden  
 Befits rattling rhymes from the Cam,  
 Their "movement" might rouse a Dame  
 DURDEN,

Or fire a cold victim of cram.  
 Why it stirs up "old Crocks" to peruse 'em—  
 Slashing lines on "a slashing octette"—  
 They feel, though 'tis hard to "enthuse" 'em,  
 There *must* be some life in 'em yet.

Old Crocks! Oh, exuberant youngers!  
 You "guy," "the old gang" as "played  
 As fogies, and fussers, and funkers, [out,"  
 You've over-much reason, no doubt.  
 But, great Scott! as your rowing-rhymes  
 rattle

And lilt lyric praise of the Crews,  
 We too sniff the air of the battle!  
 We too have a Fit of the Blues.

It's oh! just to "swing behind LEWIS,"  
 A "youngster as strong as an ox"!  
 Or be one who true Boss of the Crew is,—  
 Your "pet Palinurus"—the Cox!  
 To feel all the blood in one glowing,  
 And—heedless of love, toil, and "tin"—  
 Know naught in creation save—Rowing.  
 Deems nothing worth much save—a WIN!

Five minutes, my boys, of such feeling,  
 When rivals look beaten and blown,  
 When the nose of your ship is just stealing  
 Ahead, when your muscles have grown  
 To thews, that—*pro tem*.—are Titanic,  
 Are worth a whole year of our lives,  
 Whose waistbands are—well, Aldermanic,  
 Who've wrinkles, and worries, and wives!

Well, here's to the two tints of azure,  
 The Dark Blue as well as the Light!  
 At least there's one thing we can say sure,—  
 There'll be no blue funk in their fight.  
 And here's to the Bard of the *Granta*,  
 Who sings without "side," "sniff," or  
 "shop."

May he live (if he wish it), to plant a  
 Big bay on Parnassus's top!

### TIM O'HOWLIGAN'S LAMENT.

AIR—"Arrah! darlints, we can't do  
 without ye!"

AH! shure boys, the world has gone crazy,  
 And there's plinty of throuble in shoure,  
 Ivery mornin' I wake up onaisy  
 Bekase I can't shleep any more.  
 'Twas CROMWELL, bad soran to 'im, done it,  
 Him that murdered King CHARLES, ochone!  
 And since the black villin begun it  
 Ould Erin's done nothing but groan,  
 And moan,  
 It would soften the heart of a sh-tone.

By the poker, I'm boilin' with passion  
 When I think of the laws that they make;  
 At a fair the bhoys heads ye can't smash in,  
 Nor get dacently dhrunk at a wake.  
 There's only twelve pence in a shillin',  
 And not more than two pints in a quart,  
 Unless you are cliver at fillin',  
 And can make it hould more than it ought.  
 Don't be caught,  
 Or, be jabers, they'll make you pay for 't.

Where's the kings and the princes of Erin  
 That lived on purtaties and point,  
 And niver saw year out and year in  
 The divil a taste of a joint?  
 Thim toirants now buy all our bacon,  
 And the linen, and butther, and that,  
 All that grows in the counthry is taken  
 From Antrim to Mullinavat.

Poor Pat

Has to sell at a profut, that's flat.

Well, honies, I'll give ye a hint,  
 And let ivery one do it who can;  
 When the bag of thirteens is all spint,  
 Set up for a Parliament man.  
 Thim's the boys that gets lashins of drinkin',  
 And they dine wanst a week wid the Queen,  
 Where the glasses are niver done clinkin',  
 Wid the Royalties jokin' and spreein',  
 Jubileein',  
 And such doins as niver was seen.

A COMPLAINT AND SIMPLE REMEDY.—  
 Among the Requests in our ecclesiastical  
 contemporary, *The Guardian*, recently ap-  
 peared one asking for an effectual way of  
 "exterminating dry rot, and preventing its  
 re-appearance in a church." Why doesn't  
 the reverend inquirer try somebody else's  
 Sermons? Or have no Sermons at all?

NOTHING more delights our old friend than  
 to get hold of a real good word, and use it  
 with effect. "I wish I knew what is going  
 to win the Derby this year," observed her  
 Niece. "Ah, my dear," replied her Aunt,  
 "I might be able to tell you if I were a  
 Vaccinator."

BEST DAY IN THE WEEK FOR MAKING A  
 PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.—In London, Mon-  
 day is the most appropriate, as being dedi-  
 cated to the "Monday Pops."



Mr. Moriarty. "LOOK HERE, ADA, HOW MUCH LONGER, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, ARE YE GOIN' TO BE DRESSIN' YOURSELF?"

Voice from the Heights. "ONLY TEN MINUTES, DEAR!"

Mr. Moriarty. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF I'VE GOT TO WAIT HERE TEN MINUTES, I'LL—I'LL BE OFF THIS BLESSED MOMENT!"

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 6.—"The SPEAKER took the Chair at three o'clock." That is an extract from the *Journals of the House*, a fascinating literary work, ably edited by Mr. PALGRAVE with the assistance of Mr. MILMAN, much in favour at MUDIE'S. Last time I saw SPEAKER rise from Chair was Banquet at Mansion House given by way of farewell to M. WADDINGTON. Very remarkable scene it was. In ordinary times SPEAKER of House of Commons is personally unknown to outside public. He takes no part in debate; never goes on Midlothian Campaigns; belongs to no faction; has no political following; and should have no enemy. British public, regarding with close attention the fascinating arena at Westminster, have evidently formed clear opinion of its present President. When list of guests whom LORD MAYOR delighted to honour read out by Toastmaster, name of SPEAKER received with enthusiastic and prolonged applause. House of Commons men present, of whom

there was large muster, evidently taken by surprise. They know the SPEAKER, because they daily live with him. How outside public should have been seized with such keen appreciation of his worth was more than they were prepared for.

This may have been, probably was, to some extent a *succès d'estime*. Mr. PEEL's speech was genuine triumph; very brief, the shortest of the series, but incomparably the best; lofty in tone, perfect in delivery, saying just the right thing at the right moment in the right way. Its effect at Mansion House something like that which electrified House when Mr. PEEL, standing on steps of Chair, faced it for first time as its SPEAKER, revealing, even to those who had known him long, the full depths of his nature and the towering height of his capacity.

"*Mon Dieu, TOBEE*," said an eminent Frenchman, "the world in both hemispheres has always envied you the possession of your House of Commons. Now we know you have a Speaker worthy of its best traditions."

Banquet a great success; certainly the most brilliant galaxy of guests drawn together in same place since Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, said farewell in memorable speech. Much struck with completeness of arrangements. Even the waiters imbued with consciousness of great occasion.

"Hope you enjide your dinner. Sir?" said one to me, when dessert placed on table.

"Excellent," I said; "perhaps the whitebait done a little too much; showed tendency to present itself in fragments; but 'twas nothing."

"Yessir," said the Waiter, diligently brushing off imaginary crumbs. "I'm going now, Sir."

"Ah," I said; "then I suppose you don't wait to hear the speeches; flow of reason, you know, quite a treat."

"Yessir," said he, still pegging away at the spotless table-cloth. "Can I get you anything more. Sir?"

"No, thank you," I said, quite touched at the man's considerate attention, the more marked since, as far as I recognised him, I had not seen him before. "I've done excellently."

"Yessir. I'm going now." Hardly seemed able to part. Not sure whether, in circumstances of international amity, I shouldn't have shaken hands with him. Made half advance in that direction. He quickly advanced his hand, but after glance at my extended palm, as rapidly withdrew it. Perhaps he was right. Not usual to shake hands with Waiter, though really, on occasion like this, one might disregard conventionalities. Waiter lingeringly withdrew, still keeping his eye on me, as if expecting me to call him back. Nodded a friendly farewell, and pensively peeled an orange, thinking how one touch of nature makes us kin. This good Waiter and I quite subdued by the graceful, generous thought of Lord Mayor KNILL, who has added one more link to the chain that binds in amity two nations that have fought all the way from Cressy to Waterloo.

*Business done.*—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates. In the Lobby sort of rehearsal of new Battle of Boyne. The other night SAUNDERSON said something disrespectful of Irish Members. WILLIE REDMOND, from his proud position among nobility and gentry above Gangway, called out, "You wouldn't say that in the Lobby." "Say it anywhere," responded the Colonel, ever ready to oblige.

Next day wrote letter to REDMOND, incidentally mentioning that if he wanted to hear the words over again, should meet him in Lobby to-night after questions. Nothing nearer REDMOND's heart's desire. At five o'clock Colonel, accompanied by another military gentleman, carrying his cloak, a pair of pistols, a stiletto, a bottle of eau de Cologne, a sponge, and a clothes-brush, sternly strode into Lobby. Carefully counted paces till he was standing as nearly as possible on centre tile; folded arms, and wished that Night or REDMOND would come. Colonel WARNE,



**"SCENES IN THE LOBBY."**  
DESIGN FOR OUR OWN HISTORICAL PAINTER.



with military accoutrements and cloak; stood a pace and a half to the left rear. Presently entered REDMOND, accompanied by J. J. O'KELLY, also carrying cloak. Secreted in folds were shillelagh, bottle of whiskey, pair of spurs, a toothpick, and a freshly-minted crown-piece. This last, at suitable moment, to be flung across Lobby; (friend secretly told off to be on alert to pick it up.) Action to be explained as typical of throwing King's Crown into the Boyne. The principals approaching, REDMOND, after manner of schoolboys, who edge up to each other, each hoping the other doesn't want to fight, asked Colonel to "say it again." "Certainly; but say what?" Here difficulty began, which spoiled whole business. REDMOND insisted upon being called a murderer. SAUNDERSON punctilious on minor points, wouldn't go quite so far in his desire to oblige. Angry altercation followed; Members, to number of something like hundred, formed ring. REDMOND, with right shoulder aggressively hoisted, spoke over it at the Colonel. Colonel stood erect, with hands loosely hanging by his side, ready for emergencies. Crowd grew thicker and more excited. "Expected every moment would be our next," as CLANCY breathlessly put it. But in the end storm blew itself out. Nothing happened, and crowd disappointedly dispersed.

Ulster will fight,  
But—not to-night.

**Thursday.**—Opposition mustered to-day in high spirits; meeting at Carlton yesterday addressed by MARKISS and Prince ARTHUR; GRANDOLPH, looking in, took back seat in his customary retiring fashion. Meeting insisted on his coming to the front; made spirited speech; scarcely a dry eye in the Club when, looking shyly across at Prince ARTHUR, he alluded to him as his "old political friend," his "brilliant and esteemed Parliamentary Leader."

"I think," said the MARKISS, as meeting dispersed, "this will drive nail in coffin of Home-Rule Bill, and make things pretty hot for Mr. G. As HART DYKE epigrammatically puts it, 'We Unionists, above all others, should be united.'"

This, as I mentioned, happened yesterday. This afternoon Opposition mustered in anticipation of aggressive action by Mr. G. Had given notice to move suspension of Twelve o'clock Rule, in order to make progress with Estimates.

"Not if we know it," said Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER, commonly called "JEMMIE."

Mr. G., 'previous' to moving Resolution, explained there was no intention of sitting late; Suspension Standing Order was matter of precaution designed to prevent arbitrary carrying over of Amendments when adequately discussed. Prince ARTHUR's keen eye discerned that this might be so construed as to convey no advantage to Government. When twelve o'clock came Debate might be diverged on to lines of wrangle round Question of Adjournment, and so House up and nothing done. On this understanding he declared he would not resist Motion of Leader of House. Then JEMMIE, rushing to the front, made the running. Did Mr. G. intend, in any case, to take Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill on Thursday next? Mr. G. nodded assent. "Very well, then I'll divide against you," JEMMIE roared across the pained figure of his esteemed Leader. Not to be moved by blandishment or argument from this position. Prince ARTHUR, seeing matters hopeless, haughtily strode forth, GRANDOLPH loyally accompanying him. But more than half his old colleagues stayed behind with JEMMIE LOWTHER who got Opposition soundly beaten by majority of 85.

"There's only one thing we want to run our majority over 100," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, smiling beneficently from Treasury Bench. "Another meeting of the Party at the Carlton Club will do it."

"What did you mean by to-night's performance?" I asked JEMMIE, later.

"Mean? I meant business. I'm a little tired of lurking in background seeing men come to front who haven't half my ability, political acumen, or Parliamentary knowledge. I intend to have a Party of my own. There has been a Fourth Party, and before that there was a Tea-room Party, and a Cave of Adullam. I shall eclipse them all."

"And under what name do you think history will know your faction?" I asked, much interested.

The Right Hon. took up a piece of paper, and on it wrote the words, "LOWTHER'S ARCADE."

**Business done.**—WOLMER'S Amendment on the Navy Estimates negatived.

**Friday.**—Prince ARTHUR, and Statesman to whom AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN distantly alludes as "My Right Hon. friend," sit separated by width of House. But, in assaults on Government, they are not divided. Idle stories about differences of opinion arising between them quite unnecessarily denied.

"I never look at them," said TREVELYAN, "without recalling to mind a passage in what is, I think, my favourite among DICKENS'S novels. You remember the scene in *Great Expectations*, where Joe Gargery visits Pip, in his day of prosperity, in London? 'Ever best of friends,' says JOE (CHAMBERLAIN). 'Dear JOE,' says Prince ARTHUR. 'You know, Pip,' says JOE, 'as you and me were ever friends, and it were looked forrard to betwixt us as bein' calculated to lead to larks.'"

The expectation not lacking of past fulfilment; full of promise in days near at hand.

**Business done.**—Sat from two to seven discussing whether we shall sit tomorrow in order to make progress with public business. Finally decided we shall. Meanwhile, morning sitting slipped away.

**VINO ITALIANO CON TEMPERANZA.**—Signor VITALI, of the Italian-Wine-in-England Mission, writes to us to say that Sir WILFRID LAWSON might temper his favourite beverage of *Aqua Pura* with half a gallon flask of *Vinum Purum Italianum*, such as Chianti, and he would be none the worse for it. We are inclined to agree with the Signor VITALI, as, in our opinion, there is small likelihood of any Italian wine-drinker "getting any forrader." Of course Signor VITALI, being somewhat interested in the matter, and therefore, most hopeful that his enterprise will result in orders for any number of flasks, and not end in an empty *fiasco*, would not fail to point out that Italian wine is likely to have a prolonged existence in this country, as it is not lacking in Vitality.

**TONE AND TINT.**—(By a Wearer of the Green.)

YOUR Orangeman swears—he's a terrible fellow!—They shan't set the Green o'er his favourite Yellow. His shout's "No surrender!" And is he so Green As to think we'll turn Yellow because of his spleen? No, no! He may vow in his last ditch he'll die, But—we're not to be scared by a *Hue* and a *Cry*!



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

"As persistent attempts are being made to show that Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are at variance respecting the tactics which should be adopted by the Unionist Party in Opposition, we may state that more thorough accord never existed than at the present moment."—*The Times*, March 8, 1893.]

Gargery Chamberlain. "You know, Pip, as you and me were ever the best of friends!"  
Balfour Pip. "Dear Jo!"



### THE PANGS OF MATRIMONY!!!

*Casual Acquaintance* "HEAR YOU'RE TO BE MARRIED, MR. RIBBES. CONGRATULATE YOU!"  
*Mr. Ribbes.* "MUCH OBLIGED, BUT I DUNNO SO MUCH ABOUT CONGRATULATIONS. IT'S CORSTIN' ME A PRETTY PENNY, I TELL YER. MRS. RIBBES AS IS TO BE, SHE WANTS 'ER TROUSSEAU, YER KNOW; AN' THEN THERE'S THE FURNISHIN', AN' THE LICENCE, AN' THE PARSON'S FEES; AN' THEN I'AVE TO GIVE 'ER AN' 'ER SISTER A BIT O' JOOL'RY A-PIECE; AN' WOT WITH ONE THING AN' ANOTHER—SHE'S A 'EAVY WOMAN, YER KNOW, THIRTEEN STON ODD—WELL, I RECKON SHE 'LL 'A CORST ME PRETTY NEAR TWO-AN'-ELEVEN A POUND AFORE I GIT 'ER 'OME!"

### SMALL BY DEGREES.

*A Story of Defiance not Defence.*

THERE was once a Battalion of Volunteers with its full complement of field, company, and non-commissioned officers, and rank and file. And according to experts the Regiment was a most valuable addition to the national defence. One day a General, covered over with gold lace and wearing a cocked hat, rode up to the Colonel and called him out.

"Colonel," said the General, "we are thinking of giving over your command to a C.O. of a Dépôt Centre. It won't interfere with you much and

give you less to do. You may still call yourself Colonel—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the Colonel did not seem to see it, and so he sent in his papers and rode away.

Then the General from the War Office called up the two remaining Field Officers.

"Majors," said he, "it seems to us we can help you a good deal by appointing a Major from a service battalion as Adjutant. Then you can rank beneath him, and he can look after you and the two half battalions you each of you are supposed to command. You may still call yourselves Majors—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the Majors did not seem to see it, so they sent in *their* papers too.

Then the General from the War Office called up the Company Officers.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we shall continue the snubbing, of which you have had so much experience. You will do all sorts of new work, and go to all sorts of fresh expense in the near future. Not that it will increase your dignity—not a bit of it. However, you may still call yourselves Captains and Lieutenants—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the Company Officers did not seem to see it, so they sent in their papers and marched away. Then the General from the War Office called up the rest of the Regiment.

"Now, Non-commissioned Officers and Men," said he, "you have no one to command you, and no one to pay for your marches out, prizes, and the rest of it. But don't let that bother you. You may still call yourselves Soldiers—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the remainder of the Regiment did not seem to see it, so they sent in *their* resignations, and vanished.

Then the Officer from the War Office rode towards Pall Mall.

"It won't interfere with me much," said he, "and give the Department less to do. And I can still call myself General—though I scarcely deserve the title, either on or off parade!"

### HOW IT STRIKES "THE CONTEMPORARY."

"Why should not women take the B.A. degree? . . . Unfortunately the older Universities have resented every attempt at breaking down their cherished exclusiveness."—*From an Article in "The Contemporary Review" for March.*

DESPOTTIC DONS' dominion

Still subjugates us all,

They scoff at our opinion,

Our purposes miscall;

Will no deliverer appear,

And is it vainly, as we fear,

We hold our meetings every year

Within St. James's Hall?

Our wrongs, if brought to knowledge,

Would surely move your hearts,

Degreeless from her College

The Wrangler-ess departs;

And shall not too the maids, who can

Give all the usages of *à*,

As well as any living man

Be Bachelors of Arts?

Persuasive or abusive

We fail our point to gain,

Disgracefully exclusive

These ancient seats remain:

But yet a future we foresee

When Women will the rulers be,

And Men will beg a Pass-degree,

Will beg, and beg in vain!

P.S.—The pith of our petition

Is seldom understood,

It is not all ambition,

Though this, no doubt, is good;

But, speaking frankly, we declare

The point for which we really care

Is just to gain the right to wear

That *most* becoming hood!

## THE WITLER'S WISION OF WENGEANCE.

(IN A SLIGHTLY PICKWICKIAN SENSE.)

*Being the Dream of an angry "Brother Bung" after attending the Meeting at St. James's Hall, and trying to soothe himself with a dip into Dickens.*

["He" Lord BURTON, "asked why this drastic, this dishonest, this catchpenny, this gerrymandering Bill should have been brought in? . . . . They had heard much of late about the Nonconformist Conscience, which was said to be the backbone of the Liberal Party. He firmly believed that the Bill had been brought forward to suit the Nonconformist Conscience, to pander to the hypocritical self-righteousness, and the sham respectability of a certain class."—Lord Burton, at the St. James's Hall Meeting, on the Direct Veto Bill.]

MR. WITLER, the elder, gave vent to an extraordinary sound, which, being neither a groan, nor a grunt, nor a gasp, nor a howl, nor a hoot, nor a hiss, nor a shout, nor a shriek, yet seemed to partake in some degree of the character of all these inarticulate laryngeal exercises. It was a big vocal blend, and a stentorian; it made him pant and turn apoplectically purple in the face, it shook the house, and very nearly "brought it down."





### RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

*Mistress (to Housekeeper, after "the Young Person" has left the room). "REALLY, WILKINS, I COULD NOT ENGAGE THAT YOUNG PERSON. SHE IS TOO UGLY BY FAR!"*

*Housekeeper. "VERY SORRY, MUM. BUT YOU SAID SO PARTICULARLY THAT I WAS TO LOOK OUT FOR A GOOD PLAIN COOK,— 'QUITE A PLAIN COOK,' YOU SAID, MUM,—THAT I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME PARTICULAR REASON—"*

Mr. WITLER's "vocal vagaries" (as his son called them) when he *was* roused, were something tremendous, earthquaky, appalling!

Mr. SWIGSLOP STIGGINS, a leading Shepherd of the Nonconformist Rechabite Flock, unwarned by this nondescript sound, which he understood to betoken remorse or repentance, in fact, an awakening of the "Nonconformist Conscience," in a somewhat unlikely quarter, looked about him, rubbed his hands, wept, smiled, wept again, and then mechanically uttering a guttural "Hear! Hear!" (as though he were listening, in the House of Commons, to the jocund HARCOURT, or the jocular LAWSON, or the robustious T. W. RUSSELL, or the astute CAINE) and then, walking across the room to a well-remembered pigeon-hole, took thence an official-looking scroll, sat down, formally unfolded it, cleared his throat, and began with pompous complacency to read aloud its title, preamble, clauses, and provisions, compulsory regulations, and peremptory prohibitions to the apparently semi-asphyxiated Mr. WITLER.

The elder Mr. WITLER, who still continued to make various strange and uncouth attempts to appear indifferent, offered not a single word during these proceedings; but when STIGGINS stopped for breath, previous to a second reading, he darted upon him, and, snatching the scroll from his hand, first buffeted him briskly about the head therewith, and then threw it into the fire. Then, seizing the astonished gentleman firmly by the collar, he suddenly fell to kicking him most furiously, accompanying every application of his boots to Mr. STIGGINS's person with sundry violent and incoherent anathemas, such as—"Blatant Barabbas!"—"Bumptious busy-body!"—"Unblushing bandit!"—"Barefaced spoliator!"—"Hypocritical humbug!"—"Iniquitous inquisitor!"—"Fanatical faddist!"—"Self-righteous sneak!"—"Sham saint!"—"Jerrymandering JEREMY DIDDLE!"—"Pragmatical pump!"—"Little Bethelite Boanerges!" and "Nonconformist Tartuffe!!!"

"SAMMY," said Mr. WITLER, "put my cap on tight for me!" SAM dutifully adjusted the cap more firmly on his father's head,

and the old gentleman, resuming his kicking with greater agility than before, tumbled Mr. STIGGINS through the bar, and through the passage, out at the front door, and so into the street, the kicking continuing the whole way, and increasing in vehemence rather than diminishing every time the boot was lifted.

It was a beautiful and exhilarating sight (to "the Trade") to see the water-drinker writhing in Mr. WITLER's grasp, and his whole frame quivering with anguish as kick followed kick in rapid succession; it was a still more exciting spectacle (to *Bungdom all round, from boisterous Lord BURTON to the humblest rural Boniface*) to behold Mr. WITLER, after a powerful struggle, immersing Mr. STIGGINS's head in a horse-trough full of water, and holding it there until he was half suffocated.

"There!" said Mr. WITLER, throwing all his energy into one most complicated kick, as he at length permitted Mr. STIGGINS to withdraw his head from the trough, "send any vun o' them villainous Vetoists, from burly Sir WILLIAM BARABBAS hisself down to the pettifoggingest Local Hoptoniser in Little Peddington, *here*, or to St. James's 'All, or the Alhambra, or elsewheres in public meeting or privit pub, and I'll pound him to a argymentative jelly fust, and drown him in public-speritted opinion arterwards!"

"SAMMY" (added Mr. WITLER, puffing and perspiring freely), "help me in, and fill me a stiff glass o' Speshal Scotch; for I'm out of breath, my boy!"

VERY NATURAL.—Mrs. R. pays great attention to the Parliamentary debates, and listens attentively while her Nephew reads the speeches as reported in *The Times*. Last Thursday he was in the midst of the discussion on the Welsh Liquor-Traffic Bill, and came to this: "Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, whose opening remarks were interrupted by a Count—" Whereupon his Aunt exclaimed, "How very rude! What was the Count's name? And how does a Count come to be in the House of Commons?"



## PILL-DOCTOR HERDAL.

(Translated from the Original Norwegian by Mr. Punch.)

## THIRD ACT.

On the right, a smart verandah, attached to Dr. HERDAL's dwelling-house, and communicating with the Drawing-room and Dispensary by glass-doors. On the left a tumble-down rockery, with a headless plaster Mercury. In front, a lawn, with a large silvered glass globe on a stand. Chairs and tables. All the furniture is of galvanised iron. A sunset is seen going on among the trees.

Dr. Herdal (comes out of Dispensary-door cautiously, and whispers). HILDA, are you in there?

[Taps with fingers on Drawing-room door.]

Hilda (comes out with a half-teasing smile). Well—and how is the Rainbow-powder getting on, Dr. HERDAL?

Dr. Herd. (with enthusiasm). It is getting on simply splendidly. I sent the new Assistant out to take a little walk, so that he should not be in the way. There is Arsenic in the powder, HILDA, and Digitalis too, and Strychnine, and the best Beetle-killer!

Hilda (with happy, wondering eyes). Lots of Beetle-killer? And you will give some of it to her, to make her free and buoyant. I think one really has the right—when people happen to stand in the way—!

Dr. Herd. Yes, you may well say so, HILDA. Still—(dubiously)—it does occur to me that such doings may perhaps be misunderstood—by the narrow-minded and conventional.

[They go on the lawn, and sit down.]

Hilda (with an outburst). Oh, that all seems to me so foolish—so irrelevant! As if the whole thing wasn't intended as an Allegory!

Dr. Herd. (relieved). Ah, so long as it is merely allegorical, of course— But what is it an allegory of, HILDA?

Hilda (reflects in vain). How can you sit there and ask such questions? I suppose I am a symbol, of some sort.

Dr. Herd. (as a thought flashes upon him). A cymbal? That would certainly account for your bra— Then am I a cymbal too, HILDA?

Hilda. Why yes—what else? You represent the Artist-worker, or the Elder Generation, or the Pursuit of the Ideal, or a Bilious Conscience—or something or other. You're all right!

Dr. Herd. (shakes his head). Am I? But I don't quite see— Well, well, cymbals are meant to clash a little. And I see plainly now that I ought to prescribe this powder for as many as possible. Isn't it terrible, HILDA, that so many poor souls never really die their own deaths—pass out of the world without even the formality of an inquest? As the district Coroner, I feel strongly on the subject.

Hilda. And, when the Coroner has finished sitting on all the bodies, perhaps—but I shan't tell you now. (Speaks as if to a child.) There, run away and finish making the Rainbow-powder, do!

Dr. Herd. (skips up into the Dispensary). I will—I will! Oh, I do feel such a troll—such a light-haired, light-headed old devil!

Rüub (enters garden-gate). I have had my dismissal—but I'm not going without saying good-bye to Mrs. HERDAL.

Hilda. Dr. HERDAL would disapprove—you really must not, Mr. KALOMEL. And, besides, Mrs. HERDAL is not at home. She is in the town buying me a reel of cotton. Dr. HERDAL is in. He is making real Rainbow powders for regenerating everybody all round. Won't that be fun?

Rüub. Making powders? Ha! ha! But you will see he won't take one himself. It is quite notorious to us younger men that he simply daren't do it.

Hilda (with a little snort of contempt). Oh, I daresay—that's so

likely! (Defiantly.) I know he can, though. I've seen him!

Rüub. There is a tradition that he once—but not now—he knows better. I think you said Mrs. HERDAL was in the town? I will go and look for her. I understand her so well. [Goes out by gate.]

Hilda (calls). Dr. HERDAL! Come out this minute. I want you—awfully!

Dr. Herd. (puts his head out). Just when I am making such wonderful progress with the powder! (Comes down and leans on a table.) Have you hit upon some way of giving it to ALINE? I thought if you were to put it in her arrowroot—?

Hilda. No, thanks. I won't have that now. I have just recollected that it is a rule of mine never to injure anybody I have once been formally introduced to. Strangers don't count. No, poor Mrs. HERDAL mustn't take that powder!

Dr. Herd. (disappointed). Then is nothing to come of making Rainbow powders, after all, HILDA?

Hilda (looks hard at him). People say you are afraid to take your own physic. Is that true?

Dr. Herd. Yes, I am. (After a pause—with candour.) I find it invariably disagrees with me.

Hilda (with a half-dubious smile). I think I can understand that. But you did once. You swallowed your own pills that day at the table d'hôte, ten years ago. And I heard a harp in the air, too!

Dr. Herd. (open-mouthed). I don't think that could have been Me. I don't play any instrument. And that was quite a special thing, too. It's not every day I can do it. Those were only bread pills, HILDA.

Hilda (with flashing eyes). But you rolled them; you took them. And I want to see you stand once more free and high and great, swallowing your own preparations. (Passionately.) I will have you do it! (Imploringly.) Just once more, Dr. HERDAL!

Dr. Herd. If I did, HILDA, my medical knowledge, slight as it is, leads me to the conclusion that I should in all probability burst.

Hilda (looks deeply into his eyes). So long as you burst beautifully! But no doubt that Miss BLAKDRAF—

Dr. Herd. You must believe in me utterly and entirely. I will do anything—anything, HILDA, to provide you with agreeable entertainment. I will swallow my own powder! (To himself, as he goes gravely up to Dispensary.) If only the drugs are sufficiently adulterated!

[Goes in; as he does so, the New Assistant enters the garden in blue spectacles, unseen by HILDA, and follows him, leaving open the glass-door.]

Senna Blakdrap (comes wildly out of Drawing-room). Where is dear Dr. HERDAL? Oh, Miss WANGEL, he has discharged me—but I can't—I simply can't live away from that lovely ledger!

Hilda (jubilantly). At this moment Dr. HERDAL is in the Dispensary, taking one of his own powders.

Senna (despairingly). But—but it is utterly impossible! Miss WANGEL, you have such a firm hold of him—don't let him do that!

Hilda. I have already done all I can.

[RÜUB appears, talking confidentially with Mrs. HERDAL, at gate.]

Senna. Oh, Mrs. HERDAL, RÜUB! The Pill-Doctor is going to take one of his own preparations. Save him—quick!

Rüub (with cold politeness). I am sorry to hear it—for his sake. But it would be quite contrary to professional etiquette to prevent him.

Mrs. Herd. And I never interfere with my husband's proceedings. I know my duty, Miss BLAKDRAF, if others don't!



"My—my Pill-Doctor!"

*Hilda (exulting with great intensity).* At last! Now I see him in there, great and free again, mixing the powder in a spoon—with jam!... Now he raises the spoon. Higher—higher still! (*A gulp is audible from within.*) There, didn't you hear a harp in the air? (*Quietly.*) I can't see the spoon any more. But there is one he is striving with, in blue spectacles!

*The New Assistant's Voice (within).* The Pill-Doctor HERDAL has taken his own powder!

*Hilda (as if petrified).* That voice! Where have I heard it before? No matter—he has got the powder down! (*Waves a shawl in the air, and shrieks with wild jubilation.*) It's too awfully thrilling! My—my Pill-Doctor!

*The N. A. (comes out on verandah).* I am happy to inform you that—as, to avoid accidents, I took the simple precaution of filling all the Dispensary-jars with Camphorated Chalk—no serious results may be anticipated from Dr. HERDAL's rashness. (*Removes spectacles.*) NORA, don't you know me?

*Hilda (reflects).* I really don't remember having the pleasure—And I'm sure I heard a harp in the air!

*Mrs. Herd.* I fancy, Miss WANGEL, it must have been merely a bee in your bonnet!

*The N. A. (tenderly).* Still the same little singing-bird! Oh, NORA, my long-lost lark!

*Hilda (sulkily).* I'm not a lark—I'm a Bird of Prey—and, when I get my claws into anything—!

*The N. A. (Macaroons, for instance?)* I remember your tastes of old. See, NORA! (*Produces a paper-bag from his coat-tail pocket.*) They were fresh this morning!

*Hilda (wavering).* If you insist on calling me NORA, I think you must be just a little mad yourself.

*The N. A.* We are all a little mad—in Norway. But TORVALD HELMER is sane enough still to recognise his own little squirrel again! Surely, NORA, your education is complete at last—you have gained the experience you needed?

*Hilda (nods slowly).* Yes, TORVALD, you're right enough there. I have thought things out for myself, and have got clear about them. And I have quite made up my mind that Society and the Law are all wrong, and that I am right.

*Helmer (overjoyed).* Then you have learnt the Great Lesson, and are fit to undertake the charge of your children's education at last! You've no notion how they've grown! Yes, NORA, our marriage will be a true marriage now. You will come back to the Doll's-House, won't you?

*Hilda-Nora-Helmer-Wangel (hesitates).* Will you let me forge cheques if I do, TORVALD?

*Helmer (ardently).* All day. And at night, NORA, we will falsify the accounts—together!

*H. N. H. W. (throws herself into his arms, and helps herself to macaroons).* That will be fearfully thrilling! My—my Manager!

*Dr. Herd. (comes out, very pale, from Dispensary).* HILDA, I did take the—I'm afraid I interrupt you?

*Helmer.* Not in the least. But this lady is my little lark, and she is going back to her cage by the next steamer.

*Dr. Herd. (bitterly).* Am I never to have a gleam of happiness—? But stay—do I see my little SENNA once more?

*Rüub.* Pardon me—my little SENNA. She always believed so firmly in my pill!

*Dr. Herd.* Well—well. If it must be. RÜUB, I will take you into partnership, and we will take out a patent for that pill, jointly. ALINE, my poor dear ALINE, let us try once more if we cannot bring a ray of brightness into our cheerless home!

*Mrs. Herd.* Oh, HAUSTUS, if only we could—but why do you propose that to me—now?

*Dr. Herd. (softly—to himself).* Because I have tried being a troll—and found that nothing came of it, and it wasn't worth sixpence!

[HILDA-NORA goes off to the right with HELMER; SENNA to the left with RÜUB; Dr. HERDAL and Mrs. HERDAL sit on two of the galvanised iron-chairs, and shake their heads disconsolately as the Curtain falls.

THE END.

OMNIS CELLULA A CELLULÂ.

(Professor Virchow—vide Daily Paper.)

LIFE's a cell, and all things show it.

I thought so once, and now I know it!

Gay (up to date).

A RADICAL RIDDLE.

WHY are the Tories so eager to discuss Black-edged Envelopes, and Black-lead Pencils?—Because they belong to a Stationary Party.

## POLITICS AND TRADE.

(A Poser for "Patriots.")

["Our Trade is our Politics." Motto of the Licensed Victualler, as publicly avowed at a recent "great Meeting."]



DEAR Bung, that frank but huckster-like avowal Is made continually, behind the bar. It means—though rather "laid on with a trowel"—A Trade with Public Spirit quite at jar. The "mercenary politician," making A pocket-business of a patriot's task, Recently put your Press in a great taking; But sordid selfishness here doffs all mask! Which with a patriot's conscience plays most tricks? Which most the venal virus has betrayed,—The man who makes his Trade his Politics, Or he who makes his Politics his Trade?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BURDETT'S Official Intelligence for 1893 is just out, a promising young thing in its twelfth year. It is a little early to talk of the holidays, but my Baronite, regarding this thin Vol. of 1783 pages, says he cannot help thinking with what pleasure the City merchant, or his clerk, hastening to the seaside, will pack it up with his collar-box. Every year the monumental work increases in value, by reason of accumulated information. To the tired City man, scaling some Alp, gliding in well-found yacht over silver seas, or prone in bosky dell, there can be nothing more soothing or delightful than to take his "BURDETT" out of his waistcoat-pocket, and read it through from first page to last.

For *The Tragedy of Ida Noble* the Baron tenders his grateful thanks to W. CLARK RUSSELL. It starts well, and the excitement is artistically sustained. At the close of every chapter *Oliver*, the reader, is perpetually "asking for more." A capital story of adventure, where all, including the reader, are "quite at sea" until the very last chapter. On nearing the middle of the book, the question will occur to everyone experienced in such matters, "Does the hero marry the heroine?" Now this, being a lady's secret, will not be revealed by THE BARON DE B.-W.

## The Plea of the Party Man.

(On either side.)

"THERE's no Obstruction!"—Why, then, all this ruction? "When we obstruct, who dares to call 't Obstruction?" To dam a deluge, stop a bolting horse,—That is obstruction, of a sort, of course; Our sort, in fact! But theirs on t'other side? That's quite another matter. They can't hide The cloven foot of malice, the false faitours! Not obstruct them? As well say not hang traitors!



## FAR TOO PREVIOUS.

In the Agony-Column of the *Times* we now see daily the following Advertisement:—

TO IRISH LOYALISTS AND PROTESTANTS.—DEATH BEFORE SLAVERY!

Surely a most blameless sentiment. But the bearings of it lie in the application. And what is that? It seems as applicable to any existing situation as, say, "Lunch before Dinner" or "Business before Pleasure," or "Age before Honesty," or "Fingers before forks." Mr. *Punch* ventures to suggest a modification, less striking, perhaps, in an "Agony-Column," but more in accord with patriotism and common-sense:—

To Irish Loyalists and Protestants!  
Be Loyal, and Protest—Constitutionally!

The flamboyant, melodramatic, "Death before Slavery!" may be applicable—when "Slavery" becomes a conceivable, proximate probability, or "Death" a possible alternative. Then let us have "Death before Slavery," by all means. At present, *Punch* would say, "Common-sense before either!"

## Poor Political Economy!

(By an elated Parliamentary Want-to-Know.)

Oh! to waste half the time asking Questions is grand! "Supply" is not in it, just now, with "Demand"!



### INSTINCTIVE CRITICAL ACUMEN.

"THAT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD PICTURE, JOHN! WHAT IS IT?"

"It's 'MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK'!"

"AH! I TOLD YOU IT WAS OLD—DIDN'T I, NOW!"

### "PUTTING OFF."

*Old Aquatic Hand, loquacious:—*

Look here, bonny boys! As we're launching our ship,  
And stringing our energies up for the tussle,  
Allow your old Stroke to suggest the straight tip!  
This is not a mere matter of Milo-like muscle.  
You are all looking fit, we've the pull in the weights—  
Not much, to be sure, forty pounds, say, or thereabout.  
Still, that much should tell 'gainst the smartest of eights;  
It should give us the race, which is all that we care about.

'Twill be a close fight, bet your boots about that,  
If we get a clear course without serious obstruction,

### "ALL A-BLOWING!"

AIR—*The celebrated Duet in "The Mikado."*

*Much-sold Pater and Mater sing:—*

*Pater.* The flowers that bloom in the Spring,

*Tra la,*

To purchase henceforth I decline.

The hawkers those blossoms who bring—

Ah! bah!—

Will "swop 'em for most anything,"

Ha! ha!

But as soon as you've bought 'em they pine.

*Both.* And that's what they mean when  
they say, or they sing,

"He's as green as a man who buys flowers in  
the Spring," *Tra la la la la, &c.*

*Mater.* The flowers that bloom in the Spring,

*Tra la!*

Are a sell, my dear hub, in our case.

I bought *this* with a "suit"—there's the  
sting, Pa—pa!

Which *he* said was "a worn-hout hold  
thing," (O—la!)

Just fancy his having the face!

Now 'tis shrunken, and shrivelled, and  
that's why I sing,

Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the  
Spring! *Tra la la la la, &c.*

*Both (to Servant).* So tell the next rascal  
who ventures to ring, [Spring!]

We'll buy no more flowers that bloom in the

[Dance, and exeunt, determined never again  
to be diddled by the howling "A-a-blowing  
and a-growing!" impostors, who, at this  
season, hawk heat-forced or illrooted pot-  
plants about the streets of the suburbs.]

### HOW IT WOULD LOOK IN ENGLISH.

*(An adaptation from the French.)*

*Anyone.* Let us accuse the Ministry of  
misappropriating twopence-halfpenny.

*The Entire Press.* Certainly, why not?

*The Opposition.* The Ministry are thieves.

*The Government.* After this insult we re-  
sign *en masse*.

*One of the Public.* It is said that Mr.  
BRIEFLESS JUNIOR has accused the First Lord  
of having stolen the Horse-Guards clock.

*First Lord.* Please, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,  
request Mr. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR to keep a  
civil tongue in his head.

*L. C. J.* The Attorney-General is the  
proper person to offer a remonstrance.

*Sir Charles.* Can't undertake rows since I  
have restricted my private practice.

*Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.* I accuse  
the LORD CHANCELLOR.

*Lord Chancellor.* Why, and of what?

*Those Concerned.* Never mind that. What  
does it matter *who's* accused, so long as  
everybody forgets *us*.

*Someone.* And now everything's com-  
pletely mixed, does anyone know what the  
row's about?

*Everybody Else (after a short silence).*

Don't know, and don't care!

Of which I'm not sanguine; the practice of PAT  
Has proved to possess universal seduction.  
Our last spin was muffed; never mind whose the fault;  
Let bygones be bygones! But now comes the crisis!  
It's now win or lose. Every man worth his salt  
Will pull like a Titan from Cam or from Isis.

But—pull clean together, and put on the pace  
When I call for a spurt, or we're in for a licking.  
And, Cox, don't *you* steer us all over the place.

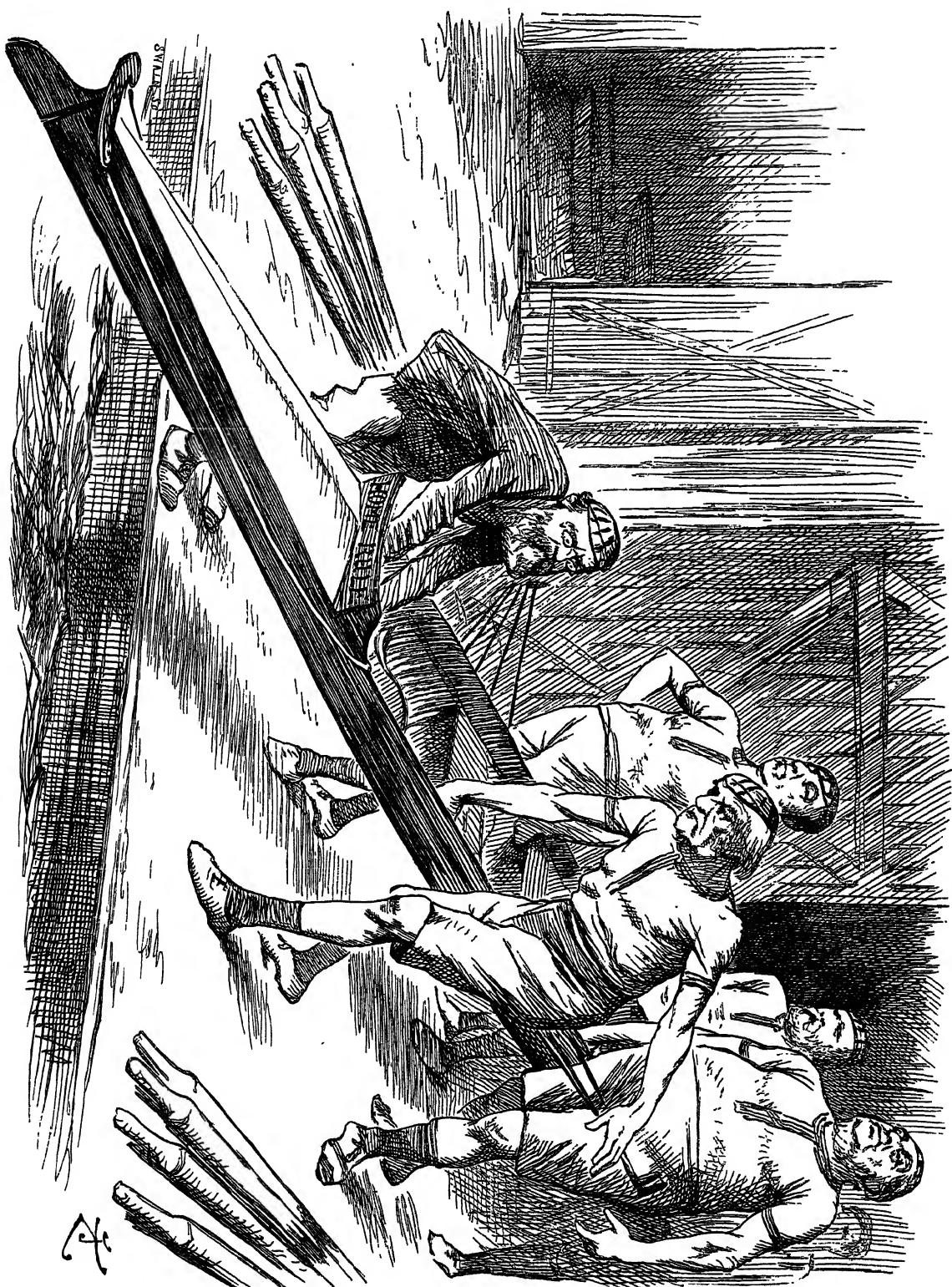
In the fight that's before us, the course requires picking!

So keep at attention, MAC, sharp all the way;

A split-second's slackness may set our foes grinning.

*Verb. sap!* Our last "spin" proved a "mull," I must say;

We *must* quicken the pace, if this bout we mean winning!



“PUTTING OFF.”





## MIXED NOTIONS.

## No. VIII.—THE BOAT-RACE.

*Inquirer.* Are any of you chaps going to the Boat-Race?

*First Well-Informed Man.* No, I shan't. Everybody knows which is going to win, so there's deuced little interest in the race; and then you can always read it on the tape at your Club. Besides, I don't care much about rowing. It's a silly sort of exercise; anybody can do it.

*Second W. I. M.* Have you ever tried?

*First W. I. M. (indignantly).* Have I ever tried? Of course I have. Why, you were with me last Summer when we had that water-party from Taplow to Cookham.



*Second W. I. M.* Ah! but you didn't do much rowing then. You let me get all the blisters, and you just sat in the stern and steered us like a blessed corkscrew.

*First W. I. M.* Did I? I didn't remember that; but I do remember you

catching about half-a-dozen crabs one after another.

*Second W. I. M.* True enough I caught one, but that was because you would keep standing up in the boat, and moving your body backwards and forwards. I suppose you thought the coxswains do that in their racing-boats?

*First W. I. M. (boldly).* They do. I've seen 'em doing it often.

*Second W. I. M.* Why, I thought you'd never seen the crews at all.

*First W. I. M.* Bosh! I never said anything of the kind. I'm not going to see the race this year, but I've often seen 'em practising down at Putney. Everybody knows the coxswains have to stand up. How do you suppose they could see to steer if they didn't? So where are you now, with all your accurate information, eh?

*Second W. I. M.* I'm where I was before, and I know I'm right, because my brother-in-law had a cousin who was at school with one of the Coxes about ten years ago. [A pause.]

*Inquirer (looking up from his sporting paper).* I say, I thought the crews rowed in racing-boats.

*First W. I. M.* So they do.

*Inquirer.* Well, then, what does this mean? (Reads.) "Both yesterday and to-day Cambridge rowed with a bucket. They must improve this if they want to win."

*First W. I. M. (smiling).* My dear fellow, they call their big practising-boat a bucket.

*Second W. I. M.* No, they don't—they call it a tub.

*First W. I. M.* Well, tub or bucket, it's the same thing. (To *Inquirer*.) What you read just now means that their practising-boat has gone rotten, and they'll have to mend her up a bit.

*Inquirer (dubiously).* But they don't row the race in a tub or a bucket, do they?

*Second W. I. M.* No, they row in a Clinker-Clasper.

*Inquirer.* What the deuce is that?

*Second W. I. M. (plunging).* Oh, it's a specially fast kind of racing-boat, built by CLINKER AND CLASPER. They're a firm of boat-builders—I thought everybody knew that.

*Inquirer.* But then, what does this paper mean by saying that Oxford are rowing in a Rough?

*Second W. I. M.* Why it means that their boat isn't so smooth as that of Cambridge.

*Inquirer (puzzled).* But then it goes on to say that "She is as fine a specimen of a racing-craft as this eminent boat-builder has ever turned out." How can she be that, if she isn't as smooth as the Cambridge boat? Besides, who's "this eminent boat-builder?"

*Average Man.* ROUGH.

*Second W. I. M.* Rot!

*Average Man.* ROUGH, not Rot. ROUGH's his name.

*Second W. I. M.* Let me see the paper. (He reads, and addresses the *Inquirer*.) Why didn't you say the word was printed with a capital R? (To *Average Man*.) Perhaps you're right, after all; but I know some boats are rougher than others. [A pause.]

*Inquirer.* What's the difference between First Trinity and Third Trinity? Three of the Cambridge men are from First Trinity, and two from Third Trinity, besides the Cox.

*First W. I. M.* What's your difficulty? First is first, and Third's third, all the world over. Don't you see, the First Trinity men come first in the crew, and then the Third Trinity men.

*Inquirer.* But why don't some of 'em call themselves Second Trinity men?

*First W. I. M.* Oh, that's one of their silly bits of College etiquette. These chaps at the Universities are never happy unless they do things quite differently from all the rest of the world.

*Inquirer.* This beastly paper says, "the Cambridge stroke rowed much longer to-day."

*First W. I. M.* Well, what then?

*Inquirer.* Oh! nothing; only I thought they all rowed exactly the same distance when they're practising; so I don't quite see how one of 'em could have rowed longer than the rest.

*First W. I. M.* I daresay they made him row a good bit by himself; they often do that to give the stroke some extra practice. He wants it more than any of the rest.

*Second W. I. M.* Why?

*First W. I. M.* Oh, ah—well, because he's got to set the stroke to the others, or something of that sort.

*Inquirer.* How far do they row in the race?

*Second W. I. M.* About six miles or so.

*Inquirer.* By Jove, then, how on earth do they manage to get over all that distance with so few strokes. (Refers to paper.) It says, "Oxford rowed 37 all the way, while Cambridge contented themselves with a well-pulled 35." (With a happy inspiration.) If Cambridge can do it in 35 strokes, while Oxford take 37, it looks jolly like Cambridge winning by two strokes, don't it?

*First W. I. M.* All right; I'll lay you the odds on Oxford.

*Second W. I. M.* Good, I'll take 'em to five pounds. Oxford can't win.

*First W. I. M. (confidently).* Cambridge can't win. Anyway, I'll lay you ten pounds to five.

*Inquirer.* I should like to have a bet with somebody.

*Average Man.* You'd better write to one of the Presidents of the University-Boat Clubs. They're always ready to oblige a keen fellow like you with a bet.

*Inquirer.* Of course. That's my best plan. I'll write to-day.

[Terminus.]

## UPON TERMS.

(A Forensic Drama of the Future.)

[In a recent trial, Mr. Justice HAWKINS corrected a learned Counsel who talked about Witnesses "coming up to the scratch."]

*The Judge (taking his seat).* I think, Mr. SMALLFEE, that you were examining a Witness when we adjourned yesterday. Are you ready to go on with the examination?

*Mr. Smallfee (pleasantly).* I am sorry to say that Witness has not turned up yet, m' Lud!

*The Judge (pained).* Not what?

*Mr. Smallfee.* I beg your Lordship's pardon. Of course what I meant was that the Witness has not, as yet, condescended to irradiate the precincts of this tribunal with the sunshine of his presence.

*The Judge.* That's better! Then we must go on to the next Witness.

*Mr. Smallfee (with an evident attempt to keep up his spirits, in spite of misfortune).* The next Witness, also, I regret to say, has not turned — I mean, has failed to appear. The Solicitor informs me that he solemnly promised to attend; but I suppose the promise was all my eye.

*The Judge.* Dear, dear! What extraordinary expressions you do use, Mr. SMALLFEE! All my eye! Perhaps you will kindly interpret the phrase, for the benefit of the Court.

*Mr. Smallfee (desperately).* As your Lordship pleases! But, as I feel rather down in the mouth now, and as the twelve sufferers in the Jury-box evidently think that this trial has lasted long enough already, and that we ought to stir our stumps, I would suggest—

*The Judge.* Usher! Step across to Booksellers' Row, and buy me a Slang Dictionary! I cannot—I really cannot follow the learned Counsel.

*The Foreman (interposing).* We do not object to colloquial expressions, my Lord. Y' see, we're a Common Jury, and we rather like them. All we want to do is to get on with the case. And perhaps it may assist the Court if at this stage I remark that the Jury has quite made up its mind, and is ready to give its verdict.

*The Judge (astounded).* But—but—there has been no evidence for the defence!

*The Foreman (calmly).* No, my Lord. But no doubt the learned Counsel's two Witnesses, had they been present, would have supplied some; and, anyhow, we are so pleased with his talking down to our level, and not—as usual—over our heads, that we are all agreed to find a verdict for his client, the Defendant.

*Mr. Smallfee (bowing).* Thanks for your good opinion, Gentlemen. I thought, by the cut of your jibs, you were the right sort.

[Winks, in passing out.]

*The Judge.* And this is what the Law has come to! Call on the next case!

NEW PROVERB (for the use of the Panama Cheque-takers).—"The game is not worth the Scandal."



## DISCRETION.

"AND HERE'S AN EXTRA SIXPENCE FOR YOU, CABMAN—TO GET YOURSELF SOME TEA, YOU KNOW!"

"YES, MA'AM! THANK YER, MA'AM! I S'POSE I MAY CHOOSE MY OWN GROCER, MA'AM!"

## WILL WATERPROOF'S MONOLOGUE.

*Adapted to a Direct-Voted Parish.*

O PALE Head-Waiter at "The Cock,"  
How changed for you and me  
Is this sad time! 'Tis five o'clock,  
Go, fetch a cup of tea;  
My pint of port is changed to that—  
Weak COWPER's washy liquor!  
Did tea make Cellarer SIMON fat,  
Or cheer Bray's jolly Vicar?

No more libations to the Muse!  
Will cocoa make her kind?  
Will water whisper words to use?  
Will milk make up my mind,  
When writing melancholy rhymes,  
Of days not half forgotten,  
Before these daft teetotal times  
When common-sense seems rotten?

Head-Waiter, those good pints of port  
Are stopped for you and me,  
By legislation of the sort  
They call grandmotherly;  
Two-thirds majority has said  
That alcohol would hurt you,

And so you meekly bow your head,  
And practise painful virtue.

We fret, we fume, we scoff, we sneer,  
And evil fate upbraid;  
Your care is for the ginger-beer,  
The milk, the lemonade.  
To come and go, and come again  
With coffee that you keep hot,  
And watched by silent gentlemen,  
That trifle with the tea-pot.

Live long, for water to the head  
Was never known to fly,  
Your flabby face will not grow red,  
Nor will your washy eye.  
Live long as you can bear these woes,  
Whilst bigots thus defy sense,  
Till watery Death's last Veto shows  
Life's quite suspended licence.

"Aquarius," when you shall cease  
Teetotal drinks to quaff,  
And end life's not repairing lease,  
Might be your epitaph. [wreath,  
No carved cross-pipes, no pint-pot's  
Shall show you past to Heaven;  
But water-pipes, and, underneath,  
A milk-pot neatly graven.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, March 13.*—No use disguising fact that when House discovered FREDERICK MILNER standing behind Front Opposition Bench, brandishing heavy boot in his hand as he addressed ASQUITH, it held its breath. Political passion runs pretty high of late; Opposition stirred to deepest depths by persistence of Government in attempting to read Home-Rule Bill Second Time before Easter. There have been sittings after midnight; sittings through Saturday; hot words bandied about; preparation for deadly duel in lobby. No one can say whither men may be led when once they permit angry passions to rise. CHARLES RUSSELL, whose acquaintance with criminal classes is extensive, tells me it is by no means uncommon thing for prisoner in dock to take off boot and hurl it at head of presiding Magistrate or Judge.

"Usually an old woman who does it," he added.

"But this is Sir FREDERICK MILNER, Bart.," I said.

"Um!" said RUSSELL, with odd significance in the observation.

Turns out the apprehension groundless. MILNER only wants to know why Police at Leeds and Bradford should enjoy ultimate resources of civilisation in respect of "SCATTER'S silent boots," whilst London Policemen not so privileged? MILNER tells me his earliest idea was to get a pair of the boots, put 'em on, and surprise SPEAKER by approaching with noiseless tread from behind Chair, lean over his shoulder, and suddenly say, "Boo!" That, MILNER thought, would be conclusive proof of the efficacy of the boots as making the tread inaudible. On other hand, SPEAKER mightn't like it. So, by way of compromise, brought down odd boot in tail-pocket of his coat, and shook it at HOME SECRETARY when he put question.

ASQUITH behaved very well under trying circumstances. Did not visibly bleach; answered, in off-hand manner, that London Police had had opportunity of substituting the silent boot for those in ordinary use, and had not availed themselves of it. Some had objected on domestic grounds. Female friends engaged in responsible posts in certain households on their beat were accustomed to the sound of their footfall on the pavement, and would not have things ready if they approached like rose-leaves flitting over shaven lawns. Others, assuming higher ground, resented silent boot as taking unfair advantage of the burglar or footpad. "Give a 'ard-working cove a fair chanst, that's my motter," one honest fellow in blue said to HOME SECRETARY when Right Hon. Gentleman brought silent boot under his notice. No use attempting to run counter to feeling of this kind. Conclusion in which DICKY TEMPLE heartily concurred.

"Silent boot," he said, "forced upon Metropolitan Police might play in history a part analogous to that of the greased cartridges on which we slipped into the Indian Mutiny."

MILNER saw it was evidently no use, so returning boot to coat-tail pocket, moodily regarded Treasury Bench.

But there were consolations. SQUIRE of MALWOOD, asked by Prince ARTHUR what he now thought of prospects of reading Home-Rule Bill Second Time before Easter, admitted impossibility; triumphant shout from Opposition. Not in vain had they sat through morning sitting on Friday discussing the hour at which they should adjourn on Saturday. Not without recompense had they taken care that when Saturday came it should





see accomplished the minimum of business. Tussling with Mr. G. ever since Session opened; in first rounds he came off best; drew first blood; seemed likely to carry everything with him; Opposition pulled themselves together; went at it hammer and tongs; and now it is Mr. G. who has retired to corner; the sponge is in requisition on the Treasury Bench; the air around it redolent of the perfume of the indispensable vinegar.

"Guinness will go up a point or two on this," said ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Knight, who has taken Irish securities under his wing. "Go down a pint or two, you mean," said WILFRID LAWSON, who is ir reclaimable.

*Business done.*—Attack on Justice MATHEW and Evicted Tenants' Commission repulsed by 287 Votes against 250.

*Tuesday.*—SQUIRE of MALWOOD a changed man. No longer the light-hearted, sometimes almost frivolous youth who through six years sat on Front Opposition Bench, and girded at the Unionist Government. A Minister himself now; Mr. G.'s right-hand man; First Lieutenant of the Ship of State; acting Captain when, as happens just now, Mr. G. temporarily turned in. Once this afternoon something of old spirit stirred within him when HOWARD VINCENT (as he said) used the Stationary Vote as a peg on which to hang Protection heresies. But, for most part, he sits silent and self-communing, saying nothing, but, probably, like the parrot of old, thinking the more. In Conservative ranks feeling of profound respect growing in his favour. Curious to hear them say, "Ah! if everyone on Treasury Bench bore himself like HARCOURT, things would be different." Even the blameless BRYCE is held up to contumely in contrast with mild-mannered MASTER of MALWOOD. As for CHARLES RUSSELL, after his speech last night, good Conservatives, following an Eastern custom, well enough in its place, spit when they mention his name. For them the model of all Parliamentary virtue is the SQUIRE of MALWOOD.

Don't know how long this passion of appreciation will last; interesting to observe while yet with us. A lull all round in sympathy with soothing moments of CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER. Even J. W. LOWTHER's perturbed mind at rest. Knows now, to a fraction, how many lead-pencils are annually in use in directing destinies of British Empire. Rumour current that origin of this inquiry was a little undertaking promoted by Hon. Member in substitution of proscribed word-guessing competitions. Sweep got up; £5 entry; every man to guess at precise figure of lead-pencil census; the one coming nearest to clear the pool. LOWTHER tells me not word of truth in report. In putting his question as to number of lead-pencils in use, and in sticking to it in spite of jeers of bystanders and guilty reticence of Minister, he was actuated simply by motives of public policy; desired, in short, to live up to standard of late lamented Leader and do his duty to his QUEEN and Country.

*Business done.*—Great lead-pencil question settled. Excited House Counted Out at 9 20.

*Thursday Night.*—House dying to know what Major FREDERICK CARNE RASCH had to say on Navy Estimates. Not being Major of Marines, initial difficulty is to imagine what he did in



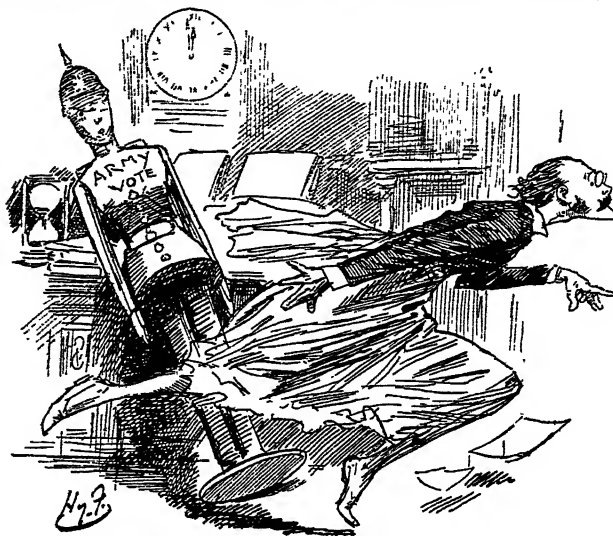
"Back! Rasch intruder!"

this galley. If it had been the Army, or even the Militia, the Major would have seemed all right. But what had he to do with the Navy? That, however, is for the Major a minor point. "You CARNE be too RASCH when attacking this Government," said KENYON, with his pretty elliptical speech.

It was half-past ten, and a dull night. Navy Estimates been talked round for nearly five hours. SQUIRE of MALWOOD meekly hoped that a Vote would now be taken; DICKY TEMPLE presented himself at footlights with bewitching smile on his lips and elegantly

bound gilt-edged volume under his arm; bowed to audience; opened volume; proceeding to offer few remarks when SQUIRE swooped down on him with Closure.

This was cue for RASCH. Chairman rose to put question. So did RASCH. Closure must not be debated; attempt to speak is unpardonable breach of order. The Major stood in the imminent deadly breach; House howled; Chairman cried, "Order! Order!" RASCH glared round, and, after moment's hesitation, sat down; up



On the Stroke of Twelve; or, Cinderella Balfour!

again as soon as Question was put; howls more anguished than ever. Committee having agreed that Question be put, nothing to do but put it, and here was RASCH bubbling over with speech. Chairman on his feet peremptorily signalling Major to sit down; Members near him tugged at his coat-tails; those further off frantically wave deprecatory hands. Major stood to his guns; shouts of "Name! Name!" Chairman, desperately pegging away, succeeded in putting Question, being money-vote for Navy. Major by this time hauled down in his seat. Up again, like Jack out of box. Chairman also on his feet, putting next vote; hubbub tremendous; Major's lips observed in motion; not an articulate syllable rose above uproar.

Meanwhile Chairman had dexterously put and run through supplementary vote for Excess of Expenditure; friends near him had got the catapultic Major down again, in time to hear Chairman declare "the Ayes have it!" Major up again. "Order! order!" shouted the Chairman. "Question is—" Not quite clear amid uproar what question was; something to do with Army. Anyhow, there was STANHOPE standing at table discussing Army Votes. Major again on his feet, his moustache twitching with astonishment. STANHOPE a peculiarly painful circumstance; all very well for good Conservative to gird against Government, and jostle Mr. G.'s Chairman of Committees; different (especially for a Major in the Militia) to struggle with Statesman who had been Secretary of State for War on his own side. So Major, defiantly glaring round House slowly dropped into his seat—"dying with all his music in him," as JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who knows the poets, said. But what was the tune he meditated? What is the secret of this unspoken speech?

*Business done.*—Money voted for Naval men. Halt cried on Army Vote.

*Friday.*—RASCH broken out again; turns up as usual at critical moment. Committee of Supply adjourned at ten minutes to seven; sharp at seven morning sitting must be suspended. Report of Supply under consideration; only tremulous ten minutes to get through it. RASCH resolved, now or never, to finish the speech he commenced yesterday. House, after protest, settles down to listen. Seems KAY SHUTTLEWORTH been "saying things" about the warrior. "He behaved towards me," said the Major, "in a manner that would be brusque on the part of Providence addressing a black beetle." House undecided as to which simile more happily bestowed. On the whole, agreed more polite to contemplate U. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH as Providence, than Major RASCH as the other thing.

*Business done.*—Some Votes in Supply.

## THE BUBBLE SHOP; OR, "ONLY HIS PLAY."

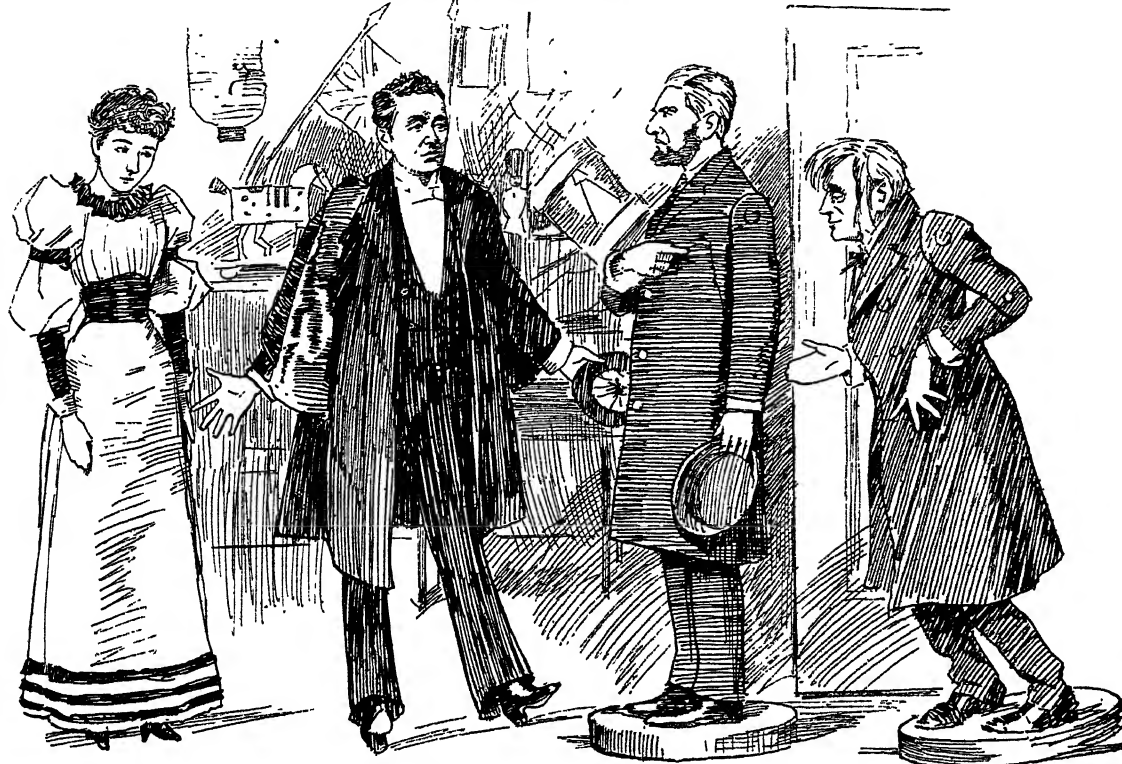
How many deserving persons besides dramatic authors are looking about for good situations, and are unable to find them! Mr. 'ENRY HAUTHOR JONES was sufficiently fortunate to obtain a good dramatic situation of tried strength, which, placed in the centre of novel and most improbable (not to say impossible) surroundings, has, in the hands of Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and his highly trained company of illusionists, achieved a remarkable success.

Within the last few years there have been notorious cases associated with the names of Members of Parliament, but as the House is a Legislative Assembly and not an inquisitorial tribunal instituted for the public investigation of private morality, no charge

Supposing, for an instant, the impossible, *Stoach* would be called to order, and be severely reprimanded by the SPEAKER.

Had the much-heckled and long-suffering *Clivebrooke* been gifted by the Author with lively ready-wit, he would have replied to his father and supporters, who invade his room, in the pleasantest and Charliest-Wyndhamest manner, "Yes (*lightly and airily*). What could I be doing in a toy-shop with a young lady? Why (*still more lightly and airily*) of course I was '*toying with her*!'" Whereupon his old father would have been immensely tickled, and the deputation, in fits of laughter, would have rushed back to the lobby to report "the last good thing said by that clever chap *Clivebrooke*! So like him!"

This Act would have ended with the triumph of ready-wit over disappointed malignity.



MODEL FIGURES IN THE CRITERION TOY-SHOP.

could be brought in the House itself against any one of its Members until after a Court of Law had pronounced its verdict, and, even then, a Member of Parliament, convicted of a criminal offence, would not cease *ipso facto* to belong to the House until after a motion for his expulsion had been carried. As *Fritz* in *La Grande Duchesse* expressed his wish to become a schoolmaster, in order that he might obtain some smattering of education, so an immoral M.P. (if any such there be) would be the very one to stand sponsor for a Bill for the Better Preservation of Public Morals, with a view to gaining that elementary knowledge of morality in which his education had been defective. But no one could have brought up some awkward case against him in the course of a debate in the House. In the parliamentary proceedings of Little Peddlington this might be done, but not in the House of Commons, which, by a very polite but necessary fiction, is supposed to be a House of Uncommons, far above the weaknesses of the ordinary human nature of mere Constituents.

Mr. *Stoach* (capitally played by Mr. J. VALENTINE—but everybody plays capably in this piece) finds Lord *Clivebrooke* (Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM—admirable also) between midnight and one in the morning alone with charming *Jessie Keber* (Miss MARY MOORE,—delightful!) in old *Matthew Keber's* toy-shop, *Keber* himself (another very clever impersonation by Mr. W. H. DAX) having gone out on the sly to get drunk on money supplied him by the aforesaid unscrupulous *Stoach*, M.P. So what would have to be said in the House should amount to this:—

*Stoach*. What! the Leader of the House bring in this Purity Bill! Why I saw him myself with my own eyes in a toy-shop, all among the toys, alone at one in the morning with an attractive young person of the female persuasion.

"Look at that now!" says an Irish M.P., following the example of *Shaun the Post* in *The Colleen Bawn*, when the scoundrelly lawyer brings a charge against the hero of the drama, "An' what might you be doin' about there at that same time?"

invention in hitting upon the Parliamentary accessories to my picture; and 'cash,' which will be paid as long as the public take an interest in the play, and just so long shall I take my interest out of the public money."

To sum up in the words of the old-fashioned tag, "If our friends in front are pleased, then Manager and Author are satisfied." But, if objection be still taken to the unreality of the Parliamentary setting of the picture, then "please remember," apologises 'ENRY HAUTHOR, "that '*it's only his play*.'"

## A Liberator Lay.

THREE little roguey-boys said to Conscience—"Pooh!" Croydon made one its Mayor, and then there were two.

Two little roguey-boys thought that Fraud was fun; A Judge thought otherwise, and then there was one.

One little roguey-boy took the Chiltern Hundreds upon his road to Spain, and then there was none!

WALKING ROUND HIS SUBJECT.—In TAY PAY's interesting review of *The Life of Lord Aberdeen*, a Book of the Week in the *Sun*, there is a delightful chord which shows that "the harp that once thro' Tara's halls" still upon occasion twangs. "It is pleasant," says TAY PAY, writing of Mr. GLADSTONE, "to be able to project ourselves backward to the time, when the statesman we know as full of years and the idol of millions, was the bashful, self-distrustful youth." Now, if next week our young friend, whose sympathy with bashful, self-distrustful youth is instinctive, will manage to withdraw himself forward, he may be said to have thoroughly reconnoitered his subject, an excellent thing in a reviewer.



THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE RIVAL SWAINS, F-WL-R AND G-SCH-N.





### ASSISTED EDUCATION.

*Christabel.* "I SAY, JACK, HOW EVER DO YOU DEFINE THE EQUATOR?"

*Jack (who has been to the Circus).* "ISN'T IT A MENAGERIE LION THAT GOES ROUND THE WORLD?"

[*Jack has learnt about "the Imaginary Line," and got the answer a little mixed.*]

### THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE RIVAL SWAINS.

*An Easter Eclogue.*

*Chloe.* . . . Miss HODGE.  
*Corydon* . . . H. H. F-WL-R.  
*Strephon* . . . J. G. G-SCH-N.

*Corydon (smirking).* I have found out a gift for my fair,

Such as sugary SHENSTONE ne'er found!

*Strephon (aside, sniffing).* His bowpot's made up, I declare,  
Half of flowers he's filched from my ground!

*Chloe (pirouetting).* Oh la! What a lovely bokay!

That for me! Oh, you're awfully kyind!

*Corydon (ogling).* Ah! I've loved you this many a day!

*Strephon (sighing).* And for years you've been first in my mind!

*Chloe (aside).* My! Isn't it nice to be courted like this?

I believe I could buy 'em both up with a kiss!

*Corydon (gloating).* Love, you dance just as PERDITA danced!

You must be a Princess in disguise.

*Strephon (aside).* And not long since he swore that she pranced

Like a clown who contends for a prize.

*Chloe (bridling).* Me a Princess? Oh la! that's your fun.

You know that my feyther was HODGE!

*Strephon (aside).* Of course; but, providing she's won,

He'll descend to the paltriest dodge.

*Corydon (effusively).* You're the Pride of the Village, and fashioned to rule  
In the Cottage, the Council, the Church, and the School!

*Chloe (cooily).* You're a flattering of me, young man!

*Corydon (ardently).* If I am, maay I forfeit your—Vote!

*Chloe.* Well, of course, I will do what I can,  
As the Parish—princess, to promote  
The—what is it you want me to do? [Drains,  
Yes, the Poor—and the Ditches—and  
The Rates—I do hope they'll be few!

The Allotments—I trust they'll be gains!  
But the Squire and the Parson? Oh!

CORYDON mine,  
When they hear what you've done, won't they kick up a shine?

*Corydon (brusquely).* Oh! the Squire and the Parson be—blowed!

All too long they've been cocks o' the walk.

*Strephon (eagerly).* Quite right! How this buzzum has glowed

Your twin tyrants to baffle and baulk!

*Corydon (contemptuously).* You've dissembled your—hate for them well,

Master STREPHON! It never leaked out

Till we made PATIENT GRIZZEL a belle!

Now you'd like to cut in, I've no doubt.

*Chloe (coquettishly).* La sakes! do not quarrel!  
You're both very kyind, [mind.

But—I fancy dear CORYDON's most to my  
[Beams on him, and accepts the Bouquet.

*Strephon (suppressing himself).* Well, well, 'tis the fortune of war!  
As it's holiday season, let's sing,  
Should Shepherds at Eastertide jar?  
SNAVE SHENSTONE would scout such a thing.

I wish you and CORYDON luck—

The posy he's plucked you looks fine; [struck,

Though I must say my fancy it  
It was not wholly new—in design.

However, dear CHLOE, you're sweet; 'tis fair weather;

So, CORYDON, let's sing her praises—together—

*They sing:—*

Her charms—since she possessed the  
Vote— [dote.

Are things on which the swains all  
Fearing to flout or slight.

She dances, having now her way,

No bygone Easter holiday

E'er saw so fine a sight!

Our village Belle with anyone

Dares now to make comparison.

Fair nymph, this Easter fun done,

With proudest County Toast, though fair,

You may compete or charms compare  
With the haughtiest "Pride of London!"

ASTOUNDING REPORT.—There is no foundation whatever for the report of the resignation of Lord HERSCHELL. It probably arose from some incautious and slangy person speaking of him in his office of LORD CHANCELLOR as having "got the sack." Obviously the Wool-sack was intended.

### A Genuine Philanthropist.

O PASSMORE EDWARDS, you, beyond contention,

Are worthy *Punch's* "Honourable Mention."

Whenever there be any boons a-brewing  
You're very sure, Sir, to be up and doing!  
There's scarce a project schemed with kindly sense,

But profits by your large munificence.

*Punch* won't forget to pray when passing bedwards,

For you—and for more bricks like PASSMORE EDWARDS!

### On the Second Reading of the Home-Rule Bill.

*(By a Rebellious Rad.)*

BUTCHERED—to make an Easter Holiday,  
For Orangemen who yearn to have their say!  
They've got political *delirium tremens*.

Orange? Nay, they're sour as unripe lemons!

THE REAL "SPIRITUAL" (OR SHALL WE SAY, SPIRITUOUS?) NEEDS OF LONDON.—Strict Supervision of Gin Palaces, and a rigid enforcement of the Adulteration Acts. (*Licensing Authorities, Excise Officers, and Policemen, please take Notice!*)

### A Tip in Time.

COUNTRY Vestrydom's called, by its new-fangled rival,

(The smart "Parish Council") "decrepit survival."

P. C., be not hard on the old form thou twittest!

Thou yet hast to prove thy "Survival" the "fittest."



## AT THE CONFECTIONER'S.

(A Sketch on Saturday Afternoon.)

SCENE.—A Confectioner's Shop in a fashionable West-End thoroughfare. Close to the window is a counter, with the usual urns and appurtenances, laden with an assortment of richly decorated pastry, and presided over by an alert and short-tempered Manageress. The little tables are close together, and crowded with Customers, the majority of whom are ladies. A couple of over-worked Waitresses are endeavouring, with but indifferent success, to satisfy everybody at once.

Cries from Customers. Yes, two teas and one roll and butter—no, I mean, one roll and butter and two teas! "Have I ordered?" Why, the last time you said it was coming directly! Isn't that chocolate ready yet? We shall never catch our train! I say, Waitress, I ordered coffee and cakes a quarter of an hour ago, and all we've got yet is two empty cups and a bowl of sugar! Do make haste with that tea! I didn't say a cup of tea—I said a pot of tea, as plain as—! (&c., &c.)

Duet of Waitresses. Yes, Sir, attend to you in one moment. Are you the cup of tea, Madam? Oh, I'll bring you a fork for your pastry directly. There'll be some milk coming in a minute, Sir. Bread and butter? No, Sir, you can have a roll and butter, or cakes, if you prefer them. Excuse me, Madam, when I've done attending to this lady. No, Sir; it was the other young lady who took your order—not me. Would you mind letting me have the milk-jug, if you've finished with it, Madam? We're rather short of them. I'll see if I can get you a teaspoon, Sir. (&c., &c.)

The Manageress (all in one breath, without any stops). Now then Miss SIMPSON don't you see these cups standing here ready to be taken and there's that Gentleman in the corner waiting to be attended to and tell Mrs. BINKS we shall want more milk and there put out those fancy cakes do two chocolates Miss JONES well you can't have them yet because I've used all the hot water what does the girl want next butter it's no use coming to me for butter here take those cups to be washed up will you leave me to look after everything myself and customers leaving because they can't get served I declare I never saw such girls as you are in all my born days!

A Man from the Lyceum. I'm not sure, after all, that IRVING'S finest moment wasn't in that last scene. I mean, when Fitzurse and those fellows came in, and he—

First Lady (at adjoining table—from the Aquarium Theatre). Sat up on his dear tail, and struck out with those long hind legs of his, sweet thing; he took such an interest in it all, didn't he?

Second Lady (on opposite side of table—who has been to "Hypatia"). Oh, and didn't she look distractingly lovely just after she had finished lecturing; you know, when she—

Third L. (close by, fresh from "Charley's Aunt"). Stepped out of the gown, and walked about in the old Lady's cap and false front! I quite cried with laughing!

Second L. I liked the Proconsul—dear me, what was his name? So stupid of me—but it doesn't matter! I thought he looked so perfectly Byzantine when he came in with his lieters in the litter—

Third L. And played the piano so beautifully!

Second Hypatian L. And didn't you think TREE was very good?—that part where he found out about his daughter, and stood towering over her with a knife in his hand, and—

Third L. That enormous cigar stuck in his mouth—he was simply too killing! [And so on.]

Miss Camille Leon (by voiceless motion of her lips, and expressive pantomime, for the guidance of her fiancé, Mr. FRED FORRIDGE, who has gone to the counter to select dainties for her refection). No, not those—in the next dish—with chocolate outside... no the long ones—oh, how stupid you are! Yes, if those are preserved cherries on the iced sugar. Very well, the pink one, then—that will do.

Mr. Forridge (returning with a loaded plate). I hope I've got what you wanted?

Miss C. L. Just what I like—how clever of you! (She helps herself, after dainty deliberation.) Quite delicious! Aren't you going to have any yourself?

Mr. Forr. (engaged in exploring his left-hand pocket surreptitiously, with a troubled expression). Oh, thanks—presently, perhaps. (To himself.) I must have more than that somewhere!

Miss C. L. (gaily). I advise you to make haste—or there'll be none left. They're too seductive for words. [She chooses another.]

Mr. Forr. (to himself). It is one-and-sixpence. Fool I was to go and forget my sovereign-purse! However—(hopefully), two cups of tea at fourpence—eightpence; say three cakes at twopence—one-and-two-pence—oh, I shall manage it easily, and leave a margin. (Aloud.) I think I won't have anything to eat—not hungry, don't you know.

Miss C. L. No more am I! (She takes a third cake.) This has got cream inside—aren't you tempted?

Mr. Forr. (to himself). Only fourpence to the good now—mustn't risk it! (Aloud.) Couldn't indeed—spoil my appetite for dinner.

Miss C. L. (with superiority). Oh, I never have any appetite for dinner. I loathe the very sight of food, somehow! But I do wish you'd eat something—it's so piggish of you not to—really it is! You must take just this weeny little one—to please Me! (She places it on his plate.) Now you can't say no!

Mr. Forr. (to himself). She is the dearest darling! (Aloud.) I'd do anything in the world to please you, CAMILLE! (To himself.) After all, there's still twopence!

Miss C. L. Good boy! (As he eats.) Well, is it a success?

Mr. Forr. (munching). It isn't bad—got Marchpane, or something of the kind on it.

Miss C. L. How nice! I adore Marchpane! You may go and get me one just like it, if you're very good.

Mr. Forr. (to himself, as he obeys her behest). That cleans me out! Thank goodness, no gratuities are allowed here, or else—and this must be the last—she's had three already! If I'd only had another sixpence, I shouldn't care, but this is running it, devilish close! (Aloud, as he returns.) This is the nearest I could get.

Miss C. L. Thanks, ever so much. Awfully nice tea this is. (Suggestively.) They might give one bigger cups, though!

Mr. Forr. (to himself, with pathos). I'd give my life for her, cheerfully—and I've got to deny her a second cup of tea! But hang it, I must. I can't ask her to lend me fourpence to pay the



I must have more than that somewhere!"

bill! (*Aloud.*) It's—er—just as well they don't. My sisters have sworn off afternoon tea altogether; some medical Johnny told them it—er—had a tendency to make the nose red!

Miss C. L. (*to herself.*) FRED's sisters! Very likely! (*Aloud, coldly.*) If you think there is any danger of that in my case, of course I won't risk another cup.

Mr. Forr. Oh—er—well, you never know, don't you know. I—er—wouldn't. (*To himself.*) Narrow shave that, by Jove!

Miss C. L. I think we'd better take a cab back, don't you?

Mr. Forr. (*horried.*) M—much jollier walking. Streets as dry as a bone!

Miss C. L. But I want to get home and arrange the table for dinner to-night. Mother always likes me to do the flowers.

Mr. Forr. Lots of time for that. You c—can't judge of the effect till it's dark, can you? And it will be light for hours to come.

Miss C. L. Yes, that's true. Then suppose we go and see the BURNE-JONESES, now we're so near? They don't close till six.

Mr. Forr. (*to himself.*) It would have been jolly; but, half-a-crown, when I can't even run to a catalogue! No! (*Aloud.*) It—it's getting so dark—can't do 'em justice by artificial light, do you think? And—well, to tell you the honest truth, CAMILLE, after the Old Masters, you know—I—I don't feel—and I have seen them, you know!

Miss C. L. (*pouting.*) I thought you might have cared to see them again—with Me—but it doesn't in the least matter . . . FRED, I don't care about this cake you got me—it's dull. I think I shall leave it, and try one of these white—and-green ones instead.

Mr. Forr. (*to himself—with a beaded brow.*) Broke!! And for an extra twopence! As likely as not, she hasn't even got her purse with her. And she'll think I'm so beastly mean! Why on earth didn't I let her go to the Aërated Bread-shop, as she wanted? It would have been all right then!

Miss C. L. I'm afraid you're rather bored, FRED—you don't seem to be enjoying yourself quite; do you?

Mr. Forr. (*in agony.*) Oh, I am—I'm all right, CAMILLE, only I—I'm always like this after the Old Masters, you know.

Miss C. L. So sorry I made you bring me—don't you think we had better pay, and go home?

Mr. Forr. (*to himself.*) Now for it! (*He pulls himself together.*) W—waitress, w—what have I to pay, please?

Waitress. Two teas, eightpence; one, two—six cakes you've had, I think, Sir? One-and-eightpence altogether.

Mr. Forr. (*with a gasp.*) Oh! (*He fetches up two coins abjectly from his pocket.*) I—I'm sorry to say that I—I've o—only one shilling and (*with a start of intense relief*) half-a-sovereign, so (*with recovered dignity*) I'm afraid I must ask you to give me change. (*To Miss C. L.*) I—I was only joking about the BURNE-JONESES, darling. I'd like to see them awfully—with you. And we can walk home through the Park, or take a cab afterwards, just as you feel about it. Do say you'll come!

[Miss LEON graciously consents, and Mr. FORRIDGE follows her out of the shop with restored equanimity, as Scene closes in.]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Dowager Lady CRUMBIE dined out one night last week, when the dinner was so cold that her Ladyship caught a severe chill, and next day the Cook caught it uncommonly hot.

ADVICE GRATIS.—M. WORTH, of Paris, says of the costumes of The No-Connection "BRADLEY & Co," "You must take them for what they are—WORTH."

## ROBERT AT THE BOAT-RACE.

WELL, as I've often said afore, and shall most probably live to say it again, there ain't no accounting for taste, speshally among the hupper classes. Take last Wensday as a xampel. Here's a lot of about twenty of the most eminent Swells in our most eminent Huniwerstys, where they goes, as we all on us knows, to learn how to tork Greek, which they finds so wunderful useful when they grows up. Well, they has the hole year to choose from, save and xcept Sundays, and I'm jiggered, as I herd a real Gent say, if they don't go and select a day as goes and begins with a hawful heasterly wind, and a contemptible shower of rain, just enuff to make thousands of our most loveliest Ladys at wunce resolve not to wenter out ewen to see such a site as two boats full of hansum young gennelmen, all

drest in flannel, a pulling of them two boats a matter of four miles! And yet I'm told as there's a learned Gent as publishes a little book as tells you what the whether will be ewery day in the year, and he's werry often rite.

However, it all turned out rite at larst, and we had a nice sunny day, tho' why they kep us all a waiting till arf-past fore o'clock I'm sure I don't kno, when there was thowsends of us waiting afore two. Another little mistery is, why they want no less than hayteen strong-looking gents to pull too little Botes along, sixteen on 'em a pulling with their skulls, and two on 'em a pulling with too little ropes apeace, I have never bin able to make out.

I was told as it was a lovely race, tho it seemed werry much as usual to me. One of the botes got a little in front of the other, and so got in fust, and that was all. But, sumhow, I don't quite think as that is all as so many thowsands goes out for. For instance, now, in the butiful ship as I was perfeshally engaged in, we laid out a lovely lunshun with evry luckshury of the season, and all kinds of wine, at about 2 o'clock, and then, as we picked up our swell passengers at the various peers, our Managing Gent says to them, says he, "If you please, Gents, lunch is laid out in the cabin, and will be continually laid out all day, so you can act accordin." And so they did! and that cabin was jest about comfortably ocepied all day long, except for about ten minutes jest as the Botes was a cummin by. Ah! that's my highdeal of spending an appy day, and a pitty it is as it only comes wunce a year!

BROWN, who was along with me, tried werry hard to gammon me to bleeve as none of the pullers in the fust boat got nothink for winning, and that none of the pullers in the larst boat paid nothink for loosing! But I wasn't quite such a born fool as to beleeve that rubbish. I had jest the same good lart as usual in seeing how hard the three big steam-boats, as started jest after the racing-boats, tried their werry hardest to catch 'em up, but couldn't do it till they was past the winning post! And the best of the fun was, as they painted two of 'em Oxford and Cambridge, to make all poor greenhorns beleeve as they was the reel racing-boats, and the other was a going fust jest to show 'em the way. Lor, how heasy it is to gammon sum poor fellers! Like all trew waiters, hating anythink at all like waste, me and BROWN, and the other two of us, seed all our Company hoff, and then we quietly took our seats, and I bleeves as I can truly say, that, neether in the etable line, or the drinkable line, was there any waste in that there bootiful Steamer that there appy day.

ROBERT.

FROM MR. J. L. T\*LE.—It is not true that *Die Walküre*, about to be produced at the Grand Opera, in Paris, is either an adaptation, or a translation, of *Walker*—London. It's WAGNER, not WALKER.



A BROTHERLY LECTURE.

"WHAT! ANOTHER SCRAPE! WHAT AN ASS YOU MUST BE, ALWAYS GETTING INTO SCRAPES WITH WOMEN! WHY DO YOU? I NEVER GET INTO SCRAPES WITH WOMEN! NEVER GOT INTO A SCRAPE WITH A WOMAN IN MY LIFE!"



## THE WAY TO GET ON.

*Fair Amateur Palmist (who has kissed the Blarney Stone).* "I'M SORRY TO SAY, DEAR LADY CRESUS, THAT YOU WILL HAVE A SERIOUS ILLNESS AT FORTY!"

## A DELICATE QUESTION.

[In the pages of the *Author* Mr. BESANT suggests, that "the Society of Authors should undertake the examination of journalists."]

O ZEALOUS Mr. BESANT, we have heard with consternation  
Of this, the latest project of your ever-busy band;  
Each journalist, apparently, must pass examination.  
Lest any deal with matters which he does not understand.

You're horrified to notice at performances dramatic  
A row of so-called critics, knowing nothing of the play;  
You mean to make essential an acquaintance with the Attic,  
In all allowed to comment on the drama of to-day.

With ample stock of history and other knowledge, clearly,  
The man who writes on politics must show himself supplied,  
The taste of all reviewers will be criticised severely,  
The Sporting Sage must qualify in papers on *Ruff's Guide*.

No doubt your plan is laudable, but then we find it printed  
That novelists to manage all the scheme will be allowed,  
And since they love reviewers not, it may, perhaps, be hinted,  
That every man alive of us is certain to be ploughed!

Moreover, on reflection, quite excusably one fancies  
That, if so great advantage in the system you discern,  
Its use should be extended to the weavers of romances,  
And you and other novelists should suffer in your turn!

And so, if we may venture on a practical suggestion,  
Assuming that your postulate's indubitably true,  
And all should be examined—there must yet remain the question,  
*Custodes quis custodiet?*—For who'll examine you?

WINES OR MINES?—Mrs. R. has on several occasions heard gentlemen talking of "passing the Rubicon," and she wants to know whether this is a Bill in Parliament about the Ruby Mines, or whether it is a modern expression for what was many years ago, as she was informed by her grandfather, a slang after-dinner phrase—"Pass the Ruby," i.e., the wine?

## HOLIDAY TASKS FOR THE RECESS.

*The Pr-m-r.* To rest and sample (under the personal supervision of Mrs. G.) Home Rule.

*The Marquis of S-l-sb-ry.* To forget the speeches he had prepared for Loyal Ulster.

*Sir W-l-l-m H-rc-rt.* To practise Local Option in the New Forest.

*Lord R-s-b-ry.* To make up his mind about Uganda.

*Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-l-l.* To follow where he once led.

*Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r.* To lead where he once followed.

*The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.* To acquire a taste for "another place."

*Sir A-g-st-s Dr-l-n-s.* To grapple with the Opera difficulty.

*Mr. H-nry Irv-ng.* To run along with *Becket*.

*Miss Ell-n T-rry.* To continue the same movement.

*Mr. J. L. T-le.* To prepare to take *Walker—London to "Castle, Windsor."*

LEGAL QUERY ANSWERED SATISFACTORILY.—In an Article on the Lecture on Cross-examination by Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., a D. T. Leader reminded its readers of the scene in *The Village Lawyer*, where Defendant is instructed by his Counsel to answer every question by simply saying, in an imbecile manner, "Ba-a-a!" Subsequently, on aforesaid Counsel asking for his fee, his client replied, "Ba-a-a!" "What," asks the D. T., "would Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., do with such a witness in cross-examination?" Why, 'tis evident that such a case would not arise, as professional etiquette would prevent one Barrister from taking a fee from a brother Barrister, that is as long as the latter stuck to the Ba-a-a!

VERY APPROPRIATE.—At Drury Lane, on Easter Monday, will appear *The Bohemian Girl*, followed by the rivals in *Rustic Chivalry*. Very flattering to the dear old *Bohemian Girl*.

TREACHEROUS WEATHER.—Lord SALISBURY has had a bad cold. He has been recommended, however, not to put on, but to put off, his Ulster.

END OF THE COTTON STRIKE.—General rejoicings! All join in a reel!





## BEHIND THE SCENES.

ACTING MANAGER H-RC-BT. "WELL, SIR, I THINK WE MAY SAY THAT,—IN SPITE OF THE ORGANISED OPPOSITION IN THE HOUSE,—THE FIRST ACT HAS REALLY GONE VERY WELL!"

MR. G. (*Author and Manager*). "H'M!—BUT THE *RISKY SITUATION* COMES IN THE NEXT ACT!"





## TO MOLLY—AN APRIL FOOL.

*By a Bachelor-in-Love (with Himself.)*

You never, MOLLY, plucked the chances  
Last Leap Year brought of wedded rapture,  
(Since Flattery wins, where Beauty's glances  
Have failed to perpetrate a capture)?

You never wrote to crave my fortune  
That February! Bashful, may be,  
Or over-fearful to importune  
A *parti* so renowned, you gaby!

Imprudent damsel, to let slip  
So much *insouciance* and money!  
I bear no malice now, and dip  
This goosequill not in gall, but honey.

I supplicate thee to be mine,  
Bewitching Fair, thy lode-star  
mocking:  
To sweetest vengeance I incline.  
(Great Scott! the sacrifice is  
shocking!)

With you to share a gem unique,  
My best possession, foolish MOLLY,  
This is the penalty I seek, [Folly!  
Dear fool of Spring, dear spring of

Yet, ere I give myself away.  
And abdicate on foolscap flimsy,  
Let me implore you, mark the day—  
Time-honoured feast of prank and  
whimsy.

Of my pet self, I offer half—  
To gain it myriads have endea-  
voured.

So take it, *take my photograph*  
*Inclosed, and most adroitly severed.*



## AN ELIGIBLE PARTI.

I KNOW a man who manhood's name pro-  
fanes,—  
Most Mayfair mothers own him rather  
wild;  
But, since he has more sovereigns than brains,  
Each tries to catch and tame him for her  
child.

He knows enough Arithmetic to keep  
A Betting-book, and lose his little bets,  
And though his sense of honour is not deep,  
He always pays his "honourable" debts.

Some scores of trowsers own him as their  
Lord,  
And endless ties and one unchanging sneer;  
He owes his tailor what would lodge and  
board  
And wash a brace of curates for a year.

His wit is not so pointed as his boots,  
Bright with the polish which his manners  
lack,

Nor yet so chaste as those astounding suits  
Which deck his shrunken limbs and padded  
back.

His stays are always, *he is often*, "tight,"  
His collar, like his birth, is *sans reproche*;  
He seldom does a thing because it's right,  
But, on the other hand, is never *gauche*.

The Music Hall hath charms to soothe his  
breast,  
But tries in vain to tinge his pallid cheek;  
And yet the print he knows and loves the  
best,  
Is that which duly blushes once a week.

He never dances since the law shut up  
His native haunt, where he could really  
go it,

And romp the *pas-de-quatre*, and about  
and sup—  
(Of course the Mayfair mothers did not  
know it).

He never dances—but he goes about,  
And you will always meet him "every-  
where,"

And sometimes after supper he'll sit out  
A dance or two, provided she is fair.

Some day he'll stoop to raise her to his  
throne,  
Look tame and tired of wild oats—for a  
time;

And, when They reap the whirlwind he has  
We'll talk of his misfortune and her  
crime.

## THOSE SILENT BOOTS.

*Burglar's Ballad. AIR—"Those Evening Bells."*

THOSE Silent Boots! Those Silent Boots!  
When out upon our gay galoats,  
'Twill give us coves the bloomin' jumps,  
If we can't 'ear the Copper's clumps!

'Ave Bobby's Bluchers passed away?  
That there will bust the Burglar's lay!  
Wot, *silent* "Slops"—like evening swells?  
It's wus than them electric bells!

No, no! I 'opes, till I am gone,  
The Bobby's Boots will still clump on.  
Their warnin' sound our bizness soots,  
But bust the thought o' *Silent Boots*!

SOME EVIL-MINDED PERSONS.—At the  
Royal Academy of Music the competition for  
the Evil Prize took place last Friday, which,  
to unsuccessful competitors was a day of Evil  
omen. This is one of the rare instances  
where "Out of Evil cometh good."

## THE TELEPHONIC LOVE-SONG.

"[Lovemaking by telephone has now become  
quite common.]—*Daily Paper.*]"

LOVE, are you there? Most patiently I've  
waited

To hear the answering tinkle on my bell;  
Have then the central offices belated  
Not switched me on as yet to thy hotel?  
Or is—oh, bitter thought!—a rival hated  
Addressing thee by telephone as well?  
Love, are you there? Distracted I repine;  
Oh, hear thy humble four-nought-seven-  
nine!

Never three-five-nine-six have I addressed,  
The number registered for Mrs. JONES,  
Nor for six-eight-two-one the button pressed  
To woo Miss BROWN in telephonic tones;  
So grant, I pray, my moderate request,  
Nor keep me waiting thus with aching  
bones,  
My anxious ear pressed to the tube with care,  
While vainly I re-echo, "Are you there?"

The suitor in the happier days of old,  
When he would woo his lady-love divine,  
Beneath her window his affection told  
In skilful verse and neatly-balanced line;  
And even if he sometimes caught a cold,  
His was a less prosaic way than mine;  
Then they'd embrace—no doubt it was not  
proper,  
But I can only kiss a plate of copper!

Oh come, my love, and speak to me again,  
Say that you live for my unworthy sake,  
And kindly make each syllable quite plain,  
To guard against all subsequent mistake;  
And soon may fortune re-unite us twain,  
Communication never more to break!  
Take up your tube in answer to my prayer;  
Once more I speak my greeting—*Are you  
there?*

## GEE HO, GOSCHEN!

*Jokim (singing his Agricultural-lorealist lay).*

"O FLAXEN-HEADED Ploughman,  
A whistling o'er the lee,  
Oh, do not *you* know *how*, man,  
I've ever loved thee!

## EASTER REGULATIONS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

1. Volunteers shall be expected to be up  
by the dawn in the morning, be the weather  
rain or shine, fog, or otherwise. They will  
be marched for scores of miles all day long,  
and, on their arrival at their destination,  
shall consider themselves lucky if they find  
the most primitive accommodation.

2. Although they may be accompanied by  
their officers, the Volunteer rank and file  
will clearly understand that they are man-  
œuvring purely for the pleasure, if not  
improvement, of a few warriors connected  
with the Household troops.

3. They shall undertake the necessary  
duties at their own expense, and every detail  
supplied by the War Office shall form the  
matter of an angry altercation.

4. The convenience of Volunteers shall be  
ignored, so that the comforts of the Regular  
officers attached to the Citizen Force, may be  
secured at their expense.

5. Volunteer officers will be prepared to  
accept snubs and condescension with their  
customary humility, and will not presume to  
raise their voices in the presence of their super-  
ior (in quality if not in rank) commanders.

6. Volunteers of all ranks will work like  
niggers for nothing, save the barren honour of  
being told (subsequently in the public prints)  
that they have merely done their duty.

7. And, to conclude, Volunteers will be  
expected to say that they have thoroughly  
enjoyed their holiday, however difficult it  
may be to feel it.

# "ART, HOW SHE IS LEARNED."

SCENE—London. Time—any day of the Week between Show Sunday and Academy Sunday. Present—two Art Critics à la Mode.

First A. C. (after a pause). Yes, met a crowd of people last Sunday. Bad memory myself, but hanged if I can remember why I went out on Sunday.

Second A. C. (after consideration). And I too. I hate going out on a Sunday as a rule, but I went last week. However, might have been worse fun. Met PEACOCK girls. Rather good form.

First A. C. Yes, Jolly. Going to meet 'em next Sunday.—Mulberry Road.

Second A. C. (lighting a cigarette). I'm going to the Mulberry Road too.

First A. C. (also lighting a cigarette). But why?

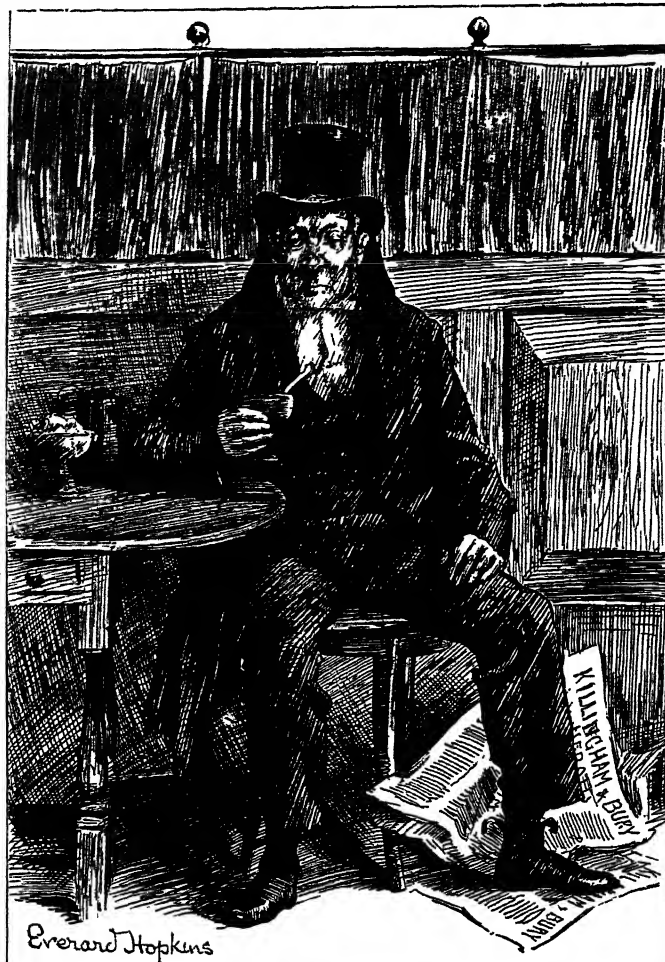
Second A. C. (after smoking for two minutes in silence). Haven't the faintest idea! Stay! Ah! (Producing tiny memorandum book.) Here it is, April 2nd—Mulberry Road—Academy Pictures.

First A. C. (with returning intelligence). Of course! Why, that's what we went about. To see the pictures!

Second A. C. (with further intelligence). Yes. Going next Sunday to Mulberry Road to see the pictures again. Rather fun, seeing pictures!

First C. (after a long pause). Yes, rather.

[Scene closes in upon their commencing to discuss some other subject.]



## FORTUNE'S FOOL.

"WELL, IF THAT DON'T BEAT HEVERYTHINK. 'AVEN'T SET UP 'ERE IN BUSINESS A MONTH, AND THEY'RE GOIN' TO REDRAIN THE 'OLE PLACE!"

## QUITE A CHIC CARGO!

A GROUP of "World's Women" belonging to all races, has set out from Southampton in the steamship *Paris*, en route to the World's Fair. There are English damsels, Scotch lassies, Tyrolese, Hungarian, Parisian, Chinese, and Japanese ladies. Instead of being called "World's Women," they ought, of course, to go as "World's Fair-ies." "Arrangements have been made for bringing them back;" but suppose they prefer to stay? America is a free country; Chicago is one of the freest parts of it. So, after their relative powers of fascinating the American male have been tested, their power of becoming his relatives may have to be counted with. Let us hope they will be accommodated with separate buildings at the Exposition; ora "Lady's Battle" may ensue, under Queensberry Rules. European versus Asiatic, or—say—Fräulein versus Mademoiselle. This would be a great hit.

## TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

THE most cursory eye it must surely strike, That VOTE and VETO look much alike. Yet rival ranters are straining throat, To VOTE the VETO — or VETO the VOTE! On a slight transposition thus hinges the quarrel 'Twixt the fierce fanatics of Pump and Barrel.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—"That's the best speech HARCOURT has made this Session," said GEORGE CURZON, as we walked into Lobby to support Government against onslaught of SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, who disapproves its Uganda policy.

"Which speech?" I asked, eagerly, always anxious to learn. GEORGE CURZON just back from far East; has sat astride the Wall of China, and taken five-o'clock tea with the QUEEN OF COREA. ULYSSES, with his twenty-years' tramp, not in it with him. "Which speech?" I repeated. "The speech he didn't make just now in reply to CHAMBERLAIN," said CURZON, in that sententious tone, and with that grave manner he has learned among the Apaches of the Ural Mountains.

Wants thinking over, this; but is quite true. A great temptation for the SQUIRE; would have been irresistible at one time. JOSEPH had made a brilliant speech, scintillating with diamond dagger-points. Yielding to the habit of heredity, he had been more than usually disagreeable towards his Brethren. "The original JOSEPH," as the SQUIRE remarked, in a little aside, whilst the speech went on amid uproarious delight of the Gentlemen of England, "had one soft place in his resentful heart. But our JOE finds no BENJAMIN among us—unless, indeed, it be TREVELYAN, and, I believe, if, after filling up his sack, he had put in any extraneous substance, it would not have been a cup of silver."

Time was when the SQUIRE would have jumped at this opportunity. Benches crowded with jubilant gentlemen in dinner dress; excitement of cheers and counter-cheers filled House. Few things delight it more than encounter between these two brilliant swordsmen. Only half-past eleven; Twelve-o'clock Rule suspended; plenty of time for business by-and-by; half an hour's sport hurt nobody.

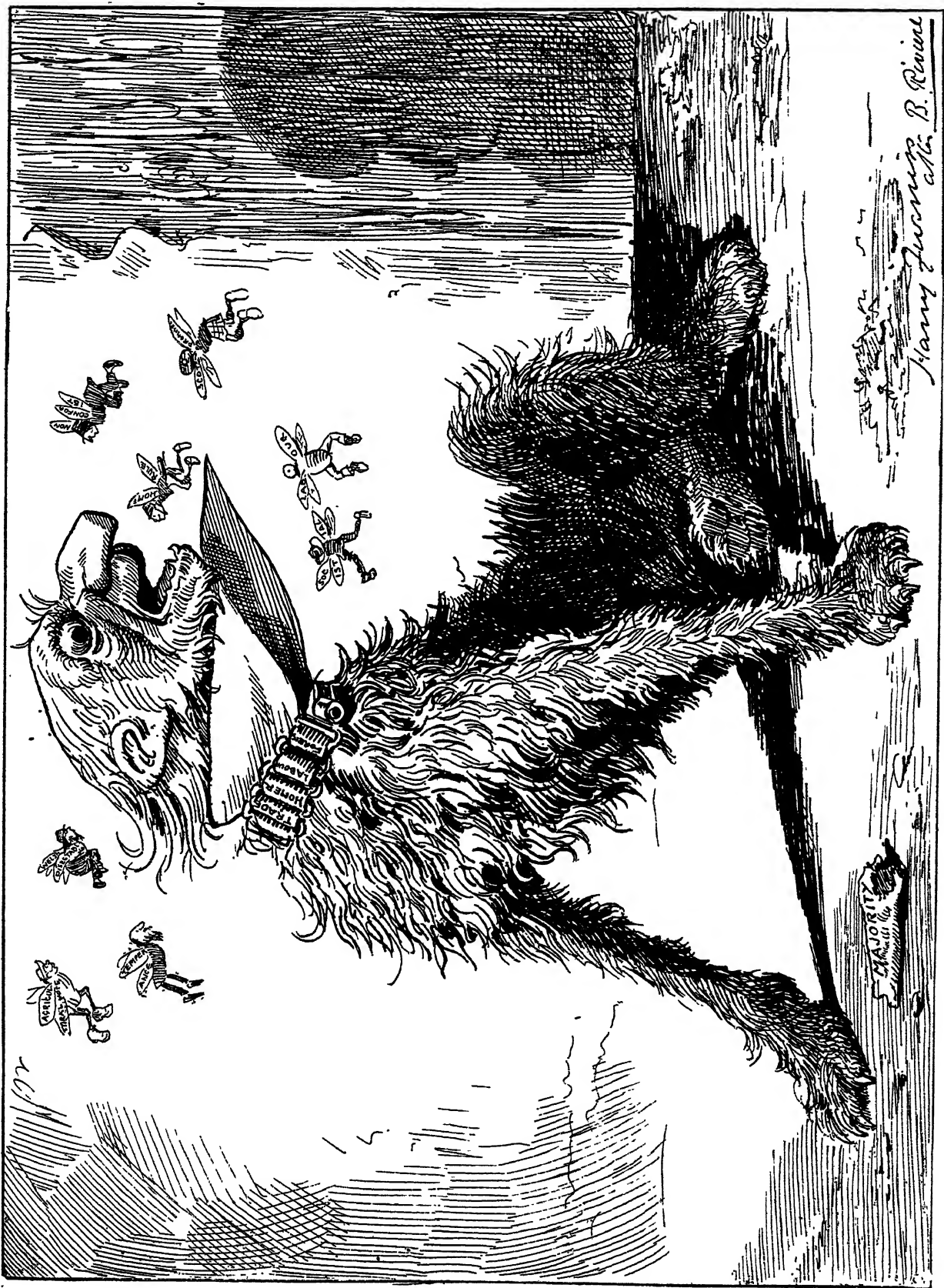
When SQUIRE rose, a ringing cheer went up from the benches.

Their turn now. JOE was "going to catch it." But SQUIRE knew better than that. Opportunity tempting; almost irresistible. But business first, pleasure after. With touching air of resignation, SQUIRE said they had listened to a very good speech, and now he hoped the Vote would be agreed to; at which point he meekly sat down. Shock so sudden and unexpected that no one but NOXON moved, and he, finding himself on his legs, had no words ready. Whilst he was gasping in search of them, Closure moved; Chairman, who is getting well into the saddle, put question with lightning-like rapidity; before Committee quite knew where it was, it was dividing on the Uganda Vote.

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates concluded; Report of Supply agreed to; way cleared for Appropriation Bill.

Tuesday Night.—HENRY FOWLER explained Parish Council Bill in speech of equal force and lucidity. "Hands all round," as TENNYSON said, in applause of speech and approval of Bill. JESSE COLLINGS rather hinted that anything good in measure was conveyed from RITCHIE's Bill, and everyone knows that RITCHIE was mere lay-figure behind which JESSE controlled policy of Local Government Board under last Administration. Even this criticism meant as compliment. No harsher note disturbed chorus of approval.

JOXIM, in effusion of moment, led into making interesting confession. As he says, only he put it stronger, general impression is that he is not particularly attached to Agricultural Labourer. BOBBY SPENCER, when he made his historic declaration—"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I am not an Agricultural Labourer"—understood to have JOXIM in his mind; endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the statesman who, at the time, was CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. JOXIM, certainly, through long and honourable career, never lost opportunity of hustling HOBBS. Deductions drawn from this attitude entirely erroneous. Only been dissembling his love. Made clean breast of it to-day. Claspings his hands with genuine emotion, tear plainly tickling through his voice, he exclaimed, "It has been



"CATCHING VOTES."

(Suggested by the Picture "Catching Flies.")



the dream of my life to educate the Agricultural Labourer in Parish affairs!"

"Well, I must say, I never would have thought it," said GRANDOLPH, regarding with new interest his Right Hon. friend.

*Business done.*—Parish Councils Bill brought in.

*Thursday.*—Pretty to watch Mr. G. in conversation with Prince ARTHUR on question of Vote of Censure. When CAMERON, "doing a bit of bounce," as BRODRICK said, asked PREMIER whether, supposing Opposition resolved to move Vote of Censure, a day wouldn't be found for them, Ministerialists cheered and Opposition responded. House never more like public school than when a fight is being got up. Now spirit rose to bubbling point; cheering and counter-cheering incessant. Only Mr. G. sat silent, apparently so deeply interested in Orders that he had not noticed what was forward. But he saw it all, saw a foot or two further into futurity than the jubilant throng behind him. CAMERON had unwittingly dealt trump card to Opposition avowedly bent on obstructing Home-Rule Bill. Had a pretty good go to-day. Two hours for Questions; two hours more to be used up on Motion for Adjournment. That would serve to throw Registration Bill over sitting and spoil Mr. G.'s little programme. But this suggestion of Vote of Censure coming from other side, worth at least couple of days. Mr. G. saw it all, and once glanced quickly across table in search of sign that anyone on Front Bench opposite had made the discovery. Thought he saw a gleam of intelligence in GRANDOLPH's eye. Hoped things might blow over; but there was inconvenient questioner behind, with Scotch persistency waiting answer. Ministerialists cheering like mad; Opposition truculently responding; all waiting for him.



Mr. G. (*sings sotto voce*). "How happy could I be with either!  
Were only Uganda away!"

CAMERON obligingly opened. Drew up Motion of Vote of Censure, and Mr. G. must needs, out of his diminishing hoard of days, find one for debating it; Opposition mean to make it two, or even three.

"I wish," said Mr. G., in those chest-notes that indicate profounder indignation, "my people would leave me to manage the business of House."

*Business done.*—Four hours wasted. Vote of Censure invited.

*Friday Midnight.*—Wonder to find SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE still at post of duty. Business rather heavy work; think it would be well that so precious a life should be cared for. Say this to him.

"You're very kind, TOBY," he answered, just a little wearily, "but I never think of myself when the interests of my QUEEN and Country are at stake. Fact is, I have charge of a Bill drafted in the interests of our fellow-citizen the Sweep. He has thrown himself into my arms (of course I use the phrase in a Parliamentary sense) and I am resolved to do my best for him. I am told that the business which called the Judges into private consultation the other day was a proposal to place my bust, crowned with laurel, on a prominent pedestal in the Royal Courts of Justice. Well, I have done something in my time for justice; just now all my sympathies are with the Sweep. I receive deputations of them every day. No, they don't enter by the chimney, but come in by the front-door in ordinary fashion. When there are more than five of them, and they stay over twenty minutes, they leave a little smell lingering in the room. But that's nothing. I'm waiting now to move Second Reading of my Bill. Want Mr. G. to take it up. Have told him people really don't care for Home-Rule Bill, whereas, if he gave his



### POPPING THE QUESTIONS;

*Or, Scene from old Burlesque of "Obstruction," as revived at St. Stephen's Theatre Royal.*

Must do or say something. Wouldn't commit himself by saying anything. Half rose from seat and bowed assent.

By this time Prince ARTHUR began to see light. Some smart fencing followed; Prince ARTHUR pressed home Vote of Censure question; Mr. G., whilst carefully avoiding any movement that might seem like retreat, evaded the point. Later, when GRANDOLPH remarked that PRIME MINISTER had challenged them to move Vote of Censure, Mr. G. angrily retorted, "I did nothing of the sort." Too late now; Right Hon. Gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench having put their heads together, determined to ride in at gate

mind to it, he might rouse the country on the question of the harmless necessary Sweep. But no use. He's too deeply rooted in his attachment to his Home-Rule scheme. Daresay I shall get my Bill through first."

*Business done.*—Patience of long-suffering SPEAKER breaks down at last. JEMMY LOWTHER did it. On Appropriation Bill moved incomprehensible Amendment, in unintelligible speech; SPEAKER came down on him "like cartload of bricks," as JOHN BURNS put it. JAMES only temporarily subdued; will probably come up smiling on Monday.

## SPORTING ANSWERS.

## ANGLING.

**FLEACATCHER.**—Yes, the trout in the river Itching (this is the only correct spelling) are red, and, before they are boiled, raw. The best method of catching them is to tickle them. When you have hooked an Itching trout, you first scratch him, and then cook him.

**NOVICE.**—We only knew one man who could make a decent rod, and he died twenty years ago. Remember the old adage so dear to IZAAK, *Qui parcat virga spoliat puerum*. For instructions as to use of implement, and translation of Latin, apply to any head-master. Failure in the latter will inevitably lead to application of the former. Then pause for reflection, but *don't sit down*.

**SPOOK.**—What on earth is the use of applying to us about a phantom? We never keep one on the premises. Try personal interview with W. T. STREAD, who has a fine selection, JULIA being specially effective. Why do you ask if we generally spin? Not having been born a top, we prefer walking.

**CONTEMPLATIVE.**—(1) It's absolutely useless offering us these paltry inducements to betray the secrets of our skill. We are—we hope we may say it without undue pride—an All-Round Angler, and we are not going to be squared by a bait of that kind. (2) We have never pretended we were a salmon. If ANDREW LANG says we have, we challenge him to repeat it to our face before witnesses. (3) Whitebait are no longer kept in the Round Pond at Kensington. We knew as many as four there ten years ago.

**CALPEE.**—You are quite right. When a ship turns turtle the fact is instantly communicated to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. They proceed to the spot in the *Maria Wood*, and the one who secures the interesting saurian is allowed to eat all the green fat. With you we hope devoutly that the time is far distant when the desecrating hand of a Socialistic Government will be allowed to lay a finger on these ancient civic customs. No. The Fishmongers' Company do not sell fish. Their motto is, *Edo, non vendo*.

**ACTON EST.**—The *Cornhill Magazine* for this month has an interesting article on "Actors and Actresses in Westminster Abbey," not seen there much when alive, but there for good after their decease. It is stated of Mrs. BARRY that she was not interred in the Abbey, as has been, it appears, generally supposed, but found her resting-place at Acton. Odd, that when she had ceased to act, she should be sent to Act-on!

## THE CRY OF THE CUE-IST.

(To the Champion, by a Discouraged Competitor.)

BREAK, break, break,  
On the smooth green board, O JOHN!  
And I would civil words could utter  
My thoughts, as the game goes on!  
O, well for the three-figure runs  
You have made since we opened play!  
O, ill for my nine thousand start,  
Which you're lessening day by day!

## AFTER THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

**SCENE**—An Office. BROWN and JONES discovered talking over the incidents of the recent holiday.

**Brown.** Yes; I was up at six on the Monday.

**Jones.** Well, you were in luck; for I had to be ready by four. The battalion had to be drawn up at the station by 4'45.

**Brown.** To be sure. You went down before we did.

**Jones.** Yes. I wish we had got some coffee before starting.

**Brown.** But you had your breakfast on your arrival, didn't you?

**Jones.** Yes, to be sure; but as we were a bit late, it was rather a scramble.

**Brown.** Well, of course one has to get on to parade as soon as possible. We cut it rather fine too. But that's the case with all of us.

**Jones.** To be sure; and if you lose time at one end, you must make up for it at the other—that stands to reason. And how did you get on?

**Brown.** First rate. We were on the march from nine to five.

**Jones.** So were we; and didn't have time scarcely to get to our havresacks.

**Brown.** Just our fortune. Always on the move. I wore out my leathers in fine style.

**Jones.** So did I. And then we had to go back to the train before we could get any dinner.

**Brown.** My fate too. And, when I got home, the slavey had forgotten to lay supper!

**Jones.** So had mine. But still it was a glorious holiday—now, wasn't it?

**Brown.** I should say it was! A glorious holiday! [*They return to their ledgers.*]

## QUEER QUERIES.

**ABSCONDELISM.**—I belong to a Building Society. At present the concern is exceptionally prosperous, and I have no reason to suppose that the Directors and Manager are

not scrupulously honest. Still, it is as well to be prepared for all eventualities, and, as a couple of years seems to be about the time required by the authorities before they can make up their minds to prosecute anybody, I should like to know if I could apply for a warrant against the officials of my Society at once, so as to have everything ready in case any of them should develop fraudulent tendencies a few years hence? Would there be any objection to this? Perhaps some legal reader would reply. Also, is it a fact that Messrs. BALBERT and HURLFOUR have started a model Colony, on entirely new and philanthropic lines, in Mexico, and are inviting English settlers (unconnected with the "Liberator" Society) to join them there, the prospectus of the scheme being headed:—"By kind permission of the Public Prosecutor"—PROPHYLACTIC.

## "TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS," &amp;c.

**Muriel.** "MAMMA, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THE CARRIAGE OUT FOR SO LATE? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

**Mrs. Goldie.** "NOW, MURIEL, YOU KNOW HOW YOUR FATHER KEEPS WORRYING ABOUT EXTRAVAGANCE, AND OF COURSE I MUST SET AN EXAMPLE. SO I'M GOING TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY TO SEE THE EVENING PAPER!"

And the marvellous shots go on

To your score, which is mounting still!  
But O for a touch of that wondrous hand,  
And a slice of that startling skill!

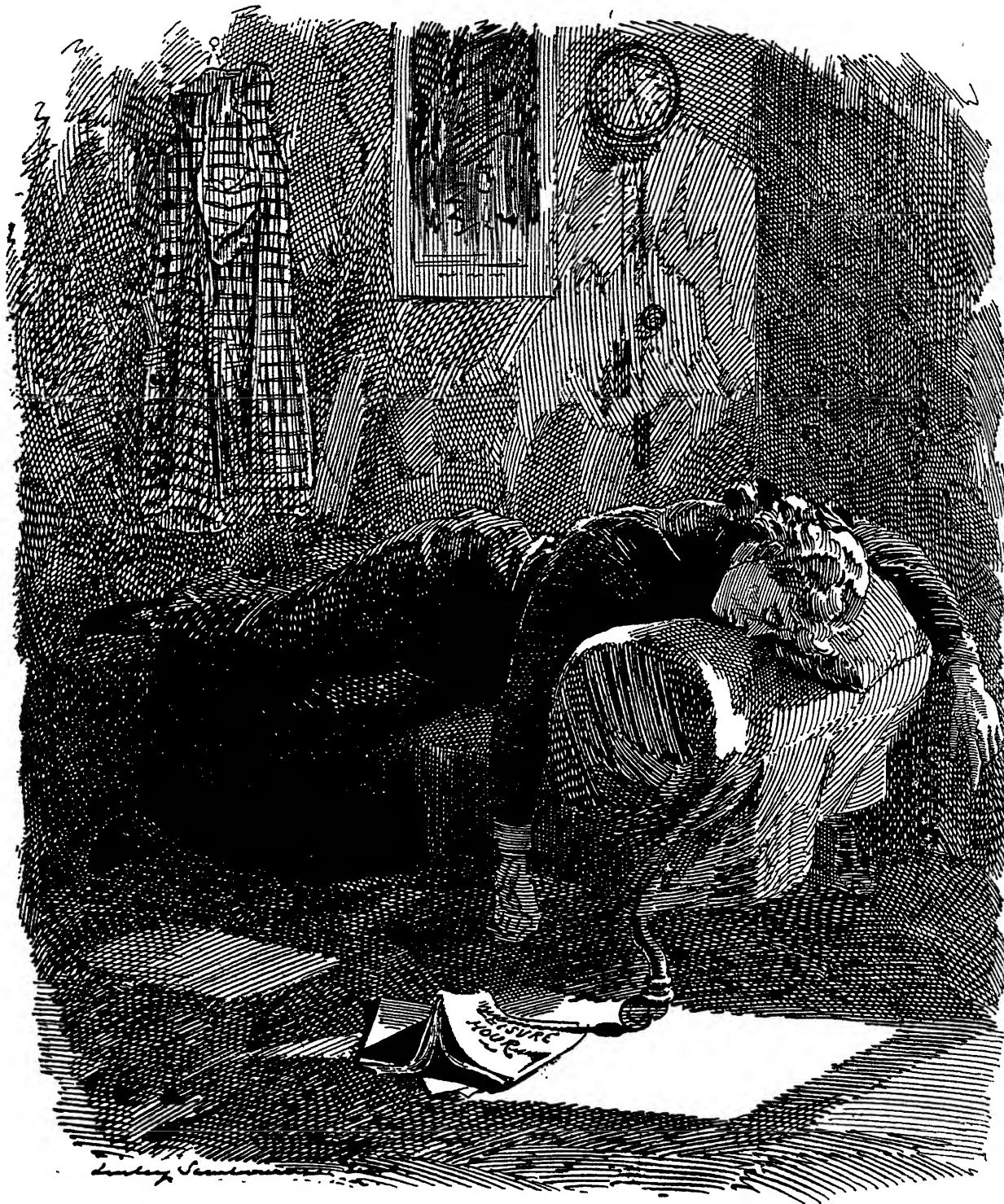
Break, break, break!

There's a shot! Great Scott! O, see!  
What tender grace! And if once ahead  
You will never "come back" to me!

"EPSOM SPRING MEETING."—In former times this used to be a fashionable rendezvous for invalids who went there to drink the beneficial waters of the Epsom Spring. Now there is not much water taken at these Spring Meetings; and what water is taken is not "an unmixed good."

A LESSON IN "BOOK-KEEPING."—Never lend one.

## HER "DAY OF REST."

*(The Song of the Shop-Girl.)*

["As one poor shop-girl said:—'After the fatigue and worry of the week, I am so thoroughly worn out, that my only thought is to rest on a Sunday; but it goes too quickly, and the other days drag on so slowly!'"—Quoted by Sir John Lubbock in the recent Debate on *Early Closing for Shops*.]

Eight o'clock strikes!

The short day's sped,—

My Day of Rest! That beating in my head  
Hammers on still, like coffin-taps. He likes,  
Our lynx-eyed chief, to see us brisk and trim  
On Monday mornings; and though brains  
may swim,

And breasts sink sickeningly with nameless  
pain,

He cannot feel the faintness and the strain,  
And what are they to him?

This morning's sun peeped in  
Invitingly, as though to win,

My footsteps fieldwards, just one day in  
seven!

The thought of hedgerows was like opening  
heaven,

And the stray sunray's gleam,  
Threading the dingy blind,  
Seemed part of a sweet dream,



For in our sleep the Fates *are* sometimes kind.

"Come out!" it said, "but not with weary tread,

And feet of lead, [way,  
The long, mud-cumbered, cold, accustomed  
For the great Shop is shuttered close to-day,  
And you awhile are free!"

*Free?* With a chain of iron upon my heart.  
That drags me down, and makes the salt  
tears start!

Oh, that inexorable weariness  
That through the enfeebled flesh lays crushing  
stress

On the young spirit! Young? There is  
no youth

For such as I. It dies, in very truth,  
At the first touch of the taskmaster's hand.  
A doctrine hard for you to understand,  
Gay sisters of the primrose path,  
Whose only chain is as a flowery band.  
The toil that outstays nature hath  
A palsying power, a chilling force  
Which freezes youth at its fresh source.

Only the Comus wand  
Of an unhallowed Pleasure offers such  
Freedom, and with pollution in its touch.

The languid lift  
Of head from pillow tells us the good gift  
Of Sabbath rest is more than half in vain.  
Tired! Tired! In flesh, bone, brain,  
Heart, fancy, pulse, and nerve!  
Such is our doom who stand and serve  
The unregarding public, thoughtless they  
Of slaves whose souls they slay!

Oh, that long standing—standing—standing  
yet!

With the flesh sick, the inmost soul a-fret;  
Pale, pulseless patiences, our very sex,  
That should be a protection, one more load  
To lade, and chafe, and vex.  
No tired ox urged to tramping by the goad  
Feels a more mutely-maddening weariness  
Than we white, black-garbed spectral girls  
who stand

Stonily smiling on while ladies grand,  
Easily seated, idly turn and toss  
The samples; and our Watcher, 'neath the  
gloss  
Of courtly smugness glaring menace, stalks  
About us, creaking cruelty as he walks.

Stand! Stand! Still stand!  
Clenched teeth and clutching hand,  
Swift blanching cheek, and twitching muscle,  
tell [well,  
To those who know, what *we* know all too  
Ignored by Fashion, coldly mocked by  
Trade.

Are we not for the sacrifice arrayed  
In dainty vesture? Pretty, too, they say  
Male babblers, whom our sufferings and poor  
pay

Might shock, could they but guess  
Trim figure and smart dress  
Cover and hide, from all but doctor-ken,  
Disease and threatening death. Oh! men,  
men, men! [stand!

You bow, smile, flatter—ought but *under-*  
Long hours lay lethal hand  
Upon our very vitals. Seats might save  
From an untimely grave,  
Hundreds of harried, inly anguished girls;  
You see—their snow-girt throats and neatly-  
ordered curls!

Out to the green fields? Nay,  
This all too fleeting day  
To rest is dedicate. But not the rest  
Of brightened spirit, and of lightened breast.  
The dull, dead, half-inanimate leaden crouch  
Of sheer exhaustion on this shabby couch  
Is all my week's repose.  
Read? But the tired eyes close,

## EASTER MANŒUVRES.



BACCHUS ON A BICYCLE!

(A "SAFETY" TOO!!)

*This incident repeated itself to infinity from the  
East End to Hammersmith and back!!*

The book from nerveless fingers drops;  
Almost the slow heart stops.  
But the clock halts not on its restless round.  
Weariness shudders at the whirring sound,  
As the sharp strike declares  
Swift to its closing wheels  
One more of those brief interludes from toil  
Which leave us still the labour-despot's spoil,  
Slaves of long hours and unrelaxing strain,  
Unstrengthened and unsolaced, soon again  
To tread the round, and lift the lengthening  
chain;  
Stand—till hysteria lays its hideous clutch  
On our girl-hearts, or epilepsy's touch  
Thrills through tired nerves and palsied  
brain.  
Again—again—again!  
How long? Till Death, upon its kindly  
quest,  
Gives a true Day of Rest!

ROYAL REWARDS TO GOOD PLAYERS.—"As  
a sequel to the performance of *Becket* at  
Windsor, Mr. IRVING"—as we were informed  
by the *Daily News*—"was presented by the  
QUEEN with a stud." What will he do with  
the stud? Will he take to the turf, go racing,  
and keep the stud at some Newmarket  
training-stables? Perhaps "the stud" con-  
sisted of fifty "ponies"—but this is a purse-  
an—all matter, into which we are not at  
liberty to inquire. Miss ELLEN TERRY re-  
ceived a brooch from HER MAJESTY, on  
which are the letters "V.R.I." Our 'ARRY  
says these initials signify "*Ve Are 'Ighly*  
pleased." Or, taking the two presents to-  
gether, as speaking, V.R.I. might mean, says  
ARRY, "*Ve R-I-ved safely.*"

## LION AND LAMB.

"I think that when we consider an Opposition,  
in which Lord SALISBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN  
pacifically sit down—or lie down, together, we  
need not, ourselves, feel very sensitive on the  
subject of homogeneity."—Mr. Gladstone at the  
F. O. Liberal Meeting.]

SOPLY had a little Lamb,  
From Brummagem you know!  
And wheresoever SOPLY went  
That Lamb was bound to go.  
The Lion and the Lamb in fact!  
And what could be more jolly?  
Yet some do whisper that—sometimes—  
The Lamb seems leading SOPLY.

"WHAT HO, APOTHECARY!"—Last week  
the Earl of BESSBOROUGH was announced as  
having arrived at Bessborough, Pilltown,  
Ireland. What an appropriate spot for  
erecting an Irish Apothecaries' Hall! What  
is Lord BESSBOROUGH's family name? Is  
it The O'COCKLE?

## THE AUTHOR.

It lay on the book-stall for sale,  
But no one to purchase seemed willing,  
The ticket was "Humorous Tale,  
Two-and-sixpence—reduced to a shilling."  
But the humour was lost upon me,  
And the jest fell uncommonly flat.  
Could the jokes I had written then be  
So fallen in value as that?

THE FIRST DUTY OF AN OPPOSITION (*As  
it now seems to be understood*).—"To lie in  
cool Obstruction, and talk rot."—(*Shak-  
speare*—slightly adapted.)

MODERN TRANSLATION BY OUR YOUNGEST  
SPORTING ETONIAN.—"*In formâ pauperis*"  
—i.e., "in rather poor form."



## AT AN AFTERNOON ENTERTAINMENT.

SCENE—*Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Among the Audience are—A London Aunt, and her Eldest Daughter, with a Cousin from the Country, who is just a little difficult to amuse; a Serious-minded Lady from Brixton, with a more frivolous Friend; a pair of Fiancés; and an Unsophisticated Father, with an Up-to-date little Daughter. An exhibition of "Pure Sleight-of-Hand" has just been given on the Stage.*

*The Serious Lady.* Clever? Yes, my dear, it is clever enough, if that's all; but I never can quite reconcile my conscience to encouraging a fellow-creature to make a living by deliberate deception!

*Her Friend.* Oh, I don't see any harm in conjuring, myself.

*The S. L.* I can't forget that Pharaoh had his Sorcerers and Magicians, and how they acted!

*Her Friend.* Ah, I never saw them.

*The London Aunt (to her Niece).* Enjoying it, SOPHY? Such a treat for you, to see really good conjuring!

*Sophy.* Yes, Aunt, thank you. But our new Curate did that trick with two rabbits at the last Penny Readings we had!

[*A calico screen is brought forward, on which the Entertainer throws various shadows with his hands.*]

*The S. L.* Is that a little house at the corner? Oh, he doesn't do that with his hands—then I see no merit in it. Who's that? (*A small male shadow, cast by the performer's right hand, crosses the screen, and knocks timidly at the door, which is opened by the left hand, in the character of a little Lady. The couple embrace effusively, and retire inside.*) Ah, that's the husband coming home!

[*Another male shadow enters, and knocks furiously, while the little Lady reconnoitres cautiously from the window above.*]

*Her Friend.* I expect that must be the husband.

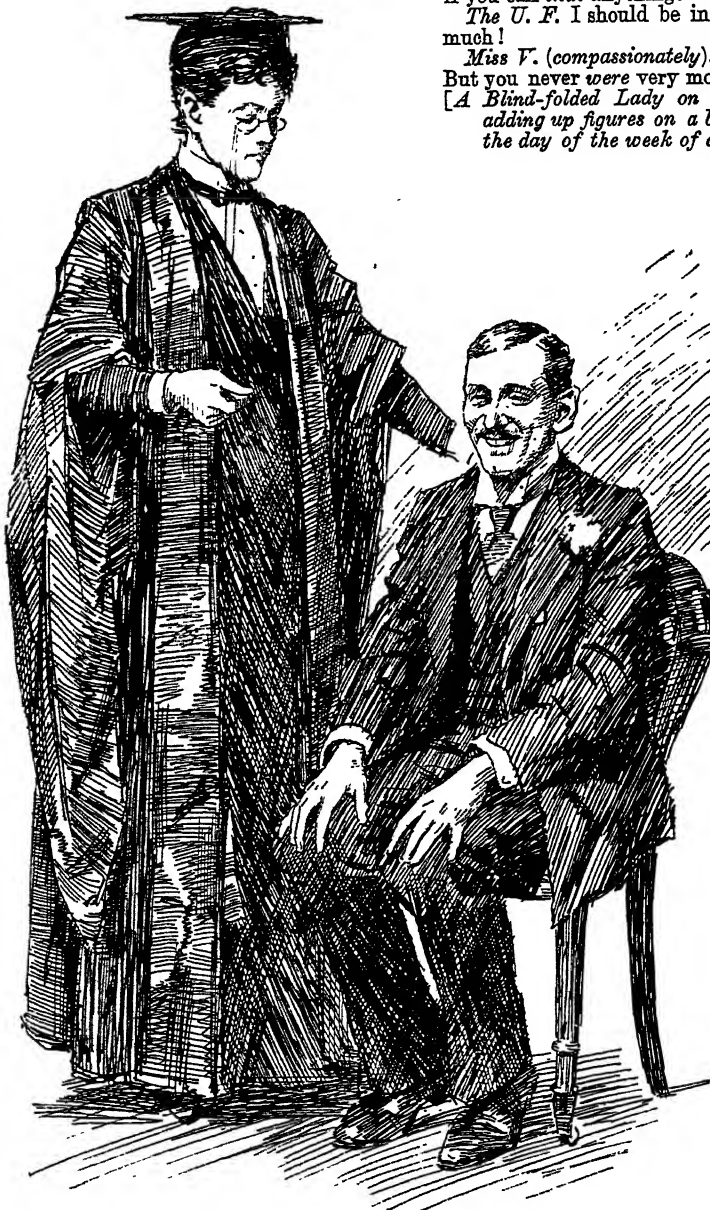
*The S. L.* What?—and the wife behaving like that in his absence! If I thought that was the—(*The first male shadow comes out, and fights the second, who retreats, worsted.*) I never saw anything so scandalous. How you can call yourself consistent, and sit there and laugh at such things—!

*Her Friend (apologetically).* I can't help laughing—and, after all, perhaps they're only rival lovers, or he's her father, or something.

*The S. L.* And she inviting one to come into the house in that bold way—a nice example for young persons! Look there, he's come back with a flageolet, and she's actually poured a jug of water on his head out of the window! "Only a pair of hands," did you say? So it may be—but we all know who it is that "Finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"—and there we have an illustration of it, my dear!

[*She shakes herself down in her sealskins with virtuous disapproval.*]

*The Unsophisticated Father (who has been roaring with laughter).*



"He blinks and smiles in feeble confusion."

Capital! It's amazingly clever, 'pon my word! Can't imagine how they do these things—can you, VIVVIE? [*To Up-to-Date Child.*]

*Miss Vivien.* Oh, well, I've seen so much conjuring at parties, you know, Father, that I don't notice it particularly,—but it's nice to see you so amused!

*The U. F.* I'm young, you see, VIVVIE; but I hope you're not bored?

*Miss V.* No, I'm not bored—only I thought there'd be some Serpentine dancing, and more of the *Music Hall* about it.

*The U. F.* Music Hall! Why, what do you know about Music Halls, eh?

*Miss V. (with calm superiority).* Several of their songs—if you call that anything.

*The U. F.* I should be inclined to call it a good deal too much!

*Miss V. (compassionately).* Would you? Poor dear Father! But you never were very modern, were you?

[*A Blind-folded Lady on the Stage has been reading and adding up figures on a black board, and now offers to tell the day of the week of any person's birth in the audience.*]

*Her Colleague.* Will some gentleman kindly oblige me with the date of his birth?

*The Fiancée.* Now, JACK, tell yours. I want you to.

*Jack (in an unnaturally gruff voice).* Fourteenth of February, eighteen—sixty-nine!

*The Blindfolded Lady (with the air of the Delphic Pythia).* Yes—that fell upon a Monday. [*Applause.*]

*Her Coll.* Is that correct, Sir?

*Jack.* Don't know.

[*He reddens, and tries to look unconscious.*]

*Her Coll.* Now I will ask the Lady if she can mention some event of importance that took place on the same date.

*The Bl. L.* Let me think. Yes. (*Solemnly.*) On the same date, in the year seventeen-hundred-and-thirty-seven, goloshes were first invented! [*Loud applause.*]

*Miss V. (as the pair retire).* Well, thank goodness, we've seen the last of that beastly black-board. I didn't come here to add up sums. What is it next? Oh, a "Farm-yard Imitator." I expect that will be rather rot, Father, don't you?

[*Enter a Gentleman in evening dress, who gives realistic imitations of various live-stock.*]

*The Country Cousin.* That's exactly the way our little Berkshire pig grunts, and "Sweetlips" calls her calf just like that—and, oh, KATIE, I wonder if he could have heard our Derkings clucking at home—I think he must have—he does it so exactly the same!

*Katie.* Then you do think that's clever, SOPHY?

*Sophy.* Oh, well—for an imitation, you know!

[*A "Sensational Cage Mystery" is introduced; a pretty child is shut up in a cage, which is opened a moment after, and found to contain a Negro, who capers out, grinning.*]

*The London Aunt.* SOPHY, do you see that?—there's a black man there now, instead!

*Sophy (without enthusiasm).* Yes, Aunt, I see, thank you.

*Katie.* Don't you like it, SOPHY?

*Sophy.* I don't see why it need have been a Nigger!

*The S. L. (after a "Humorous Musical Sketch" by a clever and charming young Lady).* Like that, my dear?—a Young Woman giving a description of how she actually went on the Stage, and

imitating men in that way! It was as much as *I* could do to sit still in my seat!

*Her Friend.* I must say I thought it was very amusing.

*The S. L. Amusing?* I daresay. But, to my mind, young girls have no business to be amusing, and take off other people. I've no opinion of such ways myself. I don't know what my dear Mother would have done if I'd ever been amusing—she would have broken her heart, I do believe!

*The Friend (to herself).* She wouldn't have split her sides, that's very certain!

[A Lady Physiognomist appears in cap and gown, and invites a subject to step upon the stage, and have his or her character revealed.]

*Jack (to his Fiancée).* No, I say—but look here, FLOSSIE, really I'd rather not—with all these people looking!

*Flossie.* Then I shall think you've something to conceal, JACK—you wouldn't like me to feel that already, would you?

[JACK, resignedly, mounts the platform, and occupies a chair, in which he blinks and smiles in feeble confusion, while the Professor studies his features dispassionately.]

*The Lady Phys.* The first thing to notice is the disposition of the ears. Now here we have a Gentleman whose ears stick out in a very remarkable manner. [Delight of Audience.]

*Flossie (to herself).* They do—awfully! I never noticed it before. But it really rather suits him; at least— [She meditates.]

*The L. Ph.* This denotes an original and inquiring mind; this gentleman takes nothing on trust—likes to see everything for himself; he observes a good deal more than he ever says anything about. His nose is wide at the tip, showing a trustful and confiding disposition; it has a bump in the centre, denoting a moderate amount of combativeness. The nostrils indicate a keen sense of humour. (Here JACK giggles bashfully.) There is a twist in the upper lip, which indicates—well, I won't say that he would actually tell an untruth—but if he had the opportunity for doing so, he has the capacity for taking advantage of it. I think that is all I have to say about this Gentleman.

*Flossie (to JACK, after he has returned to her side).* JACK, if you can't leave off having an original and inquiring mind, you must at least promise me one thing—it's very little to ask!

*Jack.* You know I'd do any blessed thing in the world for you FLOSSIE,—what is it?

*Flossie.* Only to wear an elastic round your ears at night, JACK!

*The Unsophisticated Father (at the conclusion of the exhibition, as the Missing Lady disappears with a bang, in full view of the Audience).* There, VIVVIE; she's vanished clean away. What do you say to that, eh?

*Vivien (composedly).* Well, I think we may as well vanish too Father. It's all over!

*The S. L. (going out).* I don't wish to judge others—far from it—but, speaking for myself, ELIZA, I cannot feel this has been a profitable method of employing precious moments which can never be recalled.

*Her Friend.* Oh, it's quite early. You'll have plenty of time to get a cup of tea, and do some shopping before it's dark.

*The S. L. (severely).* That was not precisely what I meant, ELIZA!

[But it is precisely what she does.]

#### ADVERTISEMENT'S ADVERSARIES.

["A Society has been formed to deliver us from hideous advertisements." *The Saturday Review.*]

O NEWLY-FORMED Society, we note with admiration  
The truly novel purpose which you seem to have at heart,  
And with no little eagerness await its consummation,  
When popular advertisements will shine as works of art.

Then picturesque localities no longer will be crowded  
With puffs of panaceas for our universal ills,  
No longer will the atmosphere be permanently clouded  
By sky-signs built to promulgate a patent soap or pills.

No more in train or omnibus will every inch of boarding  
Be covered with advertisements of variegated hue;  
No more in every thoroughfare will each obtrusive hoarding  
Blaze, hideously chromatic, with its yellow, red, and blue.

One thing, perhaps, you'll tell us,—you will pardon the suggestion—  
We doubt not your ability your purposes to win,  
But yet our curiosity would fain propound the question,—  
How, excellent Society, and when, will you begin?

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING" may now be seen in all their glory at the Crystal Palace Show. The excellent arrangements there made for their exhibition prove that they have been designed and carried out by a clever "Head"—Gardener.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SEEING that *A Wild Wooing* (published by F. V. WHITE & Co.) is by FLORENCE WARDEN, authoress of *The House on the Marsh*, the Baron anticipated a real treat. But he was somewhat disappointed. The novel is in one volume, which is an attraction, and that volume is of a portable size, which is another note in its favour; also it is not illustrated, which is an undisguised blessing.



At Easter Time the Baron de B.-W. visits his friend  
The Peer of Brighton.

The reader feel quite sure that the authoress is not "getting at him" all the time, and just trying to see what quantity of old melodramatic stuff he will patiently stand.

Henceforth FLORENCE WARDEN will do well to get away from the rusty bars, bolts, chains, trap-doors, and cellars, from ruined castles, as grim as that of *Udolpho*, "of which," as Sir WALTER said in his preface to *Waverley*, "the Eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, &c., &c." Accidentally, turning from "White" to "Black," the Baron took up the first volume of the excellent re-issue of the *Waverley Novels*, by Messrs. ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, called *The Dryburgh Edition*, and commenced reading the introductory chapter of *Waverley*, which, at that time, gave the death-thrust to the melodramatic horrors of romantic tales, whether evolved from the inner consciousness of English writers, or openly acknowledged as "taken from the German."

In view of the sensational romance of the present day, towards which, when really good, the Baron owns to having a decided leaning—it is interesting to note how brave Sir WALTER defied the existing fashion in novels of his own time, spurned the sentimental "Mordaunts," the "Belvilles," and such like played-out names of ancient chivalry, laughed at the heroine "with a profusion of auburn hair and a harp," and, like the Magician of the North that he was, boldly gave to the world his historic novels, in which, where History doesn't suit the requirements of fiction, it is so much the worse for History. Are there very many of the present generation who have not read Sir WALTER SCOTT's novels? If there be any—and there must be, or where would be the demand to occasion this new and admirably devised supply—let them at once put aside modern sensationalism, and commence WALTER SCOTT as a study. The Baron knows personally one man of mature years, who has read neither *Waverley* nor several others of the series, and him he envies, for, as the student in question has already set himself to the task, he has the greatest literary pleasure of his life yet to come. Type, size of book, excellent as a library edition; and the illustrations, so far as they have gone, are good, and not too distracting. And so, after this unequivocal expression of his sentiments, he signs himself,  
THE BOLD BARON DE B.-W.



### A LESSON IN ALTRUISM.

ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS—THEIR LIVES ARE SHORT, AND SHOULD BE MADE HAPPY AND AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE—EVEN AT THE COST OF A LITTLE TEMPORARY DISCOMFORT TO YOURSELF.

### BACK TO SCHOOL;

OR, DOCTOR BLIMBER-GLADSTONE AND HIS "LIT-TLE FRIENDS."

(*Dombeyish Fragments, with a smack of "The Mikado."*)

WHENEVER a young gentleman was taken in hand by Dr. BLIMBER-GLADSTONE, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of a limited number of young gentlemen at a time, but he had always ready a supply of "crum" for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge "his young friends," few or many, to their utmost capacity, and sometimes beyond it.

In fact, Dr. GLADSTONE's establishment was a great Hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time—or so said the Doctor's rivals and foes. Mental Green Peas were produced in February, and intellectual Scarlet-Runners in March. Mathematical Great Gooseberries were common at untimely seasons, other than the appropriate Silly one.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantage. There was sometimes not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't always keep well.

The Doctor's was a mighty fine House, fronting the river. Not always a joyful style of House within; sometimes quite the contrary. The seats were in rows, like figures in a sum. The sitters also were often in rows—with a slight (phonetic) difference. The House was well provided with Hot Water, on the "constant-supply" system. But somehow this seemed rather to conduce to discomfort than to real cleanliness,—like the too frequent and tumultuous "turning-outs" of an over-zealous housewife. A "Spring Clean," at St. Stephen's School, was a thing to remember, and shudder at. It was not a quiet House at the best of times. It seemed ever haunted by the Banshee of Noise, and disturbed by the cacophonous ghosts of dead Echoes. At the peace-fullest periods it was pervaded by a baneful Spook called the "Party Spirit," and always by the dull boings of unwilling young gentlemen at their lessons, like the raucous murmurings of an assemblage of melancholy rooks, or of

kites and crows cawing and screaming in the intervals of their clamorous scufflings.

Holidays? Oh dear yes! If there was one thing Doctor GLADSTONE's "young friends" *did* care for, it was Holidays! The Doctor himself seemed as though he could—and were it possible—would do without them. But the Doctor's "lit-tle friends," however docile, could never be brought to see *that*. They did not usually commence their Spring "term" until February. And they were ripe, even rampant, for a long "Recess" at Easter. When the Doctor, using his well-beloved formula, said, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies upon —" they hung upon his words, and, if the conclusion of his formula showed any disposition to cut the Holidays short, they howled loudly in chorus, like hungry wolves disappointed of their quarry.

It was a sight to see Doctor GLADSTONE's little friends returning to School *after* the Easter Vacation. The Doctor, looking complacently expansive, cheerily anticipative, welcomed them on the doorstep. *They* did not welcome *him*. Oh, dear no! Look at them; the five senior pupils in front, headed, of course, by that overgrown and somewhat ungainly Irish boy, Master PATRICK GREEN, cock of the School, and prime favourite of Doctor GLADSTONE! Can you not fancy them singing—after a famous original—the following quintett?

*The Five.* Five little boys for school are we,  
Back from a very short ho-li-dee;  
All as reluctant as well can be,—

Five little boys for School!

*Master Green.* Holiday's over, there's no more fun!

*Master Hodge.* Only just started! Wish I was done!

*Master Bung.* As for me, wish I'd never begun!

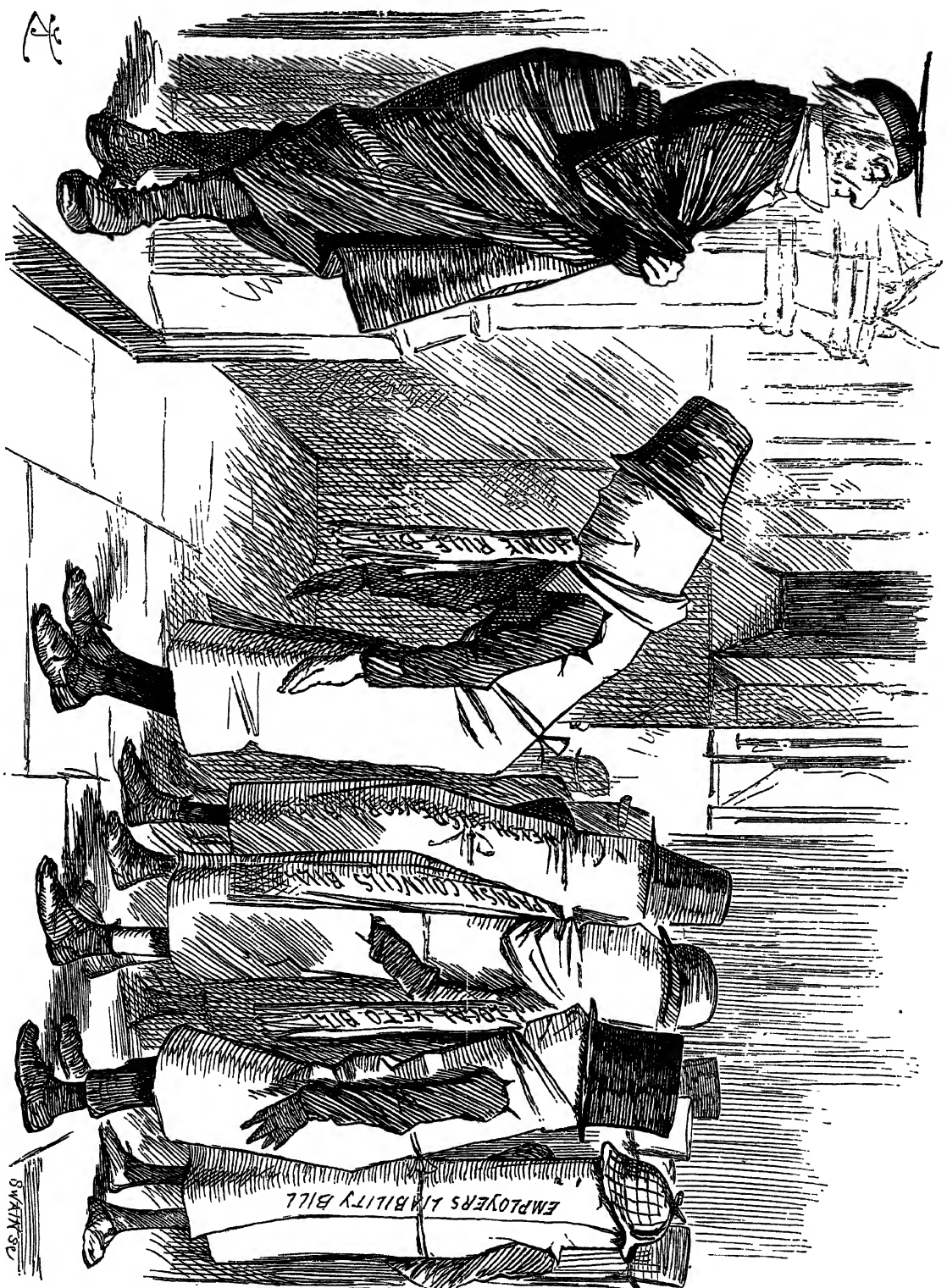
*The Five.* Five little boys for School!

*All (shrinking).* Five little boys who, all unwary,  
Entered old GLADSTONE's big seminary,  
Slaves to his Genius tutelary—

*The Five (suddenly demure, on catching sight of the Doctor)—*  
Five little boys "back to School!"

[Groans.  
Snivels.  
Howls.]





BACK TO SCHOOL; OR, DR. GLADSTONE AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.





## SONGS OF SOCIETY. II.—A LETTER OF ADVICE.

From Miss Belinda Bullion at Monte Carlo, to Miss Angelina Veauder, in Mayfair. (Being a Pendant to a celebrated Poem by Præd.)

THEY tell me you've "landed" a lover  
(Don't pout at the slang, dear, 'tis *chic*),  
Before your first Season is over,  
Before I have left you a week.  
I learned the good news through my mother.  
Who is he? I wish I could guess.  
If it's dear Lord FITZ-FRUMPINGTON's brother,  
My own ANGELINA, say "Yes."

*Très chère*, we know Fortune and Fashion  
Are sensible girlhood's sole guides,  
Smart maidenhood ridicules passion,  
And sentiment calmly derides.  
I gave you "Bel Ami" as token  
That we were not victims of "glow;"  
You gave me your vow—is it broken?  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

We vowed, dear, no matter at what age,  
By Sentiment not to be hooked,  
Or cheated by Love in a Cottage,  
Or Shepherds enchantingly crook'd.  
Too well, dear, we know modern men's  
tone,  
Of "briar" the pipes which *they* blow.  
Say, have you gone soft à la SHENSTONE?  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

Remember the cynic romances  
We read in that Devonshire glen!  
We are not the slaves of girl-fancies,  
We've learned far too much about  
Men!

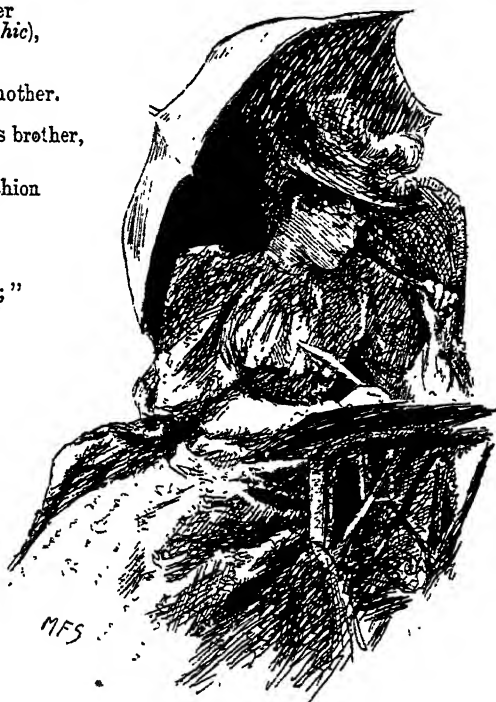
'Tis nice, with your head on his shoulder,  
To whirl through the waltz with  
FRANK LOWE,

But should poor Adonis grow bolder,  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

You know without wealth and a carriage  
Life's just a prolonged fit of spleen,  
So don't let me mourn o'er your marriage  
With any poor BROWN, JONES, or GREEN.  
You swore mere romance should not thrill  
you.

Nor gold-less good looks make you glow;  
And you will not go back on it—will you?  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

We're parted, but sympathy's fetter  
Unites us, I'm sure of it, still.



I read your last laughable letter,  
And see you are steering with skill.  
True Love is all fiddlededee, love,  
Full coffers count only, below.  
If he's not what your husband should be,  
Love,

My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he's over polite in his wooing,  
If his heart is too plainly a-throb,  
If he scarce seems aware what he's doing,  
If he speaks with a blush or a sob;  
If he is not "dead nuts" on his dinner,  
If his voice or his spirits run low;

If he seems getting paler or thinner,  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he gives too much time to his Tennis,  
Neglectful of dear L. S. D.,  
If he chatters of WHISTLER and Venice,  
If he cares about Five o'clock Tea;  
If he's not sometimes rude or capricious  
(All swells who have money are so),  
Such signs are extremely suspicious;  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he shows a contempt for "the City,"  
And drops little jeers about Jews,  
If he talks of "the People" with pity,  
Or rails at the Sweaters as "screws,"  
These things prove a "popular leaning,"  
And popular leanings are low;  
Soft heart, and slack purse, are *their*  
meaning—  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he prates about Property's duties  
In diction at all Gladstonese,  
If he's down on Society Beauties,  
If he has not a stare that can freeze;  
If he does not abuse Foreign Powers,  
And vote all philosophy slow,  
If he's one of the time's "big Bow-wow-  
ers,"  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

He must walk like a Cit in his glory,  
Of Money the true modern test,  
He must be—yes, of course, dear—a  
Tory,

(As *partis* that party are best)  
If he knows not the old Carlton's portal,  
Then—unless you've a Duke for a beau—  
I beg you—for girls are but mortal—  
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

Don't bother about his extraction  
Although there's a charm in good birth,  
But Wealth yields life's sole satisfaction,  
So find out, dear girl, *what he's worth!*  
He may be but an oil-striking Yankee,  
Eccentric in manners and dress,  
But, if he has tin worth a "thankee,"  
My own ANGELINA, say "Yes!"

## MISTER JACKY'S VADE MECUM FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

*Question.* What is the chief object you wish to attain during the Vacation?

*Answer.* To have the best time possible under the most favourable conditions.

*Q.* Is the comfort of your relations and friends to be taken into serious account in attaining this desirable end?

*A.* Certainly not; the details to which you refer are unworthy of a moment's consideration.

*Q.* Have you any objection to upsetting all the household arrangements on your arrival?

*A.* Unquestionably no. If a morning performance commences at an hour early enough to require luncheon to be discussed at 12.30, why the *déjeuner à la fourchette* (as the French would say) must be partaken within half-an-hour of noon. In like manner, if an evening representation begins at seven, the dinner-hour must be put back to half-past five.

*Q.* If these alterations cause any disturbance of your father's habits, how would you deal with the matter?

*A.* I would not deal with the matter at all. I would leave all purely necessary explanations to my mother.

*Q.* During the time of your vacation will you approve of any dinner-parties?

*A.* I have a rooted objection to such entertainments when the guests are of my parents' selection. However, I have no objection to a few fellows, say, like SMITH Major, or BROWN Minor, dropping in to supper on a Sunday.

*Q.* Assuming that the day you mention is your parents' favourite time for peace and quiet, does such an invasion suggest any reflection?

*A.* No. If my parents have become slow during my enforced absence from home in the search of knowledge, it is time they should

have the benefit accruing from contact with my revivifying characteristics.

*Q.* Supposing your father expostulates with you, and advances the fact that you have received greater advantages than he himself enjoyed—for instance, that you have been to Eton—what should you reply?

*A.* Practically nothing. However, in the cause of justice and truth, it might be advisable to answer his statement of fact that "he had never been to Eton" with the reply, "Anyone could see that."

*Q.* If he complains that you do not rise until eleven, smoke cigarettes in the dining-room before lunch, smash the grand piano in the drawing-room, lame his favourite cob in the Row, and upset all his documents in the study, what answer would you make?

*A.* That you were not responsible for the training which he had taken under his personal control. He must be satisfied with the broad result of your bringing-up.

*Q.* If he declares his intention of addressing the Superintendent of your scholastic career on the matter, what would you do?

*A.* Explain that your present position in the school, to which you supposed you would have to reluctantly return, was lacking in the element of popularity, and that any further move in the direction of increased reduction in that element might possibly lead to your expulsion. Deprecate personal objection to expulsion, but suggest that such a course might, by preventing your getting employment in the Church, Army, or Bar, lead to your being on your parents' hands for life.

*Q.* When the time has all but arrived for your return to school, what should you do?

*A.* Promptly catch the whooping-cough, the influenza, or measles. You will then afford a sufficient reason for extending the length of your vacation indefinitely.



### A TERRIBLE TURK.

*Little Spinks.* "AH! ONCE I WAS AS INNOCENT AS A LITTLE CHILD! WHAT I AM NOW, YOUR SEX HAS MADE ME!"

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, March 27.*—The Lowther Arcade not getting on so well as thought when projected. The Master Builder been diligently at work, but result disappointing. On Friday he got terribly snubbed by SPEAKER. Comes up to-day to make personal explanation. That a bait at which House usually jumps; always ready to be amused, or interested with scandal about Queen ELIZABETH and other persons. These things usually promised by personal explanation. To-day no flutter of excitement moved crowded House. JEMMY, approaching table with most judicial air, received with mocking laughter, and ironical cheers. Some difficulty in quite making out what he was at. Evidently something to do with SQUIRE of MALWOOD; but SQUIRE so inextricably mixed up with Supplementary Estimates, couldn't make out which was which. JAMES pounded along in most ponderous style; SQUIRE contemptuously replied; no one else inclined to join in conversation, and the Master Builder gloomily resumed his seat.

"Never mind," I said, not liking to see an old friend cast down; "Rome wasn't built in a day, nor the Cave of Adullam excavated in a week. These things grow. You must have patience, and the Lowther Arcade will still flourish. Let me see, whom you have got? There's BARTLEY, HANBURY, and TOMMY BOWLES. Lowe, forming his Cave, hadn't so many to start with."

"Yes," said the Master Builder, "that's all very well; but, fact is, you can't reckon upon these fellows as being, so to speak, colonnades in the Arcade. They are all on their own hook; fighting for their own hand; won't take the lead from me; must go foraging for themselves. HANBURY thinks he can boss a show better than most men. BARTLEY's obstreperous. TOMMY BOWLES would be all right if he were left to himself, free from the companionship of designing men. He is young, ingenuous, not wholly lost to a sense of regard for his pastors and masters, lack of which is the curse of modern Youth. I believe TOMMY respects me, and,

only for the evil communications to which he is subject on the back bench, would work loyally with me in establishing the Arcade."

There was unwonted moisture in the Master Builder's eye as he turned round, and regarded the Member for King's Lynn what time he softly whistled to himself the old Jacobite air, "*Tommy make Room for your Uncle.*"

*Business done.*—Vote of Censure moved by Prince ARTHUR; Government majority runs up on division to 47; Ministerialists, fresh from meeting at Foreign Office, agree that, on whole, have spent a happy day. Debate spasmodically dull. Prince ARTHUR could not lift it out of the rut, nor GRANDOLPH either. Only Mr. G. shone with effulgent light through gloom of evening. Principal result of manœuvre, beyond giving fillip to majority, is that a day will be filched from meagre holidays, and House must needs sit on Thursday.

*Tuesday.*—Mr. G. looked in in time to say a few words in reply to Prince ARTHUR's inquiries as to business arrangements. Later he came back, and delivered excellent speech; brief, and direct to point. House been talking all morning round Vote on Account. MACFARLANE done Rule-of-three sum, to show how twelve hundred days are lost every week by necessity imposed upon Members of coming down two hours in advance to take their seats. Some disposition shown by practical Members to argue question whether there could be twelve hundred days in any week, even in Leap-Year.

"I know I'm right," said MACFARLANE, and the sceptics, gazing respectfully at his flowing beard, withdrew from controversy.

House divided on Motion by LEIGH to reduce Foreign Office Vote. Ministerial majority run up at a jump to 225. Time by Westminster clock, 6:10 p.m.; in twenty minutes, sitting will be suspended; Vote must be through Committee to-day; TOMMY BOWLES (who hasn't made a speech for a quarter of an hour) on his feet; sheafs of manuscript in his hand; would certainly oblige to extent of twenty minutes; BARON DE WORMS also has a few remarks to offer; probable length of Channel Tunnel. Mr. G. interposes.

### NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

"THE Duke of DEVONSHIRE has arranged to return from Monte Carlo on Saturday," so said the *Morning Post*, "in order to address a political meeting at Glasgow on April 14th." His Grace having torn himself away from delightful Monte Carlo, will then attempt to turn the tables on the *Liberale Gladstoniensis*. But fancy renouncing sunny Mount Charles—"O Charley Mount is a pleasant place," as sang *Miles na Coppaleen*, who was, by the way, miles away from Monte Carlo—with its azure sky, its deep blue sea, its verdant green-cloth table land, its delightful promenades à pied, and its frisky gambols à la roulette, where the sunset and sunrise are rouge, and noir is only "on the cards." Fancy renouncing these gay southern delights to live a laborious day in dry, hard, northern Glasgow! "O swallow, swallow, flying flying South," how would you like to be checked in your holiday-making airy career in order to be brought back to the cold and cruel North? Such a self-sacrifice as this is indeed memorable.

LOVE BY THE SEA. WIND N.E. BY E.

"We do not speak as we pass by!"  
But tears down trickle from our eye!  
Alas! Our love remains untold—  
For each has got a thundering cold!

BOOKS THAT OUGHT TO APPEAR.

*I Banish the Street Organs!* By the Author of *I Forbid the Banns!*  
*A Boy's Present.* (Birthday Book.)  
By the Author of *A Girl's Past.*  
No. 1 of *The Domestic Lyre*, as a Companion to *The Family Storyteller.*

YET THEY LOOK SO INNOCENT!—In the Language of Flowers, what species should always express untruths?—Li-lies.



EASTER AT THE ZOO.



"Mr. MELLOR," he said, addressing Chairman, "I claim to have the question now put."

Ringier cheers went up from Ministerialists. TOMMY resumed his seat; ruefully glanced at notes. The Noble Baron saw in this manoeuvre fresh proof that Mr. G. had sold himself to Germany; having completed preparation for separation of the Empire on the side of the Irish Channel, would immediately after, by medium of WATKIN'S Tunnel, place what was left of the country at the mercy of a foreign foe. Meanwhile Closure moved; what's more, carried on division by swinging majority of over a hundred. So Vote agreed to; Mr. G. gets off for short drive before dressing for dinner.

Earned a night's rest, and a longer Easter holiday than he has allotted to himself and us. Older he gets, the younger he seems. His work to-day should make the eight-hours' man blush. At bay in Downing Street since twelve o'clock with two hostile deputations. Came from Ulster and the City, resolved to beard Home-Rule Lion in his den. Alone he met them; one down, the other come on; no interval of rest; picked men from Ulster, Selected Captains from the City, surged around table at which he sat. Hardly left him time to reply. Having politely conducted Ulster to door, enter the City Fathers, fresh and eager for fray. Told him over again in varied phrase how he was bringing country to verge of ruin; listened with perfect courtesy, as if they'd been discussing someone else—say, his next-door neighbour, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and Junior Lord of Downing Street. Up again when last in list of City speakers had concluded. Almost persuaded JOHN LUBBOCK to be a Home-Ruler; then down to House, dealing with mass of correspondence littering his table in room behind SPEAKER'S chair; alert on sound of



Portrait of a Member of Parliament examining the Signatures to a Petition against the Local-Veto Bill, to see if they are genuine or not. (Vide Report of the Proceedings in the Commons, March 28, which suggests that they are obtained in Public Houses.)

"A Grand Old Man, indeed!" said PRINCE ARTHUR, talking over these things to-night, when he should have been listening to TOMMY BOWLES, who having at the morning sitting had his speech on Vote on Account closed, delivered another at evening sitting on the question of the Depreciation of Silver as it affects domestic architecture in China and Peru.

*Business done.*—Vote on Account through Committee.

*Thursday.*—CAINE going about House this afternoon, his slim figure bulging out at the pockets in mysterious fashion. "Brought your supper with you?" I asked, lightly touching one of the excrescences that felt like an imperial pint of ginger-beer (WHITE 1880). "You seem bursting with broiled bones. All no use. No more all-night sittings this side of Easter."

"No, my boy, you're wrong," said CAINE. "Fact is, I'm going off to the country, and these protuberances you observe about my person are phonograms. All labelled, you see," he said, taking out cylinders from several pockets. "Here are a few remarks on Registration; that's my Local-Veto Speech; and here is an entirely new view of the Home-Rule question. If you like to come over to my house at Clapham—close by, you know, busses every ten minutes—you shall have a night's thorough enjoyment. Leave you in the room by yourself with the phonograph. Pop in one of these cylinders; set the phonograph whizzing; and you'll hear me on Local Veto. Take out cylinder, put in another, and you'll know more about Home Rule in five minutes than you ever dreamt. Can only let you have them for to-night. To-morrow they go down to Yorkshire, and thro' Easter Recess I shall be delivering, at various places, six speeches



THE NEW "FOURTH PARTY."

T. G. B-w-l-s.

Right Hon. J-m-s L-wth-r.

G. C. B-rtl-y.

R. W. H-ab-ry.

division-bell; comes in to move Closure; remembers that in long list of speeches never made this particular one before; looks up PALGRAVE'S *Handbook*; cons his lesson and declaims brief formula in deep rich voice that lends touch of eloquence to its unadorned, remorseless demand. All this, too, following on a day like yesterday, when two other deputations stormed Downing Street; drew from him weighty reply; followed, after hasty dinner, by a speech in the House on the eternal Irish question, which GRANDOLPH rightly termed, "entrancing."

every night, I myself comfortably making holiday in Wales." "Thank you," I said; "but, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go home and go to bed." In truth, a little depressed. Here's a nice prospect for the holidays! Bad enough to have Members working off at public meetings speeches that had been closed in Commons. But if every man is, during the recess, to multiply himself by phonography, the last state of this country will be worse than the first.

*Business done.*—Adjourned for Easter Holidays. Just escaped sitting over Good Friday. Back next Thursday.



### PERILOUS POSITION OF A GALLANT OFFICER OF VOLUNTEERS,

On a recent March, who (ever thoughtful for the comfort of his hired Charger) chooses the cooling waters of the Ford in preference to the Bridge.

"HERE! HI! HELP, SOMEBODY! HOLD ON! I MEAN HALT! HE WON'T COME OUT, AND HE WANTS TO LIE DOWN, AND I BELIEVE HE'S GOING TO REAR!"

### POLITICAL MEETINGS.

A CROWDED, gas-lit, stuffy hall,  
A prosy speaker, such a duffer,  
A mob that loves to stamp and bawl,  
Noise, suffocation—how I suffer!

What is he saying? "Mr. G.  
Attacks the British Constitution,  
It therefore—er—er—falls to me  
To move the first—er—resolution:

"That—er—the Shrimpton-on-Sea  
United Primrose Habitations  
Pronounce ('Hear, hear!') these Bills  
to be  
Iniquitous (*cheers*) innovations."

I'll bear this heat and noise no more;  
*My* constitution would be weaker.  
I hurry out, and find, next door,  
Another meeting and its speaker;

Another crowded, stuffy hall,  
A frantic shouter, greater duffer,  
A mob more prone to stamp and bawl,  
Noise, suffocation still I suffer.

What is he saying? "Mr. G.,  
Despite drink's cursed coalition,  
Dooms publicans (*groans*), as should be,  
On earth, as elsewhere, to perdition!"

"I move, the Shrimpton-on-Sea  
United Bands of Hope, with pleasure,  
Pronounce the Veto Bill to be  
A great (*cheers*), good (*shouts*), just  
(*roars*) measure."

Enough! O frantic fools who rave  
And call it "Temperance"! This body  
Would drive me to an early grave;  
I'll hurry home and get some toddy.

### ADVICE TO A YOUNG PARTY SCRIBE.

You may, an it please you, be dull,  
(For Britons deem dullness "respectable");  
Stale flowers of speech you may cull,  
With meanings now scarcely detectable;  
You may wallow in saturnine spite,  
You may flounder in flatulent flummery;  
Be sombre as poet Young's "*Night*,"  
And dry as a Newspaper "*Summary*";  
As rude as a yowling Yahoo,  
As chill as a volume of CHURCH;  
But oh, Sir, whatever you do,  
You must *not* be witty!

Plod on through the sand-wastes of Fact,  
Long level of gritty aridity;  
With pompous conceit make a pact,  
Be bondsman to bald insipidity;  
Be slab as a black Irish bog,  
Slow, somnolent, stupid, and stodgy;  
Plunge into sophistical fog,  
And the realms of the dumpishly dodgy.  
With tramp elephantine and slow,  
Tread on through word-swamps, dank and  
But no, most decidedly *no*, [darkling;  
You must *not* be sparkling!

Be just as unjust as you like,  
A conscienceless, 'cute special-pleader;

As spiteful as *Squeers* was to *Smike*,  
(You may often trace *Squeers* in a "leader.")  
Impute all the villainess you can,  
Poison truth with snake-venom of fable,  
Be fair—as is woman to man,  
And kindly—as CAIN was to ABEL.  
Suggest what is false in a sneer,  
Suppress what is true by confusing;  
Be sour, stale, and flat as small-beer,  
But *don't* be amusing!

Party zealots will pardon your spite,  
If against their opponents it sputters,  
The way a (word) foeman to fight,  
Is to misrepresent all he utters.  
That does not need wisdom or wit,  
(Ye poor party-scribes, what a blessing!)  
No clean knightly sword, but a spit  
Is the weapon for mangling and messing;  
Wield that, like a cudgel-armed rough  
Blent with ruthless bravo,—such are nume-  
Lie, slander, spout pitiful stuff, [rous!—  
But—beware of the humorous!

For if you should fall into fun,  
You might lapse into manly good-nature,  
And then—well, *your* course would be run!  
No,—study up spleen's nomenclature;  
Learn all the mad logic of hate,  
And then, though your style be like skilly,  
Your sense frothy Styx in full spate,  
And your maxims portentously silly;  
You will find party scope for your pen,  
Coin meanness and malice to money;  
But sour dullness must keep to his den,  
And *never* be funny.



THE FOX AND THE GUINEA-PIGS.



## THE FOX AND THE GUINEA-PIGS.

(A Financial Fable.)

["There are dozens of Companies now existing with the Duke of PUFFBALL, Sir BONUS BARRACRES, Bart., Major GUINEA PIG, M.P., and the like, figuring upon the Board of Directors. A short, but drastic Act, making all such figure-heads directly responsible, would go far to prevent similar occurrences, and to abolish a delusive, if not a fraudulent system."—Herbert T. Reid's Letter to the Times.]

SMART Mr. FOX, whose brain no conscience troubles,  
Floated a Company—for blowing bubbles!  
"Bubbles?" the duller creatures cried in chorus,  
"Are you not coming nursery nonsense o'er us?"

What is the use of bubbles—save to boys?"  
"Hush!" cried 'cute Reynard. "Do not make a noise!  
Bubbles—if bright—are cunning's best decoys.

Bubbles are only wind plus soap and water;  
But well-stirred suds, and well-blown flatulence,  
In this fool world, have influence immense,  
And draw unthinking dupes from every quarter.

Eloquence is but Wind, yet flowery trope  
Is Humbug's favourite lure;  
And what is Diplomatic Skill but soap?

Trust me! Success is sure!  
Bubbles are bright, bewitch the mob,  
float far,  
And cost the blower little.

The watery sphere looks like a world, a star,  
And when it bursts, being exceeding brittle,  
Where it explodes (as at the rainbow's foot)  
There's hidden treasure—for the clever brute  
Who knows that gulls are the great wealth-bestowers,  
Bubbles mean solid bullion—for the blowers!"

The shrewder animals applauded. Lupus  
Cried, "We are with you, so you do not dupe us!"

Ursus and Taurus also, Bull and Bear,  
Were eager in the game to take a share.  
Said Vulpus to the assembled quadrupeds,  
"Company Boards, like ships, need figure-heads,

Wooden but ornamental! Eh? You twig?  
Sweet are the uses of—the Guinea Pig!  
Dull, but respectable and decorative,  
That tribe, to whom credulity is native.  
They'll sit around our Board in solemn row,  
And never, never want to know, you know,  
Beyond convenient limits. Their proud presence

Will fill our flock with faith; their acquiescence,  
So readily secured by liberal fees,  
Will make the mob accept our schemes with ease.

Behold them! They will give us little trouble  
By wanting—well, to analyse the Bubble;  
So they get something for themselves more solid.

They'll sit serene and stolid  
In titled sloth and coronetted slumber.  
I can secure them, friends, in any number;  
For Guinea Pigs are numerous and prolific  
And as decoys their influence is mirific.  
So whilst we work our Bubble-blowing rigs,

Hurrah, for Guinea Pigs!  
They'll take our fees, assent to our suggestions,  
And ask no awkward questions."

MORAL.

The rank's the guinea's stamp, says Scotland's  
Rob,  
But if you want to bubble, juggle, job,  
You'll find, with Vulpus, the Promoter big,  
Rank is the stamp of the true Guinea Pig!



## THE NEW CHIMNEY.

Mike. "FAITH, TIM, YE HAVEN'T GOT UT STRAIGHT AT ALL! IT LANES OVER TO THE ROIGHT!"

Tim. "OH, YE'RE WRONG. IT'S PLUMB EX-HACT! IT'S MYSELF THAT PLUMBED UT MOSHT CAREFUL. INDADE, IF UT HAS A FAULT, IT LANES OVER AN INCH OR TEW TO THE LEFT, WHEN YE LOOK AT UT FROM BEHOIND!"

## THE POOR MAN AND HIS BEER.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Birmingham, said, "We know that the Government propose to deprive the working classes of their beer." ("Shame!" and a Voice, "They don't!")]

"Rob the poor Workman of his glass of beer!!!"

And can that clap-trap, then, still raise a cheer?

The British Workman has a thirsty throat,  
The British Workman also has a Vote,  
One will protect the other—if it cares to.

But if he'd close, by vote, the shops such snares to

His tittle-tempted and intemperate throttle  
He robs himself of access to the bottle,—  
If robbery it's called—'tis not another,  
(Who is a swell, with cellars) his poor brother  
Deprives of that long-hackneyed, much-mouthed "glass."

The British Workman is not quite an ass,  
And where he wants to whet (with beer) his throat,

Where are you like to get your two-thirds Vote?

Whether there's wisdom in this vaunted  
Is quite another question sense must see to.  
And general justice judge. But those who cheer

The stale old fudge about the Poor Man's Beer,

Should learn it is a dodge of vested pelf,  
And, rich or poor, a man can't rob himself.  
It is the poor who suffer from temptation,  
And drink's detestable adulteration,  
That crying ill which no one dares to tackle!  
Whilst Wilters howl, and Water-zealots cackle.

The poor are poisoned, not by honest drink,  
But lethal stuff that might scour out a sink.  
The Poor Man's Beer, quotha! Who'll keep it pure?

Not rich monopolists, nor prigs demure,  
Those shriek for freedom, these for prohibition. [condition!]

"Vend the drugged stuff sans scrutiny or Cries Vested Interest. "Close, by law or Vote,

The Wilter's tavern and the Workman's throat!"

Shouts the fanatic. Which, then, fad or pelf,

Cares really, solely, for the Poor Man's self?  
Nay; the Monopolist fights for his money,  
The Monomaniac for his craze. How funny  
To hear one shout for freedom, t'other cheer  
The poisoner's cant about the Poor Man's Beer!"

WHY is it evident that Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR didn't know much of Ireland until last Monday week, April 3? Because 'twas then he went to Larne.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

STATESMEN, Historians, and such, may think that, between the years 1871 and 1876, "the Egyptian Question" turned upon the extravagance of ISMAIL PASHA, and the financial complications that followed thereupon. Readers of the *Recollections of an Egyptian Princess* (BLACKWOOD) will know better. The real Egyptian Question of that epoch was, whether the English Governess of the Khedive's daughter should get her mistress's carriage at the very hour she wanted it; whether she should have the best rooms in any palace or hotel she might chance to be located in; and whether she should have her meals served at the time and in the fashion she had been accustomed to in the family mansion at Clapton or Camberwell. Many stirring passages in the book deal with these and cognate matters. None delights my Baronite more than one in which a driver named HASSAN figures. HASSAN, ordered for eight o'clock, sometimes came at nine. Occasionally at six. "He asked for 'backseesh,' which," Miss CHENNELLS writes, "I did not consider myself bound to give, as he never did anything for me." On two occasions, her heart warming, she coyly pressed a florin into his hand, with dire results. "He was," she records, "much worse after it" (the florin, which he seems to have taken neat), "and would, when driving, stoop down, and look through the front window of the brougham, shouting 'Backseesh!'" However, Miss CHENNELLS got even with HASSAN. She followed her usual course when things went ill. She complained to her pupil, the Princess. Next morning, when the unsuspecting HASSAN drove into the court-yard, "he was told by the Eunuchs to descend from the box, was conducted to an inner receptacle, and," Miss CHENNELLS grimly adds, "then and there bastinadoed." Incidentally, in connection with the English Governess's struggle for supremacy in the City of the Pharaohs, we get pictures of life in the Harem, and glimpses of the lavish magnificence of the Khedivial Court, with its French embroidery on Eastern robes. It was with the object of describing these scenes, viewed from a rare vantage point, that the story was written. But not the least interesting character is that, unconsciously drawn, of the prim, practical, precise English Governess, pushing her way through the crowd of courtiers and Ethiopian slaves, peering through gold-rimmed eyeglasses into the recesses of the Harem, and glaring angrily at the hapless Eunuchs, who, going their morning rounds, visit her bedroom, regardless of the twine with which, before entering on her virgin slumbers, she had sedulously fastened the lockless door. Altogether a delightful book, says

PASSIM PASHA, the accredited representative of the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS.

Those who like "Just a tale by twilight, When the lights are low, And the glittering shadows Softly come and go," will do well to expend the comparatively small sum of one shilling, which, in certain ready-money quarters, is reduced to tenpence, or even ninepence, on *Grim Tales*, written by E. NESBIT, of which "The Ebony Frame" (which should have been called "The Speaking Likeness," "The Mystery of the Semi-Detached," "Life-size, in Marble," and "A

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR A CRIMINAL COLLEGE.

(Suitable for Use at the Prison University, Elmira.)

Question. What is a crime?

Answer. A discovered breach of the law.

Q. And a virtue?

A. Its antithesis—the same thing unsuspected.

Q. What should be the chief occupation of a criminal?

A. A serious study of the law, with a view to its successful evasion.

Q. Is there a law for the rich and a law for the poor?

A. Certainly not; but a well-fed Q.C. is more than a match for a briefless Counsel whose professional sustenance is "soup."

Q. What is now generally considered to be the highest line of crime?

A. The malpractice that is frequently inseparable from holding of important positions on the Boards of bogus public Companies.

Q. What is necessary to secure a livelihood out of burglary?

A. A clear head, a knowledge of chemistry and kindred subjects, and a fair amount of capital.

Q. Why is ready money necessary?

A. Because the calling of a burglar nowadays is attended by various compulsory expenses. A successful burglar should be able to purchase skeleton-keys and "jemmies" of the most exquisite and delicate quality. Moreover, he should be able to entertain largely, and to keep a yacht.

Q. Is swindling ever known to be legal?

A. Scarcely; still it can often be practised with impunity on the Stock Exchange and the Turf.

Q. Is petty larceny lawful?

A. Only when practised on the belongings of your wife, and even in this case it is well to keep her in ignorance of the provisions of the Married Woman's Property Act.

Q. What are the advantages of a sojourn in the newly organised Elmira establishment?

A. An inmate is taught a trade, or even a profession.

Q. And now, in conclusion, considering that a breach of the law is necessary to secure admission to the University, what would you consider the most appropriate motto for the Institution?

A. "Honesty is not (at first) the best policy."

"BACK US UP!"—It is stated that, on the new School Board for the Henley-in-Arden district, a Mr. H. BACCHUS has been elected. May BACCHUS (and the classic "fat venison") never be absent from this Board! Probably, nowadays, BACCHUS is a strong supporter of the Temperance Movement, if not himself a Total Abstainer.



## THE PENALTY OF FAME.

Small Boy (with shrill voice).

"'FIGHTIN'—WITH—THE SEV'NTH—ROYAL FU-SILIERS—  
THE FAMOUS FU-SILIERS—  
THE FIGHTIN' FU-SILIERS,'" &c., &c.

Irritable War-Office Clerk. "CON-FOUND THE SEVENTH ROYAL FUSILIERS!  
I'M SICK OF 'EM! BLEST IF I DON'T PACK 'EM OFF TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS!"

Mass for the Dead," are the best, the last-mentioned being the only one that ends, as all otherwise purposeless tales should end, happily. The Stories are grim enough, in a conscience, but they are told in a hearty sort of fashion, which, while relieving them of some of their weirdness, is calculated to impress the reader with an idea of the honesty and bona fides of the narrator. Thus far, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MEM. FOR THE NEXT EPSOM MEETING.—  
WHY is the Winner of the Derby always like a *Table d'hôte*?—Because he's so much ahead.

## LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

NO. XVIII.—TO FAILURE.

SIR,—Hitherto, I seem to have been submitting to you examples that cannot properly be described as failures. This was not my purpose. I wished rather to describe one or two characters whose ruin, to a greater or smaller degree, you have compassed by your influence. But some sprite seemed to take possession of my pen; my efforts were unsuccessful, and I was led away from my original purpose. Perhaps that is one of the penalties of addressing you. We shall see! In any case let me proceed with my task as best I may.

It happened to me once—the date is immaterial—that after a considerable absence, I returned to London. You know, perhaps, how it fares with those who, for any length of time, become exiles from their native land. All the institutions, the small no less than the great, that go to make up our varied social life at home, become glorified as it were, and loom larger through the mist of absence. They become part and parcel of a traveller's patriotism, even if in his home-life he took no part in them. I was due to return at the end of May, in time for the Derby-day. I am not a racing-man. I had never seen the Derby run, chiefly, I fancy, because I had never had any desire to see it. But I remember that amongst my brother-exiles, I was being eternally congratulated on the good luck that took me home in time for this great national event. "What, you are going to be back by the end of May," one of them would say; "why you'll be able to go to the Derby?" So that in time, I came to accept this possibility as a specially enviable feature of my home-coming. From that, to making up my mind to go to the Derby was but a step. I took it, and on the great day I made one of the mighty crowd on Epsom Downs. I don't remember much about the race. I met many friends who asked me, as is common in such cases, if I was back already; a question to which it seems difficult to find a suitable reply, if one's bodily presence is not to be accepted as a sufficient evidence of the fact. Many others volunteered to put me on to various absolute certainties, and one man chilled my newly-born racing-patriotism by observing, that he would as soon have thought of seeing FRED ARCHER at a meeting of the British Association.

I don't mean to describe the scene on the Downs. One crowd is much like another; and, when you have said something of the proverbial good-nature of a British crowd, you have done all that can be justly required of you, after seeing a hunted wretch all but torn in pieces by a mob of blackguards worse than himself. However, I think I enjoyed myself well enough. Others enjoyed themselves more, and amongst these was a party of roystering, jovial fellows, who ate a hearty luncheon, and drank much champagne, on the top of a hired drag. One of them particularly attracted my attention. Somewhere, I knew, I had seen that curious, clean-shaved, bull-frog face before. It was perfectly familiar to me, but, for the life of me, I couldn't recall the circumstances in which I had previously set eyes on it. He appeared to be the leader of the revels, and kept his companions in fits of laughter at his sallies. I beat my brains to remember him, but all in vain. All that I could arrive at was a sense of incongruity, an impression of the unexpected in the spectacle I had witnessed.

In the evening I went to the "Frivolity," to see the latest rays of the lamp of burlesque. That scene, at any rate, was familiar. There, in all their spotless panoply of expressionless face, and irreproachable shirt-front, sat the golden lads of the Metropolis in their rows, images of bored stupidity, stiffly cased in black and white. There too, were to be seen the snowy shoulders and the sparkling jewels of the ladies both of the smart and of the higher half world, with here and there an extensive dowager to add weight and decorum to the throng. The curtain drew up on one of the usual scenes of rejoicing. Shapely ladies, in tights, chorused their delight at the approaching nuptials of a great lord's daughter. Then the contented peasantry of the surrounding district stepped forward to swell the joyful strains, and to be regaled with draughts of sparkling emptiness from the inexhaustible beaker wielded by the landlord of the neighbouring inn. And there, under the broad hat of one of these rejoicing peasants, I recognised the bull-frog face

that had puzzled me that day at Epsom. In a flash I remembered him and all the scenes in which he had played a humble part. Far back from the dimness of some of my earliest theatrical experiences, up to the present moment, I followed him on his career, simulating joint merriment, bearing one of many banners, carrying a pike or a halberd in an army similarly armed, conspiring in a mantle, draining a brimming goblet, but never—at least within my recollection—taking a part of any individuality, or one that gave him a chance of singing or speaking a single line by himself. He had been one of the ruck when I had first seen him, and now, after at least twenty years, the ruck still claimed him for its own. I remember I had woven a sort of romance about him. There, I had thought to myself, is a man who, no doubt, began his stage career with high aspirations, and noble ambitions. It cannot have been his aim to figure for ever merely as one of a crowd. And I had pictured him gradually losing hope, and wearing his heart out in the bitterness of deferred ambition as he walked gloomily through life, with the stamp of failure on his brow. The picture was a pathetic one, you must admit, worthy to take its place on the line with the well-known fancy sketch of the Clown who, after making the masses split their sides, goes home to a private life of penury and despair.

Well, that day I had seen a piece of my friend's private life at Epsom. Nothing could have been farther removed from misery. A light-hearted gaiety reigned in his face and ruled his every gesture. His companions seemed to bow to him, as to their leading humorist and mirth-maker. I was stimulated by the collapse of my elaborate illusion to make inquiries about him. I found that he had been born almost on the stage, and had taken part in stage-life from his earliest years. He never had any ambition; so long as he could be on the stage, and take part in its life, his desires were satisfied. He lived an absolutely contented life, smoked infamous tobacco out of clay-pipes, and was in high repute amongst his intimates as a singer of jovial songs, and a teller of brisk theatrical-anecdotes. There was not a spark of envy in his nature. He honoured the great actors, and was always ready to do all he could to smooth the path of any nervous youngster with excellent advice and cheerful help. He is still acting. Anybody who wishes can see him on any night, helping to troll forth the chorus of a song of Mexican warriors in the great spectacular drama of *Montezuma*. There is no more perfectly-satisfied being in existence. On that I am prepared to stake my life. Let this tale then be a warning to those who are over-hasty to construct romances of pathetic contrast on an insufficient foundation. One hugs such stories to one's heart, and it is something of a wrench to have to give them up in the light of a fuller knowledge.

And here I am, having all but reached the limits of my appointed space, without apparently having gone one step nearer to the fulfilment of the task on which I set out. I can only ask you to take the will for the deed in the meantime. And after all, if this unambitious actor had only been what I imagined him to be, I could not have produced an apter example. But he had the impertinence to live his life in his own way, and that did not happen to accord with the theories I had been led to form about it. Shall I never be able to come to the point? I have not yet given up all hope?

Yours as usual,

D. R.

## THE UNIVERSAL VENT.

(For Vacuity, Vanity, Verbosity, Virulence, and Venom.)

If you've been burning the midnight taper,  
And of new policies deem yourself shaper;  
If at the world you're a green-gosling gaper,  
Or of old "JUNIUS" juvenile aper;  
Bumptious Scotch Duke, or irate Irish Draper,  
Crammed with conceit, which must publicly caper;  
Angry old woman, or frivolous japer;  
Thraso or termagant, Tadpole or Taper,  
To blow off your steam, or your gas, or your vapour,  
There's one fool-loved fashion—'tis write to the paper!

"I AM in a state of suspense," said a Clergyman. "I am sorry to hear it," replied his friend. "Why are you suspended?"





### PROPER PRIDE.

*He.* "WASN'T THAT THE COUNTESS OF MOHAIR THAT JUST WENT BY? I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME SHE WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS!"

*She.* "OH, WE MEET OCCASIONALLY, AND ALL THAT,—BUT I'VE REALLY BEEN OBLIGED TO DROP LADY MOHAIR, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"

*He.* "DEAR ME,—REALLY! WHAT FOR?"

*She.* "OH, WELL,—SHE ALWAYS DELIBERATELY TURNS HER BACK ON ME WHEN I TRY TO SPEAK TO HER, AND LOOKS ANOTHER WAY WHEN I BOW, OR ELSE COOLLY STARES ME IN THE FACE AND TAKES NO NOTICE WHATEVER,—SO NOW I MAKE A POINT OF CUTTING HER DEAD!"

### A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

*(Fragments of a Discourse, delivered under the similitude of a Dream, but of symbolic and purely secular significance.)*

Now, at the end of this Valley of Obstruction was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Disunion; and the Pilgrim must needs go through it, because the way to the Plain of Progress and the Pinnacle of Passage lay through the midst of it.

Now this Valley is a very perilous place,—a place where none care to dwell, and which few attain to pass through. And here the Pilgrim was worse put to it than in his previous encounter with the Apollyon of Obstruction.

I saw then in my dream that when the Pilgrim was got to the borders of the Shadow of Disunion, there met him certain men, aforetime his fellow-travellers, making haste to go back; to whom the Pilgrim spake as follows:—

*Pilgrim.* Whither are you going?

*Men.* Back again! And we would have you do so too, if either life, peace, or honour is prized by you.

*Pilgrim.* Why, what's the matter?

*Men.* Matter? We were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back.

*Pilgrim.* But what have you met with?

*Men.* Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Disunion, where abide Disruption, Dishonour, and Disaster, but that, by good hap, keeping a BRIGHT look-out, we looked before us, and saw the danger ere we came to it.

*Pilgrim.* But what have you seen?

*Men.* Seen? Why the Valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the hobgoblins, bogies, and dragons of the pit; we also heard in that Valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction

and chains; and over that Valley hang the discouraging clouds of Confusion; Discord, also, doth always spread its wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without Law and Order.

*Pilgrim.* Nevertheless I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.

*Men.* Be it thy way—we will not choose it for ours!

So they parted, and the Pilgrim went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, as far as this Valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch, that, to wit, dismally known to some as the Last Ditch, whereinto the blind have oftentimes urged the blind, even threatening therein to plunge and perish, rather than acknowledge certain things which subsequently they nevertheless proceeded pretty peaceably to accept. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag or bog, into which if even a good, or grand, man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on.

The pathway was here also exceedingly narrow, and therefore the Pilgrim was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the bog on the other; also, when he sought to escape the bog, without great carefulness, he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him sigh bitterly, for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark that oftentimes, when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

"Now," thought the Pilgrim, "what shall I do?" And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for the Pilgrim's sword) that he was forced to put up his blade, and betake himself to another weapon called Tactics. Thus he went on a good while, yet still the flames were reaching towards him; also, he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the





A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.





streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these direful noises were heard by him for a long while together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a great company of fierce opponents (as it were a numerous and influential Deputation, or a prodigious Procession) coming forward to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half-way through the Valley. He remembered, also, how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the peril of going back might be much more than to go forward. So he resolved to go on; yet the bogies, hobgoblins, and dragons of the pit seemed to come nearer and nearer, besetting him with boding warnings, angry expostulations, and menacing outcries from both sides of his strait and perilous pathway, as well from the bog that was on the one hand, as from the ditch that was on the other.

And here, as it seemed, my Dream did lapse and intermit, and I lost sight, for a while, of the Pilgrim and his perils, much musing whether he, though verily valiant and of manifest good will, were wise in making this dangerous adventure, or at all like to fare safely through and escape the ditch, the bog, the darkness, and the demoniac denizens of this dismal Valley of the Shadow of Disunion.

### OPERA DRURIOLANA.

MAY success attend the preliminary Operatic canter which Sir DRURIOLANUS is taking with such preliminary cantors as he has got together at Drury Lane. *Faust* was effectively given, with ESTHER PALLISER as a gentle *Marguerite*, Signor GIANNINI as a very robust *Faust*—quite a *tenore robusto*—and Signor CASTELMARY as the very deuce of a *Mephistopheles*, with eyebrows and moustachios sufficient to frighten even the gay and festive *Marta*, played with spirit by Mlle. BIANCOLI. "Mons." DUFICHIE represented the *Mons* who laboured hard to please, and who, as *Valentine*, did well and died well. Herr FELD conducted. "Well Felded!"



Then out came the ever fresh, the ever free *Bohemian Girl*. Never was such a girl! Quite a *NINON DE L'ENGLAIS*! Beautiful for ever! Still dreaming of Marble Halls (Music Halls nowadays) "with vassals and serfs by her si-i-ide," and no better *Bohemian Girl* to be seen just now than Madame ALBU as *Arlene*. So "Arl in to begin!" and see and hear BALFE's pretty little *Girl of Bohemia* while she is still visible and audible at Drury Lane. Mr. EADIE a trifle gawky as *Thaddeus*, but then he finds himself in an awkward situation, especially when he has to fumble for the documentary evidence of his birth, attested at a Bohemian Registry Office. CARL ARMERBUSTER conducted this, and then up got Herr FELD "with his little lot," represented by the unrivalled and unequalled *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Ah! *Cavalleria* is a treat, even when its performance is not absolutely perfect. The music is charming from first to last; ever fresh and delightful.

That wonderful *Intermezzo* was excellently given, and enthusiastically encored. As yet the *Intermezzo* has had no successful rival. It stands alone, and is, of all compositions, the most—well, words fail me—it is a whole dramatic story, within a few bars' compass—it is sweetness and sadness, and then it soothes you to rest, and so you drop off quietly to sleep, until you are awake by the cessation of sound, when you rouse yourself, with an effort, to applaud, and to beg that you may have just one more delicious dose of it—and doze from it. Saturday finishes with *Carmen*, and *Sic transit gloria Operatica* for the past week. All right up to now! Mus.

### SPORTING ANSWERS.—CANINE.

SPECTATOR.—A very curious and interesting little story. We ourselves once had a dog who on returning home from a walk always chained himself up in the back-kitchen and bit the butler. He would then howl bitterly, slip his collar, and run to the nearest police station, where he gave himself into custody and insisted on cleaning out his own cell and appearing on the following morning before the Magistrate. This shows that dogs can reason. Our dog eventually died of being constantly quoted by Curates at Temperance Lectures. This was disappointing, as we had never grudged him either attention or butlers. One of our butlers had a cork leg,—but that is another story.

SUB SILENTIO.—(1) A dog's chief value is conversational. At afternoon teas such an animal is a wonderful resource after you have exhausted the picture-shows, the theatres, and all the scandals. You can lead off about his pedigree. "He's champion bred on both

sides," always sounds well. A funny man is sure to say, "Champion bread-and-butter you mean. Ha! ha!" at the same time offering the animal some from the tea-table, to mark his point. This may be previously arranged, if you prefer it. Throw in a few stories about his wonderful intelligence in distinguishing the baker's boy from the mistress of the house, to the detriment of the former, and wind up by narrating how he once found his way home to Piccadilly from Pekin. All dogs do this in one way or another, so you will be quite safe. Then everybody else contributes his own special Spectatorial dog-story, and your tea will pass off without a dull or an accurate moment.

### HOW NOT TO DO IT.

(Act from a Farce ready for Performance pending the settlement of the Labour Question.)

SCENE—Interior of a Provided Work Office. Benevolent Organiser discovered looking over a list.

Ben. Org. Yes, I think this will do very well indeed. New pump, fresh road. Ought to keep them going comfortably through the rest of the winter. (Enter Unemployed.) Well, my good man, and what do you want?

Unemployed (in a whining tone). Me and my mates, Sir, are out of work. It's no fault of ours, and—

Ben. Org. Well, we will see what we can do.

Unem. Thankee kindly, Sir. I'm sure 'arf a sufferin', or even 'arf a dollar—

Ben. Org. (ignoring this suggestion). Now, let me see—what's your trade?

Unem. A watch-maker. So you see, as the Press says, you can't send me to mend roads, or build pumps.

Ben. Org. No, no. I have overlooked your class. But stay—I think I can forward you to a friend. Let me see, what time is it? (Produces watch, and lets it fall.) Dear me! It has stopped, as I live! (With vivacity.) My dear fellow, here is a chance for you. You shall mend it.

Unem. (freshening up). Only too pleased to take your watch. [Possesses himself of the time-piece, and exits hurriedly.]

Enter Constable with Unemployed in custody.

Constable. This your watch, Sir?

Unem. (rapidly). Which was given to me by the kind gentleman to mend. But I gladly return it, as me and my mates have determined not to do any more work for fear that we should injure our brothers who are doing nothing.

Constable. Lucky I kept my eye upon him, Sir. If I hadn't, you would never have seen him again—nor your watch either.

Ben. Org. Is there so much guile in the world?

Con. Yes, Sir, a pretty fine lot. But I can't stand palavering or those rowdies loafing around will pull the house about our ears. When the Unemployed are idle, the police have enough to do! Ponder over it, Sir; ponder over it! [Curtain, and Ben. Organiser left pondering.]



A VELL VORN MOTTO.—In his sound and sensible reply to a congratulatory address, H.E. CARDINAL VAUGHAN suggested "*Amare et servare*" as the motto for the Christian capitalist. To the first verb the capitalist would, it is probable, make no objection; but as to the second, he would be inclined to move as an amendment, that, "for 'i' in *servare* should be substituted 'a'." At all events, *Amare et servare* is the narrower view taken on the broader of the two roads in life.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!—Mr. J. L. TOOLE advertises that in consequence of "the Phenomenal Success" of *Walker—London*, it is to be kept going throughout the season. Excellent. But, for the sake of Mr. J. M. BARRIE, its talented author, it is to be hoped that the conditions of the performance of his popular play are not "fee nominal." But for this J. L. T.—which initials stand for Jenerous Lavish Toole—will have already made ample provision.



## WAYS AND MEANS.

Kitty. "WELL, VIOLA, I THINK IT'S A PERFECTLY LOVELY PHOTOGRAPH! THE WORST OF VANBRANDT IS THAT HE'S SO AWFULLY EXPENSIVE. WHAT DID YOU PAY FOR THESE?"

Viola. "OH, I DIDN'T PAY ANYTHING. THEY TOOK ME AS A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY, AND GAVE ME HALF-A-DOZEN FOR MYSELF."

Kitty. "WHAT A SPLENDID IDEA! I THINK I'LL BE DONE ON THOSE TERMS!"

## DOUBLE BALLADE OF PROPER NAMES.

I've met (in wax) VOLTAIRE,  
The atheist, TOM PAINE,  
The "blatant beast," HÉBERT,  
Called also "Père DUCHÈNE";  
The bluff Sir HARRY VANE,  
The boys' delight, DEFOE,  
Brave ABRAHAM DUQUESNE,  
And "BAYARD" OUDINOT.  
Fell "JEAN qui rit" BARRÈRE,  
The Tartar, TAMERLANE,  
The "sea-green" ROBESPIERRE,  
The sportive "Pea-Green"  
HAYNE.  
The boxer, "Big Ben" BRAIN,  
The convert, BENDIGO,  
The social WALTER CRANE,  
And gay BOCCACCIO.  
The gloomy BAUDELAIRE,  
The wise Professor BAIN,  
Truth-loving LABOUCHERE,  
The anatomic QUAIN,  
The dramatist, SEDAIN;  
The polished MARIVAUX,  
The able critic, TAINÉ,  
And keen LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.  
The learned brothers HARE,  
The "mummer," JOHN MAC-  
LEAN,  
The dismal poet, BLAIR,  
The funny CORNEY GRAIN;  
That "innocent," MARK TWAIN;  
The Spaniard, CANDAMO,  
The gentle JULIAN FANE,  
And EDGAR ALLAN POE.  
The perjured knight, MACAIRE,  
The recreant BAZAINE,  
The pious LACORDAIRE,  
The Anglophobist, BLAINE;  
The rebel Gen'l WAYNE,  
The gen'rous WATERLOW,  
The "good time coming"  
SWAIN,  
And wise old CICERO.  
The Dutch sea-dog, LE MAIRE,  
The warlike Prince EUGÈNE,  
The gallant Earl of STAIR;  
Grim PHILIP, King of Spain,  
Our Saxon ÆTHELSTANE,  
The false queen, ISABEAU,  
The nine days' queen, Queen  
JANE,  
And Madame d'HOUDETOT.  
My Lady CASTLEMAINE,  
The ghostly Mrs. CROWE,  
The fleshy EVELEEN RAYNE,  
And Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Thursday, April 6.*—Met again after so-called Easter Holidays. Mr. G. early in his place, looking as blooming as the Spring flower in his buttonhole. "The BRIGHT 'UN from Brighton," was MARJORIBANKS's way of announcing the Chief, as he entered from behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Spoke for hour-and-half on moving Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill. General impression is everything possible been already said on subject. This conviction so deeply impressed that Members will not come back to resume Debate. Benches only half full whilst Mr. G. delivering what will rank as historic speech. Situation accepted to extent that ten days or fortnight must be given up to Second-Reading Debate. Wouldn't be respectful, or even decent, to dispose of stage of such a measure in less time. Well known that this Sahara of observation will not influence single vote. If arrangements had been made with due notice to take division to-night, after Mr. G. had urged Second Reading of Bill, and HICKS-BEACH had moved rejection, the majority would have been exactly the same as it will be a fortnight hence, when end is reached after multitudinous talk. Not by a vote more, nor a vote less, will Government majority be varied. Still, usual thing to talk for week or fortnight upon Bill of this kind. House will not fail in its duty to QUEEN and Country. A dolorous prospect, judging from to-night's experience. Mr. G. kept audience well together. Members increased as he spoke; but when ST. MICHAEL rose, audience dispersed like leaves in wintry weather. "An excellent fellow BEACH," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "but in his House of Commons speech always gives one the idea that, through a blameless existence, he has been rolled upon by the melancholy ocean."



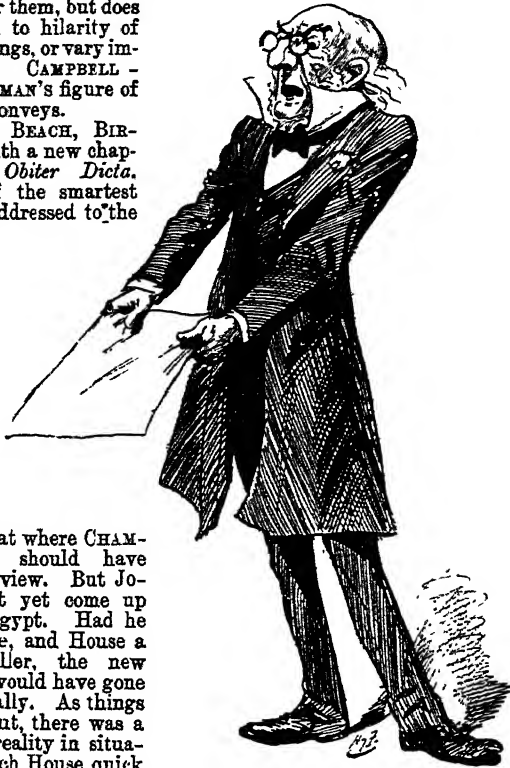
"THE POLITICAL SANDOW."

HOW MUCH MORE WILL HE BEAR?



Certainly his speech has depressing effect. Members, with one consent, go out to think over what he is probably going to say. Convenient arrangement for them, but does not add to hilarity of proceedings, or vary impression CAMPBELL - BANNERMAN's figure of speech conveys.

After BEACH, BIRRELL, with a new chapter of *Obiter Dicta*. Some of the smartest things addressed to the



empty seat where CHAMBERLAIN should have been on view. But JOSEPH not yet come up out of Egypt. Had he been here, and House a little fuller, the new chapter would have gone off capitally. As things turned out, there was a fatal unreality in situation, which House quick to realise. Pretty to see Members, as BIRRELL struggled with his notes, involuntarily sniffing, as if they recognised familiar whiff of midnight lamp.

"Worst of these impromptus prepared beforehand," said ST. JOHN BRODRICK, himself a master of spontaneous speech, "is, you never know in what circumstances they may have to be delivered."

Towards midnight, some refreshment in the incursion of SWIFT MACNEILL. Came up smiling; handing himself round, as it were, for inspection, as sample of kind of persecution of Protestants that would follow in Ulster on enactment of Home-Rule Bill. "I'm a Protestant, Mr. SPEAKER," he shouted, beaming on the Chair, "and I'm sent here by a majority of 2,500 Catholic peasants to represent an Ulster Constituency."

#### "THE UPPER G."

"When the fair land of Poland  
Was ploughed by the hoof  
Of the ruthless invader until  
The down-trodden serfs  
With small hope and no 'oof'  
Demanded a great Home-Rule Bill!"

SWIFT MACNEILL's smile infectious. It illumined with something of saintly halo the depressed figure of DUM BARTON, who, again breaking his vow of silence, confessed that yesterday he had been enrolled as Member of an Organisation in Ulster sworn to resist Home-Rule. "I don't know, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, in hoarse whisper, "what that act may involve, and I don't care. It may lead to my spending the remainder of my days in penal servitude." Whereat the jaded House merrily laughed.

*Business done.*—  
Second Reading  
Home-Rule Bill  
moved.

*Friday.*—A dull night, my masters. Still harping on Home Rule. Second night's debate on Second Reading. Naturally supposed to be in heyday of vigour. But Benches empty; level of oratory third-rate; STANSFELD a hoary Triton among the Minnows; ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT (Knight) gloomily views the scene. "Thought you were going to speak tonight?" I said. "Read the announcement in the papers." Never forget the haughty, withering glance of ELLIS ASHMEAD.

"Sir," he said, "I talk only with my peers."

Suppose we shall have him one day next week, when CHAMBERLAIN, GRANDOLPH, and BALFOUR take part in fray. Begins to look as if, for all practical purposes, might as well have deferred meeting of House till Monday.

"Mr. G. a great man," says DAVITT. "Insisted upon us coming back on Thursday, to debate Home-Rule Bill. He can do most things; he can bring a horse to the water, but he can't make him debate."

*Business done.*—Eight hours' talk round Home-Rule Bill.



The Hattitude of Dr. Tanner, Thursday morning, April 6.

#### QUEER QUERIES.

**INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.**—I recently noticed a paragraph in a Medical Journal advising persons suffering from Insomnia to try a musical box in their bed-rooms; and I therefore purchased a rather expensive one, which plays six tunes, with drum and trumpet accompaniment. Something seems to have gone wrong with the mechanism, as, after being fully wound up, it remains obstinately silent for an hour or so, at the end of which period it suddenly starts off at break-neck speed, and repeats one of the tunes backwards over and over again. Nothing that I can do will stop it. Could some musical expert kindly advise in this case? After a most agitated night, due to the vagaries of the instrument, I took it into bed with me, hoping to drown the noise; but the vibration of the drums under the bed-clothes was terrific! I then placed the machine in my bath, and covered it with water; but it continued to play with undiminished vigour. It is still playing. Some Museum, or a Government engaged in sub-marine experiments, might like to have it; or it might be suited for a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. It will be sold cheap.

ST. CECILIAN.

#### Sedantary!

"[Several carriage-makers in London have, it is said, received orders of late for Sedan chairs."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT wonder if our hansom-hiring Fair  
Should now adopt a coach distinctly rarer?  
As Cabby often treats them like a bear,  
Henceforth our ladies may prefer a bearer!

"THE SILVER SHELL."—Mr. H. J. W. DAM's new Play (the initial letters, save the name—and as to the name, *absit omen!*) treats of Russian life. There is a "toff" in it, played by Mr. KENDAL, whose name is *Prince Karatoff*, which reminds us of the *Duke of Turniptop*. Or, if he is an insouciant sort of person, he would more properly be titled, *Prince Don't-Kar-a-toff*. Unfortunate name, too, is *Boris Ivanitch*. Perhaps a Big Bore is *Ivanitch*; and as to the family title, *Ivanitch*—well, considered theatrically, it sounds unpleasantly like belonging to a scratch company. There's a bomb in it, which, we were informed, in a *D. T.* note, "appears as part of the furniture of a drawing-room." The entire furniture-covering is made, we are privately informed, of "bombazine," and the explosion may be expected to be terrific. For the sake of the clever Managers of the Court, not forgetting their H. J. W. DAM clever author, we trust *The Silver Shell* will be, for many months to come, an occasion for the public to silver shell out.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Two gentlemen of artistic and literary attainments, having studied the romances of VICTOR HUGO for the sake of being inspired by that Grand Old Master's style, determined to essay a "thriller" of most tragic type. These two single authors, Messrs. WYATT and ROSS, being rolled into one, wanted, like the Pickwickian Fat Boy, "to make our flesh creep." In their one-volume Hugoesque romance, *The Earth*

*Girl*, bound in pale grass-green, with blood-red title, they have most unequivocally succeeded. The heroine, *The Earth Girl*, who, at the last, is sent back whence she came, and so ends by being the "Earth-to-Earth" Girl, is named *Terra*; she commences by being *Terra Incognita*, she is never *Terra Firma*, but her existence, in its consequences to all who come within her influence, is quite a reign of *Terra*. The authors are to be congratulated on not having yielded to a great temptation by styling their story *The Earth Girl*; or, *Terra-ra-ra-Boom!* The scene is laid chiefly in the Island of Breke—but to give too many details would spoil the intending-reader's pleasure. So, as *Hamlet* observes, "Breke, Breke my heart, for I must hold my tongue!" The *Earth Girl* first sees the light, such as it is, in a cavern, and is brought up on raw eggs fresh from the sea-bird's nest, uncooked herbs, and raw fish. No tea, coffee, milk, or liquors of any description, were within reach of this unhappy family of three, consisting of Pa, Ma, and the Infant Phenomenon. How they slaked their thirst is not clearly stated, unless a sort of aquarium, in which some amiable sharks reposed, was a fresh-water tank. This wild girl was elegantly brought up, as far as their somewhat straitened circumstances would permit, for she learnt songs and ballads,

French, English, and the Norman *patois* of the Channel Islands. In these peculiar troglodytic surroundings she had never learned the use of parasol or umbrella, and was entirely ignorant of harp, piano, and the "use of the globes." Coming up out of the caves and breathing once more the upper air, we naturally find ourselves in higher society, and are introduced to a handsome old Peer, *Lord Netherdale*, who has two sons, the half-brothers *Royalset*, one of whom gaily addresses his respected parent as "The Paladin of

Faters," and is not at once locked up in Colney Hatch. The old Peer is as eccentric as he is handsome, and he takes up his residence on the Island of Breke, where "the fruit, the vegetables, the strange sea-creatures" (odd fish?), "which made their appearance on his table," (this sounds as if the strange sea-creatures walked in unasked. Queer place this Breke for a Breke-fast party!) "pleased him." He was easily pleased. Then "he began to think the island cider preferable to Pommery. In short, the eccentric Peer fell in love with Breke." Well! he must have been an eccentric Peer to prefer Channel Island cider, even from the best orchards, to the '84, '80, and '74—the last still existing in some exceptionally favoured spots—from the vineyards of Pommery.

This eccentric nobleman on seeing the Island of Breke, observed the absence of a landing-stage, and jocosely remarked to himself, "They're in want of a pier; I will fix myself there." And so he did. But of all that happened to him there and elsewhere, and to the *Earth-to-Earth Girl*, and to the two sons, is it not to be read by the purchaser in the book itself, which, the Baron is pleased to add, will well repay perusal, and will hold the reader's attention to the very last line. At least, this was its effect on the not always easily pleased

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



"The strange sea-creatures which made their appearance."

## A NEW "ARNOLD'S EXERCISE."

MY DEAR MR. DACRE,

I HAVE seen your Play, and, since then, I have not seen any other like it. "When will I come again?" To see it twice within a week would be too ecstatic a joy for a dweller—may I say a Liver—in London, who is more at home as one of the Lights of Asia. So, for the present—to paraphrase what I believe were the words of a popular poet whose name has passed from my memory—such, alas! is popularity—I will say to you, "Not to-day, DACRE"—(I fancy the last word was "Baker" in the original Syriac)—but, some other day, when, as one of the Lights aforementioned, I shall, at a *Matinée* be day-lighted to re-witness your admirable performance.

Yours ever most sincerely sincere,

EDSWIN TAILS-LOSE, C.B.

P.S.—"C.B." is not "Commander of the Bath," but stands for "*Cox and Box*," in which piece (have you ever played it? I forget—but how perfect you would be as *Sergeant* or *Corporal Bouncer*!) you will find the immortal quotation which precedes these descriptive initial letters.

## MY DOCTOR.

WHEN Influenza pangs attack  
My tortured head and limbs and back,  
You soothe me, stretched upon the rack,  
My Doctor.

When, convalescent, I'm too weak  
To stand, or sit, or see, or speak,  
Your tonics make me tough as teak,  
My Doctor.

No symptoms seem to cause surprise;  
Though I turn green or blue, your eyes  
Are still impenetrably wise,  
My Doctor.

If grave or slight the case, you still  
Awe folks with look of learned skill;  
You cure them, whether well or ill,  
My Doctor.

One needs trepanning of the head,  
Another just one pill—of bread,  
And neither, thanks to you, is dead,  
My Doctor.

Long may you live to see the tongue,  
To listen to the wheezy lung,  
To feel the pulse of old and young,  
My Doctor!

A BUTTON-HOLE FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.  
—At the sale of the Quorn House Orchids, Mr. G. HARDY purchased a *Cattleya Mendelli* for 220 *guas*. Perhaps Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wouldn't bid, having mistaken "Mendelli" for "Mundella." But to have entered the house in a careless fashion, with a "glass (with care)" in his eye, and a two-hundred-and-twenty-guinea Orchid in his button-hole, would have been a great sight for "JOBY B"—IRMINGHAM.

EARLY AND LATE.—A telegram in the *Times*, Wednesday 12, was headed—"Japan: Yokohama, March 30 (*via* Victoria, B.C., April 11)." This met the eye of our old friend, Mrs. R., who forthwith exclaimed, "'April 11, B.C.!' and only arrived here now—April 12, A.D.!!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—All congratulations to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Great alterations and improvements are, it is said, being made at Mar Lodge. The name also is to be altered, and henceforth it is to be known as "*Mar and Pa Lodge*."

## THE MOAN OF THE TWO (EXCHEQUER) MISERS.

(After Quintin Matsys.)



*First Exchequer Miser.* Oh dear me! I desired to shape a Democratic Budget!

But I fear 'twill be a fizzle, howsoe'er I fake and fudge it!

*Second E. M.* Don't talk like that, my H-ac-r, for such cynic slang is shocking!

But—the Revenue Returns, no doubt, our dearest hopes are mocking.

*First E. M.* Oh, I know you ape the casuist, and love the pleonastic,

But how tackle our taxation in a manner really drastic

With a Revenue declining! From the task my courage blanches,

But—what will be the consequence on those clamorous Rad Benches?

They want Free Breakfast Tables, and are hot on Members' Payment,

And if they cannot get 'em, will they curse and rend our raiment?

The Death Duties, too! The failure to touch them might be the death of us!

*Second E. M.* Yet we've been economical; it is the very breath of us.

*First E. M. Humph!* How about your Home-Rule Bill's Finance Proposals—drat 'em! Which e'en the Irish threaten to tear up—when they get at 'em!

*Second E. M.* The Rads, of course, will want to eat their cake and have it, also.

No, a Democratic Budget,—at least one the Rads would call so,—

I fear's not on the cards, H., but—humph! listen! (*Whispers in his ear.*) For the rest of it

I'll trust your ingenuity, and—we must make the best of it! [*Left working it out.*]



### "A PRIVATE VIEW."

*Pat.* "WHAT D'YE THINK OF THE HOME-RULE BILL, MURPHY?"

*Murphy (puzzled).* "BEGORRA, IF IT MEANS STAYING AT HOME WITH THE OULD WOMAN EVERY BLESSED DAY, HOME RULE WON'T DO FOR ME AT ALL, AT ALL!"

### "PER DAMNA, PER CAEDES," PERAMBULATOR.

[See Mr. ASQUITH'S Speech on the "Temperance" demonstration]

WHEN Trafalgar Square is with human  
geese full,  
And fiercely fights the daft declamator,  
Undisturbed the nursemaid can push the  
peaceful Perambulator.

The wild teetotaller hurts not her,  
Nor does the publican's justificator.  
Unharm'd she can push the peaceful Per-  
ambulator.

The Working Man, whether true or sham,  
Whether honest worker, or rough spectator,  
Leaves her to push the peaceful Peram-  
bulator.

Though in hostile faces and chests he ram  
beau—  
Tifful bright banners, the demonstrator  
Still lets her push the peaceful Perambu-  
lator.

Thus always, whoever may block the way,  
Though bones be broken and skulls be sore  
May she push the peaceful Perambula-  
tor.

"STILL A NON EST MAN!"—J-B-Z SP-NC-B  
B-LF-B.

### To Mr. John Davitt.

(On his Maiden Speech in the House.)

"O si sic omnes!"

SURELY sincerer speaker never talked!  
Surely a purer patriot never walked!  
Surely a fairer fighter never took field!  
The man who heard your speech on Ireland's  
cause [applause,  
Without warm sympathy, and frank  
Must be a—BROOKFIELD!

### CHEAP AT ANY PRICE.

*Mrs. Britannia (effusively).* And now, my  
dear children, do you know the meaning of  
Imperial Federation?

*Australia (promptly).* Yes, dear Mamma.  
We are all to live as a happy family.

*Mrs. Brit. (fondly).* Quite right, sweetest.  
And can you tell me how this is to be  
managed?

*Canada (with decision).* By mutual defence,  
dear Mamma.

*Mrs. Brit. (smilingly).* My love, your answer  
is quite correct. And how shall we manage  
this mutual defence?

*Cape Colony (in a business-like manner).* By  
providing all sorts of things, dear Mamma.

*Mrs. Brit. (proudly).* Very good, little  
HOPE; you are always ready with an answer.  
And now, can any of you tell me what those  
things will be?

*India (without hesitation).* Money, and coal  
and gunpowder, dear Mamma.

*Mrs. Brit. (affectionately).* Certainly,  
darling; you have given exactly the proper  
reply. And now, will not all this cost a  
large sum of money?

*Tasmania (with much decision).* A very  
large sum of money, dear Mamma—an  
immense sum, dear Mamma.

*Mrs. Brit. (kindly).* Yes, my child, you  
are perfectly right. And now, my cherished  
daughters, one more question. Who will  
have to pay for all this expense? (*A pause.*)  
Why, surely you know? (*Continued silence.*)  
Who will have to find the money to secure  
this Imperial Federation?

*All Britannia's Daughters (together).* Why  
you, dear Mamma!

*Mrs. Brit. (fondling them).* Darlings!  
[Scene closes in upon a picture very dear  
to Tax-payers.]

### The Heathen Chinese in the House.

(New Nursery Rhyme for Unionists.)

[Mr. LABOUCHERE recently presented a petition  
in the Chinese characters.]

LAB-BI, the cynic and cold,  
Was blackest sheep in the Liberal fold.  
He mocked the Old Man's eloquent tags,  
And let the cats out of all his bags;  
And when the cats ran loose, said he—  
"I wonder how *that* suits dear G.!"



## ELEVATING THE MASSES.

*(A Purely Imaginary Sketch.)*

ARGUMENT—Mrs. FLITTERMOUSE, having got up a party to assist her in giving an Entertainment at the East End, has called a meeting for the purpose of settling the items in the programme.

SCENE—Mrs. FLITTERMOUSE's Drawing-room in Park Lane. Everybody discovered drinking tea, and chatting on matters totally unconnected with Philanthropy.

Mrs. Flittermouse (imploringly). Now, please, everybody, do attend! It's quite impossible to settle anything while you're all talking about something else. (*Apologies, protests, constrained silence.*)

SELINA, dear, what do you think it would be best to begin with?

The Dowager Lady Dampier. My dear FRITILLA, I have no suggestion to offer. You know my opinion about the whole thing. The people don't want to be elevated, and—if they did—entertaining them is not the proper means to set about it. But I don't wish to discourage you.

Mrs. Flitt. Oh, but I think we could do so much to give them a taste for more rational and refined amusements, poor things, to wean them from the coarse pleasures which are all they have at present. Only we must really decide what each of us is going to do.

Mrs. Perse-Weaver. A violin solo is always 'popular.' And my daughter CECILIA will be delighted to play for you. She has been taught by the best—

Cecilia. Oh, Mother, I couldn't, really! I've never played in public. I know I should break down!

Lady Damp. In that case, my dear, it would be certainly unwise on your part to attempt it.

Mrs. P.-W. Nonsense, CECILIA, nonsense. You *won't* break down, and it wouldn't matter in the least if you did. They wouldn't notice anything. And it will be such excellent practice for you to get accustomed to a platform, too. Of course she will play for you, dear Mrs. FLITTERMOUSE!

Mrs. Flitt. It will be so good of you, Miss WEAVER. And it won't be like playing to a real audience, you know—poor people are so easily pleased, poor dears. Then I will put that down to begin with. (*She makes a note.*) Now we must have something quite different for the next—a reading or something.

Lady Honor Hyndleggs. A—nothin' humorous, I hope. I do think we ought to avoid anythin' like descendin' to their level, don't you know.

Mr. Lovegroove. Might try something out of *Pickwick*. "*Bob Sawyer's Party*," you know. Can't go far wrong with anything out of DICKENS.

Miss Diava Rose. Can't endure him myself. All his characters are so fearfully common; still—(*tolerantly*) I daresay it might amuse—a—that class of persons.

Mrs. Flitt. I must say I agree with Lady HONOR. We should try and aim as high as possible—and well, I think not DICKENS, dear Mr. LOVEGROOVE. TENNYSON might do perhaps; he's written some charmin' pieces.

Mr. Lovegr. Well, fact is, I don't go in for poetry much myself. But I'll read anythin' of his you think I'm equal to.

Mrs. Flitt. Why—a—really, it's so long since I—and I'm afraid I haven't one of his poems in the house. I suppose they are down at Barn-end. But I could send to CUTT AND HAWTHORN'S. I daresay they would have a copy somewhere.

Miss Sibson-Gabler. Surely TENNYSON is rather—a—retrograde? Why not read them something to set them *thinking*? It would be an interesting experiment to try the effect of that marvellous Last Scene in the *Doll's House*. I'd love to read it. It would be like a breath of fresh air to them!

Mrs. P.-W. Oh! I've seen that at the Langham Hall. You remember, CECILIA, my taking you there? And CORNEY GRAIN played Noah. To be sure—we were quite amused by it all.

Miss S.-G. (*coldly*). This is not amusing—it's a play of IBSEN'S.

Mrs. Flitt. Is that the man who wrote the piece at the Criterion—what is it, *The Toy Shop*? WYNDHAM acted in it.

Lady Damp. No, no; IBSEN is the person there's been all this fuss about in the papers—he goes in for unconventionality and all that. I may be wrong, but I think it is *such* a mistake to have anything unconventional in an Entertainment for the People.

Mrs. Flitt. But if he's being talked about, dear Lady DAMPIER, people might like to know something about him. But perhaps we'd better leave IBSEN open, then. Now, what shall we have next?

Miss Skipworth. I tell you what would fetch them—a skirt-dance. I'll dance for you—like a shot. It would be no end of fun doin' it on a regular platform, and I've been studyin' FLOSSIE FRILLINGTON, at the Inanity, till I've caught her style exactly.

Mr. Kempton. Oh, I say, you can give her a stone and a beatin' any day, give you my word you can. She doesn't put anythin' like the go into it you do.

[Miss S. accepts this tribute with complacency.]

Mrs. Flitt. A skirt-dance will be the very thing. It's sure to please the people we shall bring over for it—and of course they'll be in the front rows. Yes, I must put that down. We ought to have a song next. Mrs. TUBEROSE, you promised to come and sing for us—you will, won't you?

Mrs. Tuberoose. Delighted! I rather thought of doing a dear little song STEPHAN OTIS has just brought out. It's called "*Forbidden Fruit*," and he wrote it expressly for me. It goes like this.

[*She sits down at the piano, and sings, with infinite expression and tenderness.*]

"Only the moon spies our bliss,  
Through the conscious clusters  
of clematis,  
Shedding star-sweet showers.  
To-morrow the world will have  
gone amiss—  
Now we are face by face, love, I  
thrill to your kiss—"

So let us remember naught but this:

That To-night is ours!

Yes, this passionate, perilous, exquisite night—is Ours!"

Several Voices. Charmin' . . . OTIS puts so much real feeling into all his songs . . . quite a little gem! &c., &c.

Lady Damp. I should have thought myself that it was rather advanced—for an East-End audience—

Mrs. Tuberoose (*nettled*). Really, dear Lady DAMPIER, if people see nothing to object in it *here*, I don't see why they should be more particular at the East-End!

Mrs. Flitt. Oh no,—and as if it matters what the *words* are in a song. I daresay if one heard *their* songs— Now we want another song—something as different as possible.

Mr. Gardinier. Heard a capital song at the "Pav." the other night—something about a Cock-eyed Kipper. Just suit my voice. I could easily get the words and music, and do that for you—if you like.

Several Voices. A Cock-eyed Kipper! It sounds too killing! Oh, we must have that!



"To-night is ours!"

*Lady Damp.* Might I ask what kind of creature a—a "Cock-eyed Kipper" may be?

*Mr. Gard.* Oh, well, I suppose it's a sort of a dried herring—with a squint, don't you know.

*Lady Damp.* I see no humour in making light of a personal deformity, I must say.

*Mr. Gard.* Oh, don't you? They will—it'll go with a scream there!

*Miss Diova Rose.* Yes, poor dears—and we mustn't mind being just a little vulgar for once—to cheer them up.

*Lady Honor.* I have been to the Pavilion and the Tivoli myself, and I heard nothing to object to. I know I was much more amused than I ever am at theatres—they bore me to death.

*Mr. Bagotriz.* We might finish up with *Mrs. Jarley's Wazworks*, you know. Some of you can be the figures, and I'll come on in a bonnet and shawl as *Mrs. Jarley*, and wind you up and describe you. I've done it at lots of places in the country; brought in personal allusions and all that sort of thing, and made everybody roar.

*Lady Damp.* But will the East-Enders understand your personal allusions?

*Mr. Bag.* Well, you see, the people in the front rows will, which is all I want.

*Lady Honor (suspiciously).* Isn't *Mrs. Jarley* out of *Pickwick*, though? That's *DICKENS* surely!

*Mr. Bag. (reassuringly).* Nothing but the name, *Lady Honor*. I make up all the patter myself, so that'll be all right—just good-natured chaff, you know; if anybody's offended—as I've known them to be—it's no fault of mine.

*Mrs. Flitt.* Oh! I'm sure you will make it funny,—and about getting someone to preside—I suppose we ought to ask the Vicar of the nearest church?

*Lady Honor.* Wouldn't it be better to get somebody—a more in Society, don't you know?

*Mrs. Flitt.* Yes; and he might offer to pay for hiring the Hall, and the other expenses. I never thought of that. I'll see whom I can get. Really I think it ought to be great fun, and we shall have the satisfaction of feeling we are doing real good, which is such a comfort!

#### A Tip to Teetotallers.

TEMPERANCE is good—but not alone in Drink! Good causes are not won, what'er you think,

By bullying indulgence in bad manners.

A total abstinence from aught unfair  
Will serve you best. Your Standard raise in air,  
But Banners of Intemperance should not tear  
Passions to rags—nor Banners!

THE *Times* of April 12 says:—"The Kachin (or Katchin) rising is stated to be serious, and likely to spread." Not to be wondered at, as it's "Katchin."

A TELEGRAM from Fez ought to be considered as coming from Head-quarters.

## CLERICAL OUTCOMES.

To the Editor of "The St-and-rd."

SIR,—Allow me to mention, under all reserve, that I frequently preach a sermon of JEREMY TAYLOR's, or the Judicious HOOKER's, to my congregation, with excellent effect, and hitherto without any discovery on their part of the origin of the discourse. I, of course, alter the old-fashioned phrases, and bring the sermons up to date, so to speak. This plan saves the inconvenience of having to pay for sermons, which I could not do in cash in these days of clerical

distitution, only in sermon paper, which I fear would not be accepted. If I am accused of "cribbing sermons," I deny the charge with indignation. I don't crib JEREMY, I adapt him. Does every dramatist, who adapts from the French, acknowledge the fact? Not at all! Neither does—  
Yours unblushingly,  
BORROWED PLUME-AGE.

SIR,—My congregation is a rustic one. I have tried them with my own sermons, but my pew-rents suffered so severely in consequence, that I have been obliged to give them up. Last Sunday (following the advice of a lay friend of mine in Town, in whom I have much confidence) I preached one of Prebendary SHEEP-SHANKS' "Crampton Lectures" to them, and the farmers and labourers seemed much impressed. There was, in fact, hardly an open eye in Church during the hour and a half that the delivery lasted. The Charity-School children, too, who sat through the whole of it, only had to be physically admonished by their teacher about once in every half-minute. When an old village dame afterwards assured me that "she didn't know I was that larned," I felt—momentarily—rather like a wolf in SHEEP-SHANKS' clothes. But I intend going through the course.

Yours, &c.,  
PASTOR IGNOTUS.

## SPORTING ANSWERS.

COUNTRY HOUSE.

TYRO.—You are quite right—a four-in-hand is worth two in the bush, which, as you justly observe, no good wine needs. To handle the reins correctly, proceed as follows. Divide the sum-total of all the reins measured to a *millimètre* by half a forefinger, no allowance being made for chalk-stones, or stiff knuckles. Multiply the quotient by the off-wheel-rein, and add the near leader's blinkers to the result. Then pass your left thumb under your right middle finger, taking care at the same time to tie the off-leading-rein round your neck in a sailor's knot. Add six yards of whipcord to the near leader's shoulders, subtract yourself from the box, and send us your doctor's bill, for purposes of comparison.

WHO'S WHO?—(1) *Roundabout Sammy* is a very promising horse, by *Engineer*, out of *Little Joker*. He was not bred in France, for, though there is a Parisian accent about some of his neighs, there is a distinctly British look about his nose. He is a trifle cobby, no doubt, but he is a capital feeder, and should go well in a double harness, with 84 *Pommery*, his constant stable companion. (2.) *Peat Moss Litter* is not generally used for soup, or table decorations. (3.) The appearance you refer to is probably *rubinosis brandigimata*. It is due to the absorption of *liquor per haustum*. The snakes you sent us are indigenous to the hill-country of Del Trementi.



## A GENTLE SNUB.

"HERE, WAITER—QUICK! SOMETHING TO EAT—AND LOOK SHARP!"  
"YESSIR. WHAT 'LL YOU 'AVE, SIR?"  
"OH—ANYTHING—I DON'T CARE. CHOP OR STEAK—WHATEVER YOU LIKE."  
"YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, SIR; BUT I DON'T FEEL CALLED UPON TO DECIDE!"



### HOW RAPID CONVERSIONS ARE MADE.

*Lady Circe.* "WHAT, YOU DON'T APPRECIATE WAGNER, MR. JONES? YOU MUST LET ME PLAY YOU A LITTLE OF *PARSIFAL*."

*[Does so, and Jones, who has no ear for Music whatever, becomes a rapt and aggressive Wagnerite on the spot, and remains so for the rest of his life!]*

### UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

(MODERN ULSTER VERSION.)

*A Fragment after the Fashion of Sterne.*

*Uncle Toby* . . . . . Mr. J-HN B-LL.  
*Widow Wadman* . . . . . Mrs. ULST-R.

"I AM half distracted, Captain SHANDY," said Mrs. WADMAN, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle TOBY's Sentry-Box—"a mote, or sand, or small fly, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine. The Gardener declares it is one of those Green Flies which are the pest of this Distressful Country. I refuse to believe that. There never was, never will, never can, never *shall* be any Green in my eye. But whatever it is, mote or beam, it is awfully irritating. Do look into it; it is not in the white, or perhaps I should say—for I am a brunette of olive complexion, you know—in the Yellow—"

In saying which, Mrs. WADMAN edged herself close in beside my Uncle TOBY, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up "Do look into it!" said she.

Honest soul! Thou wast ever being adjured to "look into" things, all sorts of things, from Widow's eyes to matters of far wider scope, and infinitely less simplicity and clarity. And thou didst look into it with as much innocence and simple good-will as ever child looked into a raree show-box.

If a man will be prying, of his own accord, into things of such ticklish and troublesome, not to say perilous nature—I've nothing to say to it.

My Uncle TOBY never did, being naturally of an unobservant and easy-going nature; and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly in his seat in that Sentry Box or the House from February to September (which you know were his favourite months for serious Session) with an eye as fine and soft as the Thracian Rhodope's, or as threatening and commanding as that of Mars—even

a hectoring fiery thrasonic Hibernian Mars—himself, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one, or even a Green or a Yellow.

The difficulty was to get my Uncle TOBY to look into things at all. 'Tis surmounted. And—

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever GALILEO looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! For by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow WADMAN's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right. 'Tis true the unfortunate, and something irate lady—and what lady would *not* be irate at the charge of having aught of Green in her eye?—hath with her cambric handkerchief rubbed the sinister orb into a state of roseate irritation—externally—but there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor fly,—Green or otherwise—nor particle of solid opaque matter floating in it. 'Tis, indeed, pure optic illusion on the Widow's part, illusion born, perchance, partly of fear, partly of pique. There is nothing, my dear paternal Uncle, but one lambent, feverish fire, deliciously attractive, even in its angry heat, fascinating even whilst phlogistic, shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

—If thou lookest, Uncle TOBY, in search of this imaginary mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon in this respect; that it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. The Widow's eye, owing mainly to the militant and menacing carriage thereof, looked as formidable as a whole park of artillery, ranged up to defend a final fortification, or, as it might be, Last Ditch of defence. Whether it were exactly as fierce or formidable as it seemed—well, that was a question which my Uncle TOBY had not yet fully "looked into"—as he was now doing into Widow WADMAN's left eye.

"I protest, Madam," said my Uncle TOBY, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye!"





## UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

*(Modern Ulster Version. After C. R. Leslie, R.A.'s celebrated picture.)*

MRS. ULSTER. "NOW, MR. BULL, DO YOU SEE ANY 'GREEN' IN MY EYE?"





But this was not what the Widow wanted.

"It is not in the white, or yellow," said Mrs. WADMAN. My Uncle TOBY looked with might and main into the pupil.

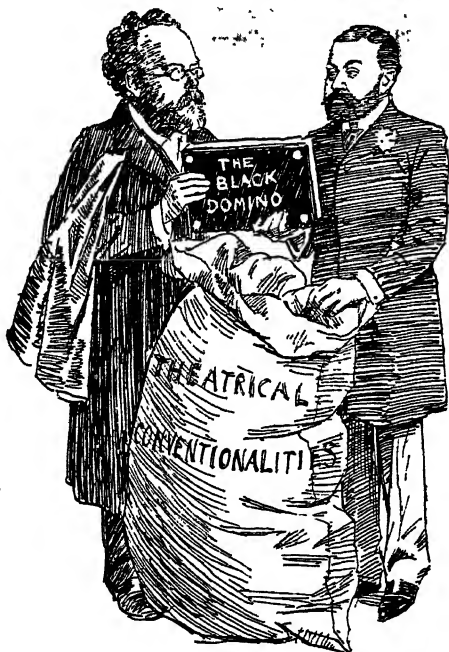
Now there never, surely, was an eye so fitted to rob my Uncle TOBY of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, Madam, a rolling eye, a dissatisfied or a revolutionary one—nor was it an eye wicked, wanton, or wandering—but it was an eye sparkling, petulant, and imperious, of high claims, and large exactions—an eye full of brisk challenges and sharp responses, an eye of satisfied strength and confident ascendancy—speaking, not like the dulcet appeal of a mellow flute, but like the trumpet stop of some powerful party organ. The cornea was perhaps a shade fallow or so, even verging on the Widow's favourite Yellow—for the Widow, like some modern decorative artists, was sweet upon all tawny tints, from the most delicate buff to the most *flamboyant* Orange—but as to any touch, tint, or tone of her chromatic antipathy, Green—!!!

"Now, dear Mr. SHANDY," cried the Widow, edging nearer, and opening the optic to its widest, "tell me—tell me truly, do you, can you detect the slightest suspicion of Green in my eye—?"

"I protest, Madam," said my Uncle TOBY, "I can see nothing whatever of the sort!"

## THE B. AND S. DRAMA AT THE ADELPHI.

"SOME one has blundered!" Who? The Messrs. GATTI, in sending to Messrs. BUCHANAN and SIMS ("B. & S.") for an Adelphi melodrama? Surely not! These two might have been trusted to turn out the right article. So the GATTIS leave the Court without a



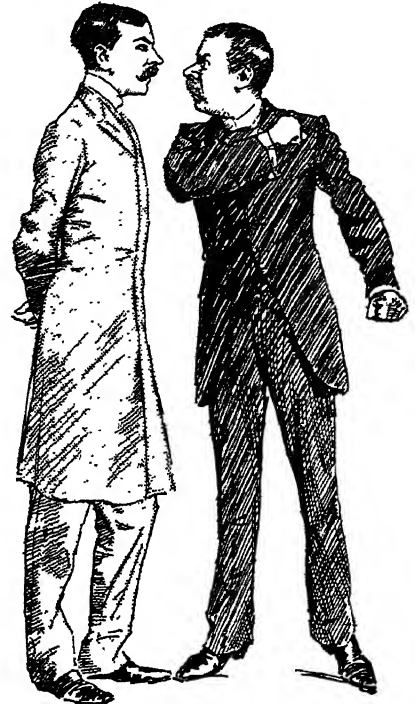
B-ch-n-n. "The prize from the lucky-bag"—  
S-ms. "A blank!"

libre than *The Black Domino*, and it won't carry this. Neither will a charming "set," representing the terrace of the "Star and Garter," at Richmond, carry a piece to a successful finale, if the audience has lost all interest in the characters, and does not very much care what becomes of any one of them, male or female. To the play-goer it is not attractive; he has seen it all before. "He knows that man and that woman,—they come from Sheffield;" i.e., the persons and the incidents are taken out of a lot of dramas which dwell in his memory, from BOUCHICHAULT's *Formosa* at Drury Lane, up to OSCAR's *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the St. James's. Of course, my imaginary play-goer is the Bill of the play, who has "matured," and is not a junior member of the Play-goer's Club. Then, in the old blind German, there is a touch of TOM TAYLOR's *Helping Hands*, and, as for all the rest of the characters, well, they can be found in the common stock-pot of the melodramatic authors of the last half-century, for, like SHAKESPEARE himself, these wicked lawyers and gamblers—the aiders and a-bettors—are "not for an age" (would they were, and that age passed!) "but for all time!"

Nothing saves the piece from being absolutely dull, except the admirable acting, and, I may add, the scenery. It is impossible to count upon renewing such effects as those in *Formosa*, *The Flying*

*Scud*, and in the *Prodigal Daughter* at Drury Lane, wherein the wrong horse was poisoned (in a really dramatic scene), and LEONARD BOYNE, riding the winner, cleared the brook, thus causing part-author DRUBHOLANTUS to clear—any amount of money. There are no two exciting scenes like these in this Adelphi drama. Its comic relief is "poor relief," and would go for nothing at all, were it not in the hands of Mr. DALE, who played and sang so well in *Miss Decima* at the Criterion, and of the vivacious Miss CLARA JECKS.

Mr. W. DENNIS, as the *Earl of Arlington*, is own brother to the old Peer in *The Bauble Shop*. Perhaps this is a tribute to the representativity of the aristocracy at the Criterion, or it indicates with great subtlety that, like Members of Parliament, "Peers are, after all, human—very human," and that one old Peer is uncommonly like another old Peer. Miss EVELYN MILLARD, as the soprano heroine, and Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as the base heroine, look handsome, and act excellently. They take the audience with them as far as the audience will go. As good as they possibly can be in such conventional puppet-parts are Messrs. GLENNY and ARINGDON, the first as the well-intentioned but weak-willed *Lord Dashwood*, and the second as that old-fashioned scoundrel, *Captain Greville*. Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS rather suggests Mr. BLAKELEY as the oily, scoundrelly lawyer, *Joshua Honeybun*; and Mr. LE HAY gives variety to the entertainment (which is his special line) in the entirely new and original character part of an Irish Major, with nothing particularly humorous to say, and nothing at all, humorous, or otherwise, to do.



GOOD OLD MELODRAMA MODERNISED.

*Lord Glenly Dashwood* (to *Captain Aringdon Greville*). "Liar and slave!"  
[Strikes him. They fight with fists.

Something new in Melodrama is wanted, and Melodrama "all of the modern time" is played out, unless a genius can hit on a new sensation. The Adelphi piece, however, has its advantages, and among these its chiefest is, that it necessitates the taking of light refreshment immediately afterwards. Fortunately, the Adelphi is close to our old friend RULE's in Maiden Lane, and for this hospitable shelter our party made in haste; and, before the arrival of the crowd of supper-numeraries, gained a table, on which were soon placed appetising and drinkatising oysters, followed by the grateful stout. "Pretty to see," as PAPYS hath it, at the very next table to us, the good hero of the drama welcoming the double-dyed villain, chiding him for being a few minutes late, and then drowning all past dramatic animosities in the flowing bowl. "See how these players love one another!" So have I seen politicians, mortal enemies in the House, hob-nobbing together at the dinner-table of some hospitable Impartial. "And thus it is," said I to myself, said I, "that 'all the world's a stage, and men and women' like to have supper after the play and enjoy themselves generally." So philosophising, we, my companion and I, lighted the pipe of peace—I should say a cigar a-piece—and returned home satisfied with our excellent supper. *Vive BAYLISS!* BRITANNIA rules the waves, and this is the last month for oysters till the arrival of another month with an "r" in it; but, *en attendant*, there will appear some very small, very sweet, and very digestible lobsters!—"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle?" But an indifferent play is well worth a first-rate supper, which may be a shell-fish view, but at all events, if (like the jest) it be "a poor thing," yet 'tis mine own (for the time being), and thereto I sign my hand,

PRIVATE BOX.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., has given his pictures to Liverpool to be arranged in "The Walker Gallery." This is rather like saying "Walker" to any Gallery, London. Great opportunity for advertisement to J. L. T. of T\*\*LE's Theatre.



### "ULSTERIA"—THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

*Chorus of the Colonel's Daughters (Irish) to English Visitor.* "OH YES, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TERRIBLE TIMES! AND IT'S SUCH FUN, YOU KNOW—WE'RE ALL LEARNING SHOOTING!"

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 10.*—"Quite refreshing," murmured GRANDOLPH, looking round at the Party, to which, as he said at Liverpool the other day, he is thoroughly attached, "to see how good Conservatives enjoy CHAMBERLAIN'S Speech. They are as jubilant now as they were a few years ago, when I attacked JOSEPH in connection with Aston-Park Riots. A topsy-turvy world; most of us where we never thought to find ourselves, or be found; oddest of all, surely, is to hear CHAMBERLAIN of Birmingham enthusiastically cheered in House of Commons by great Conservative Party. They mean it, too," GRANDOLPH added, still scanning the beaming faces on the Benches behind. "It is almost an intellectual delight to them."

"Yes," said PLUNKET, "they are acutely pleased to hear so smartly said what they think they thought."

Truly a stirring of the sluggish pool during hour and half that CHAMBERLAIN stepped in. Speech full of bitterness; effect immeasurably increased by perfect equability of manner, and the utterance of a voice ever soft and low—a beautiful thing in a man who says nasty things of parted friends. If one stone deaf had sat in Gallery and watched JOSEPH, as he gracefully bent over towards Treasury Bench, whereon sat his one-time revered Leader and the still faithful band of followers, he would naturally have imagined JOSEPH was complimenting him and them upon the perfectness of their measure, and the prospect of the Irish wilderness, under its beneficent influence, blossoming like the rose. Deaf man would have been mistaken; JOSEPH saying nothing of the kind; indeed, quite the reverse, as deaf man, turning his eyes on Mr. G., would begin to suspect.

Wide differences between Mr. G. and J. C.; none so marked as their demeanour throughout debate. The wilder the storm of interruption rages round JOSEPH, the more urbane he becomes, and the more dangerous. Mr. G., standing on the commanding eminence he has built for himself in the House of Commons, is the sport of most inconsiderable Member. Anyone, with whatever bungling hand, can "draw" him. To-night, whilst JOSEPH smiled his way through all the spiteful things he had stored up for gratification of old friends, Mr. G. sat restless, with clouded brow, face pale with anger,

every now and then springing up with hot correction. Which was just what JOSEPH wanted to achieve.

*Business done.*—Third Day Debate on Second Reading Home-Rule Bill.

*Tuesday.*—ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) back again. "He's Knight and Morning," said leal TOM SUTHERLAND, of the P. & O., looking on admiringly from the starboard poop. In a sense this is true, for ASHMEAD gave us a full hour's discourse last night, and here in broad day, on threshold of another sitting, proposes to add another forty minutes. PRINCE ARTHUR had quite a time with him last night. He was, so to speak, the Boy left on the Burning Deck whence all but he Had Fled. Right Hon. Gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench, following example set in other parts of House, cleared out when ASHMEAD appeared at table with prodigious roll of manuscript in red right hand. PRINCE ARTHUR looked wistfully towards door, but, remembering leading precept of OLD MORALITY, determined to stay, and do duty to QUEEN and Country. So sat it out till midnight struck; Debate automatically closed, and SPEAKER called on next Order of the Day.

ASHMEAD, pleased with his success, and pondering on fresh delights in store for House when it met again, remained standing at table, reflectively arranging his papers. Horrible thought suddenly struck him; froze his veins, and paled his brow. With generous desire that country should fully share advantages of House, he had his speech printed in advance. Copies sent to newspapers. Suppose they printed it all, whereas he had not found opportunity to deliver more than half of it! Awakened from reverie by violent tugging at coat-tails. This was PRINCE ARTHUR, signalling him to sit down, with perhaps unnecessary vigour. But PRINCE ARTHUR had a long score (fully an hour long) to pay off.

Great speech finished at to-day's sitting; another hour saw it through. "I think I had my hour last night," said PRINCE ARTHUR, as, on rising of his esteemed colleague, he hastily passed out. Example again contagious; Benches emptied; but ELLIS ASHMEAD pounded along. There was the speech reproachfully facing him in its portentous-printed length; must be reeled off, though the glass roof fell. Did it at last; sat down, flushed, and triumphant. Members, warily assuring themselves speech really finished, began to stream back again, till all the Benches filled to hear DAVITT. Excellent speech; full of human nature; illumined by gleams of



POLITICAL ECONOMY—AND THE REFORMERS' IDEA OF HOW THE OFFICIALS SHOULD BE TREATED.



grim humour; better if it had been shorter by a third; but quality so good, that House, now crowded, sat it all out.  
 "Curious to think," said the SQUIRE of MALWOOD, who just now has unusually full opportunities for reflection, "that a few years



A Nasty One for Joseph; or, a Gentle Reminder from Just-in Time McC-rthy.

ago DAVITT was working out the Irish Question with a rope over his shoulder, dragging a cart of stones through the court-yard of one of Her Majesty's prisons. No one, casually coming across him at Portland, would have ventured to forecast the hour when, standing up, the centre of interest in an applauding House of Commons, he should have had an opportunity of reasoning with the only occasionally DUM BARTON, warning him against the practice of treason-felony, and reminding him that the pathway to the Bench does not lie by way of the dock. No parallel in politics to the Irish Question. Some of us have our earlier studies interrupted by a sentence of imprisonment; others, I daresay, will, later on, find in similar chaste repose opportunity of reviewing our connection with it."

Involun'arily the eye of the Great Philosopher rested on the



Mr. D-v-tt says no British Bill can pass while the Irish Bill blocks the way. graceful figure of PRINCE ARTHUR, whose speech at Belfast, on the Philosophy of Rebellion, DAVITT just now cited in justification of the overt acts that led him to Portland.

*Business done.*—Fourth Night Home-Rule Debate.

*Thursday.*—"In spite of all temptation, I have hitherto remained a Member of House of Commons," CHAPLIN said to me just now. "I might by this time, had I pleased, been a Duke, and my most unscrupulous detractor will not deny that is a position I could fill with pictorial effect; but I've stuck to the Commons, and this is my reward."

Truly a striking episode. CHAPLIN delivered oration on Home-Rule Bill hour and half long. Had sat up night and day with it, polishing its rotund periods, till, as PRINCE ARTHUR whispers, "CHAPLIN, gazing upon their surface, saw not himself, but DEMOSTHENES." Fortune favoured him in opportunity. Member for Sunderland had secured privilege of resuming Debate after Questions. Resolved to make long STOREY short, he sacrificed his position. CHAPLIN nimbly stepped in, and reasonably looked forward to crowning epoch in shining Parliamentary career. To open or resume Debate between four and five in afternoon is a prized opportunity; accident had placed it within CHAPLIN's grasp; the hour had struck, and here, at the table, was the Man.

Alack, for the instability of human prospects! When the House, fairly full, beheld the sunny presence at the table, watched it produce the vaporous folds of manuscript, noted the shrug of satisfaction with which it set about its self-appointed task, it folded its tent like the Arab, and, though not as silently, stole away. Trundled and bundled out, with ostentatious indifference to great orator, the fund of information he had garnered, the counsel with which he was charged. CHAPLIN had brought statesmanship and literature of Europe into review, picking out from encyclopædic stores testimony to destruction of Mr. G.'s pet scheme. The very names quoted were a liberal education—MR. LUCKY, Count BEUST, CAVOUR, Dr. GEFFCKEN, M. DE MOLINARIS. And then interposes the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE with bland deferential inquiry—"I beg the Right Hon. Gentleman's pardon, I did not catch the name. Was it M. APOLLINARIS?"



II. L-b-ch-re (thinking of Welsh Disestablishment, asks Mr. Ch-pl-n).  
 "Did you say 'Mr. Ap Ollinaris'?"

CHAPLIN stared haughtily over SAGE's head, and went on. So did fragments of audience, the latter towards the door, till, almost in solitude, there rolled forth the treasured peroration. This bad, but worse followed, when immediately succeeded an obscure Irishman, whom CHAPLIN vaguely remembers a few years back as a Committee Clerk, or something of that kind. Benches swiftly filled up, and an assembly that vaunts itself most critical audience in the world followed, with rapt attention, the simple sentences of obscure JOHN REDMOND, Ex-Committee Clerk—this same audience that had scornfully treated the portentous periods of the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, sometime Cabinet Minister.

*Business done.*—Fifth Night's Debate.

*Friday.*—Prince ARTHUR, enumerating Statesmen anxious to speak in Debate, doling them out at the rate of one a day, omitted Cousin CRANBORNE. Doubtless accidental; Noble Lord has his revenge; worked off his speech to-night whilst ASQUITH addressing House. Consisted of only single word; effect instantaneous, startling. Into ASQUITH's fervent eulogium on DAVITT, CRANBORNE dropped the additional description, "Murderer." Was only thinking aloud as he explained to House; just talking genially to himself; regretted he was overheard, and begged to apologise.

"It's the principle of heredity," said TIM HEALY; "the father calls us all Hottentots; the son accuses one of us of murder."

*Business done.*—Sixth Night's Debate on Home-Rule Bill.



### WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE VERY SHY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Affable Stranger.* "ULLO, MISTER, THERE YOU ARE! I SAY, THAT WAS A RACY BIT YOU GAVE US LAST WEEK, ABOUT THE 'CAT AND THE FIDDLE'! QUITE IN YOUR OLD FORM, EH!"

[Digs him in the ribs with his Umbrella.  
*Our Artist.* "YOU'RE VERY KIND, BUT—A—I—A—I FEAR I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE—A—"

*Affable Stranger.* "HOITY-TOITY ME! HOW PROUD WE ARE THIS MORNING!" [Gives him another dig, and exit.

### STRAY THOUGHTS ON PLAY-WRITING.

From the Common-place Book of The O' Wilde.—The play? Oh, the play be zephyr'd! The play is not the thing. In other words, the play is nothing. Point is to prepare immense assortment of entirely irrelevant epigrams. "Epigram, my dear Duke, is the refuge of the dullard, who imagines that he obtains truth by inverting a truism." That sounds well; must lay it by for use. Take "Virtue," for instance. "Virtue" offers a fine field for paradox, brought strictly up to date. Must jot down stray thoughts. (Good idea in the expression "Stray Thoughts." Will think over it, and work it up either for impromptu or future play.) Here are a few examples:—

- (1) Be virtuous, and you will be a County Councillor.
- (2) Nothing is so dull as a life of virtue—except a career of vice.
- (3) "Virtue, my dear Lady CHILLINGHAM, is the weakness of the masses, acting under the force of their circumstances."
- (4) Virtue, no doubt, is a necessity; but, to be necessary, is the first step to abolition.
- (5) If you wish to become virtuous, you have only to be found out.
- (6) There is nothing a man resents so much as the imputation of virtue.
- (7) Virtue, my dear HORACE, is a quality we inculcate upon our wives mainly by a lack of example.
- (8) I want to be rich merely in order to have the chance of overcoming the difficulties in the way of being virtuous. Virtue on a pound a week is so easy as to repel all but the indolent and worthless.

So much for Virtue. Repentance may be treated according to the same formula.

- (1) My dear boy, never repent. Repentance leads inevitably to repetition.
- (2) Repentance is like a secret. If you keep it to yourself it loses all interest. Nobody can repent on a desert island.
- (3) To repent is to have been unsuccessful.
- (4) Not to be repentant is never to have enjoyed.
- (5) Repentance in a man means nothing more than an intention to change his methods; in a woman it is a last tribute to an expiring reputation.

Having finished these examples, I will put down a few notions for general use.

- (1) Necessity knows no law, and therefore has to learn.
- (2) Everything comes to the man who is waited upon.
- (3) The later the bird the better for the worm.
- (4) It is never too late to—dine.

There you have the whole secret. Be fearfully cynical, dreadfully bold, delightfully wicked, and carefully unconventional; let paradox and epigram flow in copious streams from your pen. Throw in a few aristocrats with a plentiful flavouring of vices novelistically associated with wicked Baronets. Add an occasional smoking-room—(Mem "Everything ends in smoke, my dear boy, except the cigars of our host.") Use this when host is a *parvenu* unacquainted with the mysteries of brands—shred into the mixture a wronged woman, a dull wife, and, if possible, one well tried and tested "situation," then set the whole to simmer for three hours at the Haymarket. The result will be—But to predict a result is to prophesy, and to prophesy is to know. (N.B.—Work up this rough material. It will come right, and sound well when polished up.)

BY GEORGE!

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph* suggests that, as the Scotch keep up St. Andrew's Day, and the Irish St. Patrick's, the English should also have a national *fête* on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April. Why not have the 23rd as St. George's Day, and the 24th as the Dragon's Day? We ought to "Remember the Dragon"—say, by depositing wreaths before the Temple Bar specimen. A Dragon's Day would be a most useful National Institution. The object would not be to exalt the beast, but to celebrate our own (and GEORGE'S) triumph over it. Everybody has his own private Dragon, and some people have public ones as well. For example, Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in laying down his wreath, would be commemorating the introduction of the Veto Bill; Mr. GLADSTONE would be slaying (in spirit) the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, who is evidently the "Dragon of the Prime (Minister)" referred to by TENNYSON: Lord CHAMBERNE would be Mr. DAVITT's Dragon, and so on. The fun would be that nobody would be expected to say *what* Dragon he meant. If a law were passed establishing such a festivity, perhaps it would be denounced as "too Dragonic"!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

POET WILLIAM WATSON'S *Excursions in Criticism* are cheap Excursions. He himself describes them as "Prose Recreations of a Rhymers." "Prosy" would have been the truer epithet. The



Going to the Booking-Office.

meeting of an Interviewer with Dr. JOHNSON is the best, and it is also the last. Poet WATSON'S criticism of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, his Essay on IRVING'S Plays, and another on GEORGE MEREDITH, may have been recreations to the writer, but, like most of the other papers in this volume, they will never be so considered by the lightheaded and unbiassed reader. What is recreation to WILLIAM WATSON is boredom to the Baron, and, as the latter is inclined to think, to the majority of such of the public as may attempt the perusal of W. W.'s recreations. Let W. W. make no more cheap excursions in criticism, —excepting, of course, for his own private amusement, with which no one has a right to interfere,—but let him "thank the gods he is poetical," and so let him remain. His second best Essay, is on *The Punishment of Genius*, in which he advocates the post-mortem destruction of every scrap of composition, which its author had never intended for the public eye.

"We've had no rain to speak of for some weeks," observed Mrs. R.; "and, if this goes on, I heard some scientific gentlemen say, the other day, we ought to have the land irritated by hydras."

## MELANCHOLIA.

*(Modern French Version. After the celebrated Picture 'Melencolia' by Albert Dürer)*

AN enigmatic picture! Yet, indeed,  
In current Gallie light not hard to read.

Woman, with angel-wings, and mournful face, | What are the visions those fixed eyes survey?  
What are the plans those listless fingers trace? | The War-dog fierce lies couchant in your way,



The instruments of Art are scattered round.  
Mistress of charm in form, in tint, in sound,  
Of engineering might, mechanic skill,  
What checks your genius, and what thwarts  
your will?

Winged Wit is at your side, your cherished  
guest,

Who quits you never on an alien quest.  
But what that mystic prism shadows forth  
Hath menace which auxilial from the North  
May scarce avert. The  
scales of Justice tilt  
Something askew. The  
curse of high-placed  
guilt

Is on you, if the warning  
tocsin's knell,  
Clanging forth fiercely,  
hath not force to tell  
The hearer that Fate's shour-  
glass fast runs out.  
That spectral Comet flames,  
beset about  
With miasmatic mist, and  
lurid fume,  
Conquering Corruption  
threatens hideous doom.  
Yet, yet the Bow of Promise  
gleams above,  
Herald of Hope to her  
whom all men mark and  
love!

#### CREDIT WITHOUT CASH.

THE HON. CRÆSUS CASH was greatly annoyed that so many people should have been admitted to his library. He bitterly reproached his valet for this dereliction of duty.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said his servant, "but they would come in. They said they must see you—that their lives depended on it."

"What have I to do with their lives?" growled the Hon. CRÆSUS. And then he added, as he entered his sanctum, "Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, what do you want? My time's precious, and I can't waste it upon strangers."

"My dear Sir, my very dear Sir," cried in trembling accents an old parson in a thread-bare coat, "I have a wife and family, and we are really starving."

"Ditto, Sir, ditto!" observed an elderly soldier who had evidently been an officer.

"And I am a widow, and must bring my poor children home from school, as I can no longer afford the expense of their education," so said an elderly dame in shabby mourning.

"But how can I help you?" asked the Hon. CRÆSUS. "What has brought you to this pass?"

"Why, you, Sir," returned the ex-officer.

"You, Sir!"

"Come," said the Hon. CRÆSUS, waxing angry, "I advise you to be careful of the provisions of the Libel and Slander Act. You accuse me of bringing you to poverty! Why, I have never seen any of you in my life—never even heard of you!"

"But we have heard of you," they cried. "Yes, we have."

"We are all shareholders in the Bubble Babble Syndicate, Limited," explained the parson, tearfully, "and we have consequently lost everything we had in the world."

"But what have I to do with it?" again asked the Hon. CRÆSUS. "Very sorry to hear of your misfortunes, but I don't see how I come in."



#### THE SOLE INHABITANT.

*Fishing Club Keeper (to New Member).* "XCUSE ME, SIR, BUT, BEIN' A STRANGER, SO TO SPEAK, MAYHAP YER MAYN'T HA' NOTICED AS HOW THIS HERE LITTLE BIT BE PRIVATE WATER."

*Mr. O'Bulligan (who has had bad sport).* "SHURE PRIVATE IS IT YE SAY, RODGERS! FAITH AN' I'M THINKIN' THE WHOLE STRAME'S PRETTY PRIVATE, FOR DEVIL A FISH IS THERE IN IT AT ALL AT ALL, 'CEPT WAN, AN' HE'S IN MY BASKET!"

"Why you, Sir," exclaimed the ex-officer; "you, Sir, were one of the officials!"

"Pardon me, Sir, I was nothing of the sort. I have nothing whatever to do with the Syndicate. I was merely a Director."

And when the defrauded shareholders found out that he was only *that*, they went away complaining, but convinced they would be afforded by him no relief. And they were right, for the Hon. CRÆSUS (who was old-fashioned in his ways) acted strictly according to precedent.

#### THE PRIVATE VIEW.

(By a Visitor, Small but not Early.)

IRONY about this View

Is, I fear, more true than new,  
Still the crowd's a great 'un;  
Heads and bodies hide from me  
Pictures that I wish to see;

Smooth, fair maids by LEIGHTON;

If I seek a work by WELLS,  
Can I see through *beaux*  
and *belles*?

I can but survey 'em.

Hide the masterpiece of  
BROCK

By some girl's wide-  
shouldered frock,  
So the bulls of GRAHAM.

If my eyes seek breezy  
HOOKS, [my looks;  
Hooks and eyes obstruct  
Pity me, dear reader!

Cobalt Cornish seas by  
BRETT

Hide by *chignons* in a net,  
Likewise views by  
LEADER!

See, instead of groups by  
CROWE, [row;  
Coats, black like him, in a  
Also, quite as thick, see  
Backs, not sculptured ones  
by BATES, [pates  
Hide the pretty pinkish  
Done to death by  
DICKSEE!

If I strive to see a SANT,  
My large neighbours make  
me pant,

For they push so coarsely;  
Or the evergreens of STONE,  
Then they nip my funny-  
bone;

And I lose what HORSLEY  
Drapes so decently—the

MARKS [sparks  
Are on me; these tall young  
Squeeze enough to kill a  
Little man, who sees no

WATTS [pots,  
Past their lofty chimney-  
Nor a single MILLAIS.

GOOD START FOR THE  
ACADEMICAL YEAR.—MR.  
STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A.,  
is a clever Painter, as  
everyone knows, but he is  
cleverer than was thought,  
as he has sold his Academy  
Picture to the Manches-  
ter Corporation for 1,200  
guineas. STANHOPE FORBES  
will change his name to  
STAN'UP-FOR-YOUR-PRICE  
FORBES, A.R.A.

FROM ONE OF THE WISE  
MEN IN THE EAST.—A

traveller, doing a walking tour in Egypt, from  
Cairo and back again, describes himself as a  
"Cairopedist," and adds that it's just the  
place for Members of that profession to prosper,  
as "Corn in Egypt" is proverbial.

THE PREMIER AT THE HAYMARKET LAST  
WEDNESDAY.—This does not mean that Mr.  
GLADSTONE visited this theatre, but simply  
that Mr. TREE produced a new piece, written  
by the O'WILDE. "Whatever be its merit  
or want of merit," says JOSEPH MILLER, Q.C.,  
"WILDE can't be tame."



## A LIEN ON THE LEA.

AIR—"The Bells of Shandon."

["MR. PEMBER, Q.C., before the Committee of the County Council General Powers Bill, put in a claim, on behalf of the New River and other Companies, that the water of the River Lea is the absolute property of the Companies!"]

*Daily Chronicle.*

Is it, by thunder?  
With solemn wonder  
I'll often think of  
That sounding

claim;  
And oft remember  
How Mister PEMBER  
(He's a "hot mem-  
ber"!)

Put in the same.

On this I ponder:  
Where'er I wander,  
"From here to  
yonder,"

I'm sure to see,  
Whate'er I stand on,  
Wealth lays its hand  
on,

As on the water  
Of the River Lea.

I've had one mouthful,  
But, though of drouth  
full,

I trust I'll never  
Another swallow.  
I've tried the tide  
Of Thames, M-dway,  
Clyde, [water,  
But unstrained Lea-  
It licks 'em hollow.

I know that river  
Set me a-shiver,  
Upset my liver,  
And made me ill,  
When, on its punting,  
Some cads, sport-  
hunting,  
Driving into me,  
Gave me a spill.

My memory, dwelling  
On that ill-smelling  
And muddy throatful  
Revolts. Ah me!  
That awful vision!  
That dread collision  
With the rowdy boat-  
ful

On the River Lea!

But, goodness gra-  
cious!

If river spacious  
By Co.'s owdacious,

Can thus be claimed,  
I have a notion  
The wide blue ocean  
As "absolute property"  
May soon be named.

Who need be caring  
For the Sea of Behring?  
We shall have them sharing  
The broad Atlantic.  
Whilst the Bay of Biscay  
(Like a keg of whiskey)  
Will be shared and loved  
By financiers frantic!



James. "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I WISHED TO ASK YOU IF YOU COULD SPARE ME FOR A HOUR OR TWO TO-MORROW MORNIN'?"

Employer. "WHAT'S IT FOR, JAMES?"

James. "WELL, SIR, I WISH TO CONSULT A DENTIST. I'VE A 'OLLOWS TOOTH 'ERE, WHICH GIVES ME HAWFUL PAIN; AN' IT'S ONLY WITH GREAT HEFFORT THAT I CAN MANAGE TO DOMESTICATE MY FOOD!"

O sublime monopolist,  
You're truly top o' list!  
Where will you stop? Oh,  
list,

One word from me!  
Too big claims abandon:  
You may lay your hand on  
The unpleasant waters  
Of the muddy Lea,

But in every quarter  
Of Earth, Air, Water,  
If too strong you "come it"  
(As you seem inclined),

of Ducks and Drakes was played originally by NOAH, after the subsidence of the Flood. We hear of it again in the Chronicles of CORNELIUS LONGBOVUS MENDAX, who relates that it solaced the last hours of ARTAXERXES when he lay on his death-bed in the desert of Sahara, and called in vain for his third wife, PSAMMETICA, who was at that moment gathering mushrooms in the garden of the Royal Palace at Persepolis.

CHAFF-CUTTER.—To make Dodo's eggs, take a solution of *ext. turp. rutifolia*, and boil for two hours. Then simmer on a slow fire, add two pinches of salt, and the hard part of a bullock's hide. Pass through a common sieve, and hatch out under a tame Pterodactyl.

GARDEN.—VENDITUS ITERUM.—The bark of the dog-rose is naturally worse than the Bight of Benin. The one you sent us had no dew-claws. Quite right; it has had its day. So has Martin.

There will be ashindy;  
And you'll find it—  
windy [summit,  
Upon "Proputty's"  
If you do not mind.

On that peak you'd  
plant 'em. [ram,  
Your claws, bold Ban-  
But I spy a phantom  
Which you may not  
see, [slightly,  
Which may scare you  
Should you grip too  
tightly  
The unpleasant waters  
Of the River Lea!

## TOO BAD TO BE TRUE.

At a meeting of the London Diocesan Conference, a Reverend gentleman is reported to have declared his belief that, "for one man drawn from the Public-house by the opening of the Museums on Sunday, there were ten persons drawn from their attendance at Church!" Mr. Punch fancies these are rather supposititious statistics. Does the Reverend gentleman quite see what his hasty statement involves? How slight must be the attractions of Church — his Church at least — to a large proportion even of those who do now attend? Rivalry between Museum and Gin-palace one can contemplate hopefully. But if the real rivalry is to be between Museum and Church, with such results as this rather pessimistic paragon predicts, the look-out seems rather dismal — for the Church! Surely this is the highest compliment to secular attractions ever paid by a cleric! Mr. Punch hopes — and believes — it is as ill-deserved as high.

## SPORTING ANSWERS.

### POULTRY.

QUACK.—The game

## "ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE."

UNDER this heading the *Times*, some days ago, informed us that a certain set of Oxford Dons had met together in order to make arrangements for the establishment in the University of a couple of first-class Evangelical Clergymen, possessing "special gifts," to whom such Undergraduates as might be piously inclined could



go for instruction and good counsel. It was stated, in their sketch of a prospectus of this scheme, that these two grave and reverend Gentlemen are to be "accessible at all times." This is excellent. Also, "they will be given to hospitality," which is still more excellent. and let us hope that in return, hospitality will be given to them. But it is difficult to combine "accessibility at all times" with perpetual festivities. For how would it suit either of these well-intentioned Clergymen, after the hospitalities of an

ordinary day, commencing with University Breakfast, going on to University Lunch, thence to University Tea, then dinner, wine, and, finally, supper, to be accessible to anyone who chose to ring them up during the small hours to ask for "counsel and advice so judicious and so sound"? Very "special" indeed would have to be the "gifts" of the two always-hospitable and ever-accessible Clergymen, who would undertake the mission; and, among their most essential special qualifications, would have to be, first, the capacity for taking any amount of everything without being in the least the worse for it, and, secondly, the capacity of perpetual wakefulness and clear-headedness, without the extraneous and artificial application of wet towels round the head. Men with such special gifts are, indeed, rare; nay, they are demi-gods. But, if such men are to be found, no matter at what cost, we sincerely wish they (the originators of this scheme) may get them.

## MIXED NOTIONS.

### No. IX.—PARISH COUNCILS.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

*Inquirer (to himself, as he reads his paper).* Well, I'm dashed! What the blue blazes does all this stuff mean?

*First Well-Informed Man (to Second W. I. M., in a tone of pitying good-humour, mixed with conscious superiority).* He's got started on his usual morning puzzle.

*Inquirer (with asperity).* Oh, it's all very well for you two chaps to sneer. You're both older than I am, and, as you've been about more, you ought to know more. Anyhow, I like to find out about things, and, when I don't know, I ask those who do.

*First W. I. M. (not unkindly).* Well, well, never mind all that. You know I don't mind telling you anything. I really didn't mean to sneer. What's your difficulty?

*Inquirer.* It's all about this Parish Councils Bill.

*First W. I. M.* What about it?

*Inquirer (hopelessly).* What does it mean? What is a Parish Councils Bill?

*First W. I. M.* Oh, well, you know, a Parish Councils Bill is—well, it's a Bill for giving Parish Councils.

*Inquirer.* Yes—but whom are they going to give them to?

*First W. I. M.* Why, to the Parishes, of course.

*Inquirer.* Ah! (Continues reading. A puzzled frown settles on his face.) But why can't the Parishes make their own Councils, without all this fuss in Parliament? Couldn't every Parish simply say, "I'm going to have a Council," and just start it straight away?

*First W. I. M.* My dear fellow, you know nothing can be done without an Act of Parliament.

*Inquirer.* But they call this a Bill, not an Act.

*First W. I. M.* It's only another way of saying the same thing. A Bill or an Act—it's all one.

*Second W. I. M.* No, it isn't.

*First W. I. M.* I'll lay you a counter it is.

*Second W. I. M.* Done!

*First W. I. M.* Well, what do you (withering emphasis) say is the difference?

*Second W. I. M.* When the House of Commons brings anything in, it's a Bill, and when the House of Lords does it, it's an Act Pay up!

*First W. I. M.* Not I. That's precisely what I meant, only you wouldn't give me time to say it. Why, that's the A B C of politics.

*Second W. I. M.* Seems to take a lot of learning, anyway.

[A pause.]

*Inquirer (returning to his point).* But look here. What have they brought the Parish Councils Bill in for? I thought we'd all got County Councils all over the place.

*First W. I. M. (slapping him warmly on the back).* My dear chap, you've just hit the nail plumb on the right head. That's what I've said all along. The whole country's being simply ruined with all these blessed Councils. Every man will have to be his own Council before long, if they go on making Councils at this rate.

*Second W. I. M.* Well, anyhow, your beautiful Conservative Government, that you were so dashed proud of, started the business.

*First W. I. M. (indignantly).* I deny it.

*Second W. I. M.* Deny away. Perhaps you'll tell me that Lord BEACONSFIELD didn't set the County Councils going?

*First W. I. M.* Ah, but those were quite different County Councils. Why, they weren't even called Councils; they were called Boards.

*Second W. I. M.* They may have been called Boards, but they're called Councils now, and that's enough for me. Anyhow, don't you see (furtively consults newspaper and quotes) that "Parish Councils are the logical and necessary development of the scheme of County Government left imperfect by the Conservatives"?

*First W. I. M.* No, I don't see it at all.

*Second W. I. M.* Well, then, how do you propose to root the agricultural population in the soil? You must admit—

*First W. I. M.* I don't admit anything—at least, I won't until you tell me how a Parish Council is going to root anybody, let alone an agricultural labourer, in anything. There's too much molly-coddling of these agricultural labourers, that's what I say.

*Second W. I. M. (doggedly).* You're always talking about agricultural depression and hard times for those that live on the land, and you won't lift a finger to help them when you get the chance. If we give these chaps Parish Councils, they can all get allotments, and then of course (quotes again) "we shall multiply the productive power of the land tenfold."

*First W. I. M.* What have allotments got to do with Parish Councils?

*Second W. I. M.* Everything.

*First W. I. M. (triumphant).* Then how do you account for my Uncle's coachman having an allotment at this very moment? He's had it for years, long before anybody even heard of Parish Councils.

*Second W. I. M.* That exactly proves my point. It's just because he isn't an agricultural labourer that he's been able to get it. What we want to do is to level up.

*Inquirer.* But there aren't any agricultural labourers in my parish; at least, I never heard of any. How are they going to manage about that?

*Second W. I. M.* They'll send you some from somewhere else. That's what they call migration.

*Inquirer.* I thought birds did that.

[Terminus.]

## BEFORE THE PRIVATE VIEW.

(A Modern Dialogue.)

SCENE—Lady HAY's Boudoir. Lady HAY and Miss BEE discovered sipping five o'clock tea.

*Miss Bee (sympathetically).* I am so sorry, dearest, that you have sprained your ankle. And is it quite out of the question to come on Friday to Burlington House?

*Lady Hay.* Quite, dearest. Dr. KEELEY DODGE says I shall be laid up the whole Season if I move a step before Monday. So you will tell me all about the Royal Academy Private View, now won't you?

*Miss Bee.* Of course I will do my best; but you know my forte is not description. What do you want to know?

*Lady Hay.* Why, of course, who were there, and what they said, and (most important of all) what they wore. I hope, dear, you will notice if they are wearing any of the new-fashioned bonnets, and if hats are going out.

*Miss Bee.* You may rely upon me, darling.

*Lady Hay.* And mind you get at the last bit of scandal. There ought to be plenty about, now that people have come back from the Riviera. But, my dear, you know exactly what I should like, so it is useless to prompt you. I leave everything to your discretion.

*Miss Bee.* Quite so, darling. (After a pause.) I thought I had forgotten something—how about the paintings?

*Lady Hay.* Oh, never mind them! They will keep until another occasion!

[And as they will, Scene closes in on the Pictures.]



Private View.



## GROVES OF BLARNEY.

"AND IT'S A PERFECT MIRACLE THE SOUNDS YE MANAGE TO EXTRACT FROM THAT OLD TIN KETTLE. MISS CECILIA; SURE WE DON'T HEAR THE DUMB NOTES AT ALL!"

## LIBERTY LOQUITUR.

"I am persuaded that the true interests of the entire working-classes of this country are bound up with respect for individual freedom, and that to overlook it, or to bring the smallest interference in restriction of it, unless under absolute necessity, would be a sad mistake upon the part of the working-classes."—*Mr. Gladstone to the Deputation of Miners from Durham and Northumberland.*

I STAND between you—Capital and Labour,—  
And each of you invokes my "sacred name."

Sacred! Were love of freedom and one's neighbour

Coöperant, claim would not conflict with claim. [kindly;

But heed my words, outspoken yet meant I suffer whilst ye stone each other blindly.

Sollicitous—in speech—of my intactness,  
Ye damage and deface me in your strife.

Your aims, expressed with full and fair exactness.

Mean fratricidal strife, war to the knife.  
Encounter hot, and fierce retaliation

Must vainly prate about conciliation.

Union is strength; but banded for oppression  
Toilers are tyrants, and employers—knaves.

Plain speech! Monopolist wealth in high possession [slaves.

Treated its scattered thralls as serfs and  
And now the lesson of the scourge and fetter

Emancipated toil would learn—and better.

Divide and govern! That, beneath all glossing [still;

About Free Labour, is Wealth's motto

Ingenious fudge on shallow wits imposing,  
On banded Labour to impose its will,  
Capital needs (and lauds) Labour unbanded.  
The Many-headed dreads the Many-handed!

But set one half his hands against the other,  
And e'en Briareus may be safely tackled.

Whilst "Unionist" is foiled by "Blackleg" brother,

Labour fights Capital with limbs half shackled.

Hence Federations chant, in sweet communion,

Hymns to the blessed Liberty of non-Union!

And Labour, which loves Liberty—of striking,

Hates "Blackleg" freedom with a furious hate.

"Make all men do according to my liking!"  
Seems now the cry all round us in the State.

Monopolist, Miner, Temperance fanatic,  
All crave compulsion with a force emphatic.

But Legal Eight Hours Day, or Local Veto,  
"Blackleg" suppression, Anti-Union law,

Mean "make the others to myself say ditto!"

"Restriction" is the newest ass's-jaw  
For slaying all our foes, from Wealth to Drink, [think.

Hailed with applause, save by the few who

If from proved ill to legal prohibition  
Were step as plain and proper as some deem,

To diagnose (and cure) the State's condition  
Were easy as some Socialistic dream.

But Looking Backward—or e'en forward—'s found

Poor substitute for wisdom's look all round.

Labour, you would be free to fix your wages;  
Capital, you'd be free to pick your men:

Love of free Union the one's tongue engages,  
Love of free "Knobsticks" fires the other's pen;

But love of Freedom for her own fair self,—  
How much of it moves Poverty or Pelf?

Eight hours in the dark coal-seam, good friend Labour,

Humanity admits more than enough.

But *fix it so*, whilst neighbour wars' with neighbour, [tough

And mine with mine about it? Task too  
Too desperate dilemma, for a Statesman,

Why you can't settle it with your own mates, man!

Capital, *does* your passion for Toil's Freedom  
Mean much more than desire to smash

Toil's Union?

He sells his birthright for the mess of Edom,  
The "Blackleg" Esau selling Work's communion [strong,

Into the bonds of Wealth, well knit and  
His comrades say. Are they entirely wrong?

Thus Individual Freedom suffers scath  
On all sides. Can you plead Necessity's fiat? [faith,

For me you boast your love, proclaim your  
But, battered by the missiles you let fly at

Each other, I with ROLAND, cry in shame,  
What tyrannous things are done in Freedom's name!





## TAKING A "BREATHER."

GRAND OLD MINER. "DON'T KNOW HOW I SHOULD GET THROUGH WITH MY WORK, IF I WERE TIED DOWN TO EIGHT HOURS A DAY!"





## FALBULOUS!

DR. FALB, of Vienna, knows when earthquakes and eruptions are going to occur. MR. MORLEY said, the other day, in the House of Commons, that the best way of treating a prophet was not to believe him; but this is rather difficult when the prophet happens to be right, as Dr. FALB generally is. For example, he predicted the last terrible earthquake at Zante, which only came one day before it was due. Dr. FALB has been interviewed about how he does it,—or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, that he has been subjected to some mild "Heckling"—and he appears to hold that it is the action of the Moon on the tides which is responsible. In support of his theory it has been noticed that it is quite a custom of the people at Zante, after their houses have fallen in on their heads, to observe—"That was a tidy shock!" These predictions should help them to tide over the periods of danger.

## COURT OUT!

WHAT is an "Original Farical Romance"? The immediate reply is that *The Amazons*, by Mr. PINERO, is a specimen of the genus. To see *The Amazons* ought to supply the terms of the required definition. I have seen it, and yet the definition does not satisfy me. "Original"! Well—more or less; but to use old materials in a novel manner is quite enough for originality. The girl brought up as a boy is not absolutely new or original, *vide Tom Noddy's Secret*, and multiply the heroine of that farce by three. The three men hunting



One of the Points of the Piece. The Queen of the Amazons gets the Needle.

after the three girls and obtaining access to them at school—substituting, in this case, home for school, and a mother for a school-mistress—is not absolutely new or original; but, again, what matters this to anyone, so long as the new shape given to the old material is genuinely amusing? So "farical" goes with "original." But now, as to its being a "Romance? Would not the term "burlesque" be a better term than "Farical Romance?" The characters of the three adventurous lovers are not less burlesque than were those of the three Knights in ALBERT SMITH's romantic Extravaganza, *The Alhambra*, played then by ALFRED WIGAN, and Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY. So if I may take it that "Farical Romance" is only a way out of describing the piece as "burlesque," then I know how to class it; and what to expect. Now I must own

that my puzzlement is due to my own fault, for it so chanced that I did not look at the author's description of his play until after leaving the theatre. I thought I was seeing something that was intended to be as broad a farce as *Bébé*, alias *Betsy*, but I soon found that, whatever it might be, it wasn't this. It is capably acted by all, but especially, on "the Spear Side," by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH and F. KERR, the former as an effeminate Earl, and the latter as a manly Viscount. But, even from a burlesque point of view, Mr. ELLIOT overdoes the Frenchman, a part which belongs to a stage-family of Frenchmen, of which, in former times, ALFRED WIGAN was the best representative; and, later, Mons. MARIUS, who, as the French sporting nobleman, in *Family Ties*, in love with an English "Mees," and so proud of his English slang, was simply the character to the life, without any more exaggeration than was artistically necessary. On "the Spindle Side," Miss LILY HANBURY looks handsome, and is generally fairly well-suited; Miss PATTIE BROWNE has the most difficult part of the three, and it is not to be wondered at if she a bit out-tommies Tommy. Miss ELLALINE TREBIS looks, acts, and sings charmingly as *Lady Wilhelmina*, and Miss CALDWELL gives a good touch of low comedy to "the Sergeant."

The places where the fun comes in, as it does occasionally, and is therefore the more precious, are chiefly with WEEDON GROSSMITH, and in the scenes between Mr. F. KERR and Miss HANBURY. The piece is not up to the former "screamers," such as *Dandy Dick*, *The Magistrate*, and *My Aunt*, or whatever was the title of the farce in which Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH played the part of Mrs. JOHN WOOD's solicitor. The scenery by Mr. HALL is Hall good, specially the woodland scene in Overcote Park.



"We loathe Music."

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NIL."—Were the Temporal Power in existence, the LORD MAYOR, in proposing the toast of the POPE before that of the QUEEN, would have been guilty of a blunder, and we all know, on TALLEYRAND's authority, how far worse is a blunder than a crime. But the POPE, being no longer "two single gentlemen rolled into one," but simply, as it might be set down in a Play-bill of *Dramatis Personæ*, "First Bishop," and also by his own style and title, "*Servus Servorum*," the health of His Holiness (which is uncommonly good) might, in British Dominions, be introduced after that of the QUEEN and Royal Family, and could be fitted into Church and State as neatly as possible, that is, where such a toast is a necessity of the entertainment. But the stupidity of the incident has been surpassed by the idiocy of the notice taken of it, and, for the sake of the common sense of the Common Council, it is to be hoped that a large majority will be on the side of Alderman and Sheriff RENALS, and refuse to toast the LORD MAYOR on the Gridiron of LAWRENCE.

DEURY LANE OPERA RECORD.—*Bohemian Girl* going strong, *Cavalleria Rusticana* still the attraction. "Happy Thought" (*vide DEURIOLANUS's Diary*)—"Revive *La Juive*." Done it' and done it well. GIANNINI, as *Eleazaro*, excellent. *Rachele* not up to *RACHEL* in acting (for those who may remember that *tragédienne*), but Mlle. GHERLSEN, representing the Jew's daughter, does what the great *RACHEL* could not do, that is, sing. *La Juive* will be given during the Covent Garden season; so these performances may be considered as very superior rehearsals. *Carmen* on Thursday, instead of *Il Trovatore*,—the *Trovatore* being *Il*, couldn't appear. With all due sympathy and respect for *Trovatore*, *Carmen* was gratefully received. Signor PIGNALOSA, as the *Toréador*, very good, and obtained his *encore*; so this *Toréador* was "*contento*." Mlle. GUERCIJA was a fascinating *Carmen*, and what is any *Carmen* if not fascinating?



### TAKEN IN, BUT NOT DONE FOR.

(Overflow Letters, probably originally intended for a Contemporary.)

SIR,—No doubt you have seen in the papers recently a number of letters, giving accounts of the stoppage of cabs by well-dressed young men, who, after heartily greeting the occupants, have asked for the loan of a sovereign. The other day something of the same sort occurred to me. I got into an omnibus, when a man, purporting to be a Conductor, asked me for my fare. I replied that I would pay him later on. He then proceeded to mount to the roof, apparently to collect other money, when I quickly descended. I firmly believe that, had I not acted promptly, I should have been defrauded of three-pence. Believe me, yours, &c.,  
VIGILANT.

SIR,—I think you should know the last dodge. I was walking home from a rather heavy dinner the other evening, when I came across a man exactly like myself. He might have been my twin brother. He didn't say anything, but put out his hand towards me as if asking for alms. Of course I refused, as I could see that the man was drunk. A little later I was escorted home by a policeman. The next morning, when I got to the spot where I had been accosted by this silently-begging stranger, I found



### (H)ART-TEACHING IN A NUTSHELL.

Cockney Art-Teacher (to ambitious Amateur, who rather fancies himself, but has come for a few "Finishing" Lessons). "Now, YER KNOW, WHAT I SAY IS, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A ARTIST, YER SHOULD TRY TO MIKE IT SOMETHING LIKE!"

a looking-glass. The police say they have the matter in hand, but they do not see much prospect of finding the original.—T. O' BACCUS.

SIR,—As a warning to the less wary, I beg to send you the following particulars:—A short time ago I met at a Charity Banquet an Alderman who was apparently a most excellent gentleman; and I lay a stress upon this fact to show how deceptive are appearances. After the speeches, my City friend said he would like to subscribe to the benefaction. He asked me if I had change for a five-pound note. I replied I had only four pounds. He said that that would do, and that I could forward him the additional sovereign at my leisure. I then handed over the quartette of golden coins in exchange for his bank-note. Immediately afterwards I quitted the apartment to ascertain if the note was genuine. I have not seen the Alderman since. I may add that although I believe the draft a forgery, I have received its full alleged value from the Bank of England.  
CAUTION.

THE TWO HENRIES.—Congratulations to Sir HENRY ISAACS. The other Sir HENRY, which his name is HAWKINS, the Judge, observed that he had "a conviction that the case against Sir H. ISAACS ought not to go to a jury." So one HENRY had a conviction, and the other hadn't.

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 17.—LORD MAYOR of DUBLIN dropped in to pass time of day with SPEAKER. Accompanied by a score of his merry Councilmen, arrayed in scarlet cloaks trimmed with costly furs. Made ordinary Members in black coats feel very small. T. D. SULLIVAN, the Bard of Erin, long known at Westminster, is also Member of Dublin Corporation. Brought over his scarlet robes; took his seat within the Bar; other Members of Corporation, of course, kept outside sacred precincts. Some little disturbance at door when LORD MAYOR arrived in procession, preceded by Mace, and accompanied by Sword-Bearer. These wanted to enter House, and support his Lordship as he stood at Bar in alien assembly. "You enter only across my body," said the Serjeant-at-Arms, lightly, but firmly, touching the hilt of his terrible brand.

A moment's awful pause. The sword brought over from Ireland would, in weight and cubic capacity, have made ten of the rapier to which ERSKINE of Cardross had significantly called attention. When, later, it peacefully rested behind doorkeeper's chair, its mighty hilt rose above topmost height like the cross on a cathedral spire. Sword-Bearer looked at LORD MAYOR; Mace-Bearer grasped with both hands shaft of his ponderous weapon. Both warriors accustomed to public meetings in Dublin; knew what was expected of them by way of argument. LORD MAYOR happily in placable mood. Readjusting around his neck the collar of gold (the very one "MALACHI won from the proud Invader"), he bowed his head; Mace and Sword were deposited behind doorkeeper's chair, and his Lordship strode in, escorted by the crimson-gowned, fur-betrimmed City Fathers.

LORD MAYOR, supported on either side by a stately Alderman, stood at Bar holding what at first sight looked like a shillelagh.

"What have you there, my LORD MAYOR of DUBLIN?" asked the SPEAKER, in tones so stern they made the sword rattle in the scabbard on the other side of the closed door.

Nothing escapes SPEAKER's Eye when he pleases to bring it to bear on a particular focus. Had seen the implement in LORD MAYOR's hand; insisted upon knowing all about it before proceedings went further. Turned out to be nothing more dangerous than petition from Corporation of Dublin in favour of Home-Rule Bill. SPEAKER, instantly mollified, allowed it to be read; after which LORD MAYOR, bowing, retired; Mace and Sword found all right, and possession resumed. As the thin red streak filed out of doorway, T. D. S. still lingering in seat by Cross Benches, said, as he looked admiringly upon the befurred crimson robes, "Reminds me, TOBY, of a line from GOLDSMITH. You remember it in *The Deserted Village*?

"With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay."

Business done.—Eighth Night Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—Found VICARY GIBBS (well-known firm, SONS AND ANTONY GIBBS, of the City and the Universe) rather in dumps to-night. Been a burglar at family mansion in Regent's Park; the Firm at dinner; Sons standing a little meal for ANTONY; burglar took opportunity of entering by bedroom window, first observing precaution of screwing up doors, and other entrances and exits, so that he might pursue his vocation with that certainty of non-disturbance upon which all well-bred burglars insist. Loot considerable, Providence blessing the burglar with tea-pots and spoons to extent that would have excited envy in heart of HANS BREITMANN.

"Well, cheer up," I said to young VICARY; "awkward, of course, to lose this property; some of it, probably, heirlooms; at least, there was no bloodshed. You should be thankful for that."

"Not at all," said VICARY, the light of Ulster battle ditches flaming



## THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP.



in his eyes. "I should like to have shed some myself. But it isn't that, nor is it the material jewels whose disappearance I lament. They are things that are bought and sold; they may be replaced. Fact is, old friend" (hate to see a strong young man sobbing), "there was more than that."

"I didn't see anything else mentioned in the papers," I remarked. "No; we resolved to bear our burden among ourselves. I don't mind telling you, that beside the brooches, bracelets, chains, rings, and other things of that sort the fellows stole the notes I had made for speech on Home-Rule Bill. Been here night after night since

beat record; did it, talking for two hours and half by Westminster clock! Had an hour and a half served, speech would have been worthy to rank with those of ASQUITH, JOHN REDMOND, and DAVID. As it is, case one of oratorical suicide. CARSON followed; quite moderate by comparison. Spoke for little over an hour. When he sat down, it was after eight o'clock; more than one-half of possible length of sitting exhausted; only two Members taken part in Debate.

"Debate d'ye call it," said LORD MORRIS, looking on from the Peers' Gallery. "It's preaching rather—pragmatical prosing, the death of useful Parliamentary discussion."



THE PARLIAMENTARY POLKA. "PAIRS, PLEASE!"

debate opened, sitting patiently waiting to catch SPEAKER's eye. Have given up my dinner and other evening delights; night after night SPEAKER has passed me over. I waited on; everything has its compensations; the enforced delay proved invaluable, as supplying opportunity for improving original draft of speech. As I sat and listened, great thoughts surged through my mind; happy illustrations flashed upon me; irresistible arguments were slowly moulded. Jotted 'em all down. Notes getting, perhaps, a little long; couldn't have managed to work them off in less than two hours: but House would, I know, have suffered gladly for that time, or even longer. An audience that has survived two hours of ASHMEAD BARTLETT (Knight) is not disposed to mince matters. Last night resolved to get it over: told PRINCE ARTHUR to tell AKERS-DOUGLAS to arrange with SPEAKER to call me as near ten o'clock as possible. Went home for slight repast; placed notes of speech on dressing-table; thought with passing pleasure of the policeman we have kept these thirty years perambulating St. Dunstan's in view of possible burglar, and went to dinner. When I tripped upstairs, meaning to go down to House, found notes gone, and incidentally £2000 worth of jewellery. I won't disguise from you, TOBY old man, my private conviction that the whole thing was a plant. Mr. GLADSTONE's at the bottom of it!"

*Business done.*—Ninth Night Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

*Thursday.*—SEXTON made five speeches to-night, each sufficient of itself to lay foundation of parliamentary reputation. Had he spread them over the Session, or even distributed them throughout a month, would have scored great success. Unhappily worked them all off at single sitting, without other interval than succession of long pauses, arbitrarily introduced. Fancy he felt he must do something to maintain ancient reputation. GRANDOLPH and JOHN MORLEY spoke for two hours each, whilst few, having caught SPEAKER's eye, let go under ninety minutes. SEXTON must needs

House left in almost comatose state. Someone faintly moved Count; MARJORIBANKS, who had not suffered the four hours' talk, and who, by comparison with rest, seemed supernaturally active, managed to bring in what was left of forty Members, and conversation drowsily proceeded to appointed hour of closing. *Business done.*—Eleventh Night.

*Scheherazade.* "And so, my Lord, he drew his scimitar, and was about to— But excuse me, Sultan, I observe, through the oriel window, something that looks remarkably like the streak of dawn, and, if you don't mind, I'll continue the story to-morrow night."

*Schahriah, Sultan of Persia.* "Thank you, no, my dear. I have some dim recollection that, in a former state, this sort of thing went on for a Thousand and One Nights, ending in the most agreeable manner to the principal personages concerned. But that, you will admit, was in other circumstances. The world, and we, were younger then. Eleven nights of this is enough for me, and, if you would be so good as to step into the next room, I will give instructions for your being—excuse this yawn—bowstrung."

(Extracted from "The Newest Arabian Nights.")

*Saturday, 1 15 A.M.*—Members streaming back from Division Lobby; Mr. G. down on stroke of One o'clock; splendid speech—a mental and physical



Demon-Trap for Reporters.

miracle; for little over an hour he entranced an audience still suffering from two hours of HENRY JAMES, throughout which the eminent jurist sank below lowest level hitherto known of his Parliamentary capacity. PRINCE ARTHUR at his best; in brisk fighting mood; hitting out right and left: stirring TIM HEALY's soul with surging desire to get up and reply. No opportunity, so TIM snapped at him across Gangway. PRINCE ARTHUR cutting back with ever-smiling face. When, just now, Mr. G. walked in from Division Lobby, Liberals and Irish Members leaped to their feet, welcoming him with waving hats, and strident cheers. A moving scene, introducing announcement that, in House of 651 Members, every absentee accounted for, Ministerial majority ran up to 43. *Business done.*—Home-Rule Bill read Second Time.

## A PATHETIC LAMENT.

*(Respectfully addressed to one of the Promoters of the Anti-Advertisement League by a Repentant Subscriber.)*

I.  
BEING gifted with decent taste and a sensitive eye,  
I have never been much beguiled

By advertisements,  
crude in colour,  
and ten feet high  
(Which, in fact, I  
rather reviled);  
And, as for gigantic  
signs swinging up  
in the sky—  
They drove me per-  
fectly wild!

II.  
Then the lurid posters  
on paling and  
chimney-stack  
Were the terror of  
every town—  
Till a League was  
started by Mr.  
WILLIAM BLACK  
For the purpose of  
putting them  
down;  
And the sympathetic  
invited its efforts  
to back  
With an annual half-  
a-crown.

III.  
So I cheerfully paid the  
fee, and my name  
was enrolled,  
And a solemn oath I  
swore;  
(As is usual on such  
occasions, — or so  
I'm told)  
That, in future, no  
shop or store  
Which aggressively  
advertised any  
article sold  
I would patronise any  
more!

IV.  
But that mad rash oath  
I recall with a vain  
regret,  
As I brood in bitter  
complaint,  
On the number of useful  
things that I'm  
dying to get—  
And my conscience  
tells me I mayn't!  
As their various virtues  
are vaunted in  
letters of jet,  
Or gaudier gilding  
and paint!

V.  
I should like to be clean  
if I could—but I  
cannot cope,

Without saponaceous aid,  
With a shower of London smuts—and I'm losing hope,  
Getting daily a dingier shade,  
In a futile search for a genuine Toilet-soap  
That has shunned meretricious parade!

VI.  
My villa would be—when it's furnished—the cosiest nest,  
But I fear it is doomed to be bare;

For upholsterers' puffs  
are now a persistent  
pest,  
And so shamelessly  
each will declare  
His "Elegant Dining  
and Drawing-room  
suites" are the  
"cheapest and  
best"—  
That I daren't choose  
so much as a chair!

VII.  
I would fly to the Ocean  
shore, or the Conti-  
nent, [accurst;  
To escape from a lot  
But here, by my own  
parole, I'm a pris-  
oner pent!  
I must find a Com-  
pany first  
That doesn't resort to  
obtrusive advertise-  
ment—  
And the Railway ones  
are the worst!

VIII.  
And now I'm develop-  
ing symptoms of  
bodily ills,  
But, however san-  
guine I've felt,  
Of a cure from So-and-  
So's Syrup, Elixir,  
or Pills,  
Or his Neuro-magne-  
tic Belt—  
Can I buy, when their  
fame is based on a  
stratum of bills  
Down every area  
dealt?

IX.  
And even my path to a  
tranquil tomb is  
barred  
While that oath con-  
tinues to bind;  
For a coffin and funeral  
car will be some-  
what hard  
For a faithful  
adherent to find—  
When already each  
undertaker has left  
a card  
With his terms and  
"inquiries kind"!

X.  
Soyousee, Mr. WILLIAM  
BLACK, what a mess  
I've made!

And you'll own my dilemmas are due  
To the oath which I took when I followed your precious crusade.  
If its terms were drafted by you,  
You may know some ingenious means their effect to evade—  
Kindly drop me a line if you do!



TO BLACKHAM'S BOYS.  
*(The Australian Cricketers have arrived in England.)*

WELCOME, JOHN MCCARTHY BLACKHAM,  
And his boys! 'Tis safe to back 'em,  
GIFFEN, BANNERMAN, and TURNER,  
To teach BULL—a cheerful learner!

Austral Cricket "up to date."  
BRUCE and TRUMBLE—rather late—  
Owing to Lutetia's charms!  
Soon will join their chums in arms.  
LYONS and M'LEOD are ready;  
Dashing GEORGE and ALEC steady,  
And the others, prompt to pitch 'em  
(Stumps) on the old sward at Mitcham.

Punch will wish you all fair weather,  
And fair luck! Now, all together!!!  
May we meet 'em oft—and whack 'em  
Fairly—these brave boys of BLACKHAM!

HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED.—What is  
wanted just now is a "*J bez Corpus*" Act.



### "SCOT-FREE."

*Sir Henry Hawkins (to Justice). "I CAN'T TOUCH THEM. IT'S TIME YOU DID!"*

[See next page.]

**AN AIRY NOTHING.**—According to a Radical paper "the poor man's tobacco pays 10½d. in the shilling to taxation, while the rich man's cigar pays only ½d. in the shilling to taxation." This may be very true, but is the question worth discussing? It is sure to end in smoke!

**HOW THEY ARE SERVED IN SERBIA.**—Among some interesting items, a telegram informed us how "the Young King presided

at a Council of Ministers. The ceremonial is the same as during his father's time, only two guards stand at the door, and *refreshments are handed round at short intervals.*" The italics are ours. Rather! What a pleasant Cabinet Council. Why isn't the convivial plan adopted here? Mr. G., in the chair, would knock the table with the hammer every ten minutes and call out, "Give your orders, Gents! the Waiter's in the room!" A real Harmonious Meeting.





### "WITHOUT PREJUDICE."

Miss Jeannie (to Elderly Spinster). "I'M GLAD MAUD IS GOING TO BE MARRIED TO SIR GUY. I'M SURE THEY'LL BE HAPPY, THEY'RE SO WELL MATCHED!"

Elderly Spinster aforesaid (who has had her eye on Sir Guy for the last two years). "I DON'T AT ALL AGREE WITH YOU. SIR GUY WOULD HAVE DONE FAR BETTER TO HAVE CHOSEN ONE OF HIS OWN HEIGHT!"

### THE FUTURE HOPED BY HAWKINS.

(A Cockney Carol by a cruelly-used Coster-Investor. With apologies to clever Albert Chevalier.)

"I desire to express, and I cannot do it too strongly, that there is no credit to be attached to the conduct of the directors in this particular case. It would be more satisfactory to me if directors had a proper sense of their responsibility. It is a cruel thing that people should be deluded out of their savings by high-sounding names. At the same time, there is no criminal law which will punish a director who scandalously neglects his duty, though he takes his money. I think the law might well be altered."—Mr. Justice Hawkins.]

AYE.—"The Future Mrs. 'Awkins."

I'm done, my little doner! I'm jest about a goner!  
My savings all U. P. I!  
You always said I shouldn't; but resist big names I couldn't,  
No, they fairly nobbled me.  
Now Mister Justice 'AWKINS, 'onest 'ENERY HAWKINS,  
Some Directors' wool does comb,  
So 'elp me bob, I'm crazy. I must ha' bin a daisy!  
Won't it bust our 'umble 'ome!

(Spoken or sung.) Won't it!  
O LIZER! Sweet LIZER!  
If I die in the Big 'Ouse, I'll only 'ave myself to blame.  
D'y'ear, LIZER? Dear LIZER!  
Fancy me bein' nicked by a 'high-soundin' name!

At their sly board-meetin's wot must be their greetin's!  
Oh, they knows wot they're about!  
The public tin they close up, at us turns their nose up—  
Fox and Guinea-pigs—no doubt.  
I likes their style, dear LIZER. Ain't it a surpriser?  
Cop me on the 'op like this!!

Sure, I must be dreamin'! In my sleep start screamin'.

There, don't cry, old gal! Let's kiss!

(Spoken or sung.) Come now!

O LIZER! Dear LIZER!

If I lose yer luv by this I'll only 'ave myself to blame!

D'y'ear, LIZER? Dear LIZER!

'Onest 'ENERY 'AWKINS sez it's a dashed shame!

Hartful as a "bonnet," you depend upon it,

Mister Fox, with tail sly-curl'd!

Jest about the sweetest, neatest, and completest

Diddle in the wide, wide world.

Wot sez 'ENERY 'AWKINS, 'onest 'ENERY 'AWKINS?

Law wants alterin' right away.

P'raps it may be one day, but were it next Monday,

Me and you 'twould not repay!

(Spoken or sighed.) Would it?

O LIZER! Sweet LIZER!

Strikes me wot is called the Law is often fuss, and fraud, and fudge!

But dear LIZER! D'y'ear, LIZER?

Mister Justice 'AWKINS is a fust-class Judge!

QUERY AT SOME FASHIONABLE SEA-SIDE RESORT.—Do the unpleasant odours noticeable at certain times arise from the fact of the tide being high? If so, is the tide sometimes higher than usual, as the—ahem!—odours certainly are?

SHAKESPEARIAN QUESTION TO A COMPANY.—(To be replied to in the negative.)—"What, are you HANSARD yet?" (Mer. of Venice, iv., 1.)

SONG FOR AN EMPEROR AFTER A (FRIENDLY) VISIT TO CANOSSA.—  
"Be it ever so humbling, there's no place like Rome!"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 21.*—House nearly Counted Out just now, although it's Budget Night and usual Resolutions not yet passed. Catastrophe averted, and sitting continued. CHILDERS come back to old scene. Looking on from below Gallery, says it's the quietest Budget Night he remembers. Usually scene one of seething excitement. One or more Trades expect taxes affecting them will either go up or go down. Lobby besieged by anxious representatives. Nothing of the sort to-night. When SQUIRE of MALWOOD rose to expound his mystery, Benches not fuller than on ordinary night. Of those present there was no speculation in the eyes they turned upon the CHANCELLOR standing at table. The SQUIRE, a great Parliamentary artist, attuned voice and manner to prevailing tone; avoided anything approaching oratorical style; plain business statement to make; accomplished it in fine head-clerklly manner.

An unfailling tradition about Budget Speech is that it shall contain at least one quotation from the Classics. Mr. G. from year to year observed this custom with splendid effect. LOWE'S *Ex iluce lucellum* is famous in history; nearly became the epitaph of a Ministry; certainly was the funeral wail over a carefully-constructed Budget. The SQUIRE to-night felt bound to observe tradition; but in accordance with his nature did it modestly, adventuring nothing more recondite than citation of the familiar line that serves to mark WREN'S resting-place in Westminster Abbey. TOMMY BOWLES took opportunity of remarking that he was "disappointed with the Budget." This mental attitude, though not quite unexpected, threw fresh gloom over proceedings, and talk, reduced to whisper, finally died out.

*Business done.*—Budget brought in.

*Tuesday.*—The young men behind PRINCE ARTHUR out on the war-path. "Tell you what," says LEGH of Lyme; "let's have BRYCE'S scalp."

"By the Holy Roman Empire, yes!" cried GEORGE CURZON, to whom genial observation was addressed. "Let's get at him about his snubbing SEFTON, in matter of appointment of Lancashire County Magistrates. 'Twill serve a double debt to pay. We'll have a lark—' *Quelles alouettes!* ' as it is written in the French translation of *Great Expectations*, in the passage reporting conversation between Pip and Joe Gargery. Moreover than which, we'll put a spoke in business arrangements of Mr. G., and stave off Home Rule by so long."

"Be careful," said PRINCE ARTHUR; "ticklish subject, you know. They're sure to have HALSBURY up, and there unquestionably was a degree of monotony about his appointments to Commission of Peace."

"Oh, bother HALSBURY," said CURZON, to whom nothing is sacred. "He's used to it by this time. You know what happened to the viper who bit the Cappadocian's hide?" HALSBURY'S all right."

"Boys will be boys," said PRINCE ARTHUR, looking at them regretfully, and thinking of his own forty-five years. "But perhaps it will be just as well if I clear out;" which he did, and so missed a lively debate.

That Elderly Young Man, HANBURY, not in best form for such

operations. Lacks lightness of touch. HENRY JAMES also better out of it. Gave performance serious turn, when he declared that in borough of Bury BRYCE, as soon as he came into office, appointed eight Magistrates, all Liberals. That sounded very bad; Mr. G. looked serious; some disposition shown on Treasury Bench to draw apart from BRYCE. All very well to talk about HALSBURY'S goings on; but if this sort of thing done by Liberal purists, things seem rotten all round. When BRYCE came to reply, he quietly added to JAMES'S statement of ease that, when he went to the Duchy, he found of eighteen Magistrates sixteen were Unionists, only two Liberals. He had, it is true, appointed six Liberals and two working-men, whose politics he did not know. Bury Bench, accordingly, now consisted of sixteen Unionists, eight Liberals, and two working-men. Members wondered if JAMES knew that when he made his statement? Hoped he didn't. All very well with wig and gown on, and brief in hand; but House doesn't like this kind of thing in debate.

CURZON'S statement about sad condition of Magisterial Bench at Southport, owing to machinations of an iniquitous Chancellor of the Duchy, turned out to be not more completely based on fact than was JAMES'S. But difference of manner in dealing with case, everything. No one took CURZON seriously, and so no harm done. His explanation of preponderance of Conservative Magistrates on Lancashire Bench delightful. As good as some touches of DIZZY, of whose younger, lighter manner, he much reminded old-stagers. It was true, he admitted that, on Lancashire Bench, preponderance of Magistrates was with Conservatives. (Chancellor of Duchy gave figures as he found them arranged when he came into office. On the Borough Benches, 507 Unionists, against 159 Liberals; on the County Bench, 522 Unionists, against 142 Liberals, a proportion of nearly four to one.) But how had it been brought about? asked the Strayed Reveller from the Corea. "Why, it is because the disturbing, mischievous policy of the Right Hon. Gentleman opposite" (this with indignant sweep of the arm towards Mr. G., feigning sleep on the Treasury Bench) "has driven into the opposite ranks most of the intelligent, respectable men, from whom Justices are chosen."

On Division, Vote of Censure on BRYCE negatived by 260 votes; against 186. "I'm not sure," said JOKIM, whose

views of humour are limited, "that, what I may call the gain of three hours lost, is worth the price paid; to wit, the opportunity given to BRYCE of disclosing the actual state of things in Lancashire in the matter of Magisterial Bench, and the consequent doubling of the Ministerial Majority."

"Well, as I remarked before," said Prince ARTHUR, who had come back for the Division, "Boys will be boys."

*Business done.*—Employers' Liability Bill, with aid of Closure, read Second Time.

*Thursday.*—Pretty to watch Mr. G. struggling with feeling of expediency against temptation to make a speech. House in Committee on Budget Bill; JOKIM been discoursing at large on its proposals. Quite lively. SQUIRE of MALWOOD looked on, listening with generous approval, albeit he was target for JOKIM'S jocularities. This time last year positions reversed. It was he criticising JOKIM'S Budget. Now it was JOKIM'S turn, and the SQUIRE magnanimously stood the racket. Mr. G. sat by his side, an attentive listener,



"At the Sign of the 'Budget Shop.'"

evidently strongly drawn to join in the fray. But it was plainly the SQUIRE's show, and its direction must be left to him. When there followed long succession of eminent men discussing Budget, Mr. G. felt that if he remained any longer he must yield to temptation. Accordingly, withdrew from scene. Returned again an hour later; still harping on the Budget; the SQUIRE had spoken twice, and there seemed nothing to be done but to work off whatever remaining speeches had been prepared in Opposition camp.

DORINGTON dragged in case of farmer, and small landowner; conversation turned on Depression of Agriculture; the WOOLWICH INFANT presented himself to view of sympathetic House as specimen of what a man of ordinarily healthy habits might be brought to by necessity of paying Income-tax on the gross rental of house property. A procession of friends of the Agriculturist was closed by portly figure of CHAPLIN, another effective object-lesson suitable for illustration of lectures on Agricultural Depression. Mr. G., feeling there was no necessity for speech, had resolutely withstood the others. CHAPLIN at the table, proved irresistible. To him, CHAPLIN is embodiment of the heresy of Protection, Bi-metallism, and other emanations of the Evil One. When CHAPLIN sat down, PREMIER romped in, and, having delivered the inevitable speech, went off home, soothed, and satisfied.

*Business done.*—Budget Scheme passed through Committee.

*Friday.*—Almost forgot we still have House of Lords. Shall be reminded of their existence by-and-by. For the nonce, they are courteously quiescent, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. Just a little flare-up to-night. Ireland, of course; CAMPERDOWN wanting to know what about the Evicted Tenants Commission? Are the Government going to legislate upon it, or will they forbear? SELBORNE supernaturally solemn; dragged in JAMES THE SECOND as the nearest approach to any head of a Government quite so wicked as Mr. G. Lords much interested in this. Don't hear so much now of JAMES THE SECOND as we did when at school. The establishment of points of resemblance between Governments of his day and that presided over by Mr. G., a novelty in debate. Imparted to political controversy a freshness long lacking.

Just after seven, debate adjourned. For all practical purposes, it might as well have been concluded. But House doesn't get many opportunities of debate; not disposed riotously to squander this chance one.

*Business done.*—Commons had Morning Sitting; scrupulously devoted the last five minutes of it to public business.

*OPERATIO NOTE.*—There's not much magic about *The Magic Ring* at the Prince of Wales's until the Second Act, in which the extravagantly comic "business" of Messrs. MONKHOUSE and KAYE, the burlesque acting of Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN, and the comic trio dance between the two low comedians and the sprightly soprano, Miss MARIE HALTON, are worth the whole of Act I. When is burlesque not burlesque? When it is Comic Opera. Burlesque was reported dead. Not a bit of it, only smothered; and it may come up fresh for a long run, or at all events, "fit" for a good spurt.

EVEN the old-fashionedest Toriest of Tory Farmers are longing, hoping, and even praying, for the downfall of the Rain. If we don't have it soon, and it may have arrived ere this appears, Marrowfats, as *articles de luxe*, will be "Peas at any price!"



### MISPLACED MERRIMENT.

*Irish Doctor (who was a great believer in a little "playful badinage").* "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! AN' WHAT A TERRIBLE DEPRESSIN' SOIGHT YE 'VE GONE AN' MADE OV YERSILF! WHAT IS UT NOW, IS UT A 'TABLEAU VEEVANT' YE 'RE PLAYIN' AT, OR WHAT!"

[Further attendance dispensed with.]

### PANEFUL!

It was the Palace of the Board,  
The Board of London's Schooling,  
Where Members lately have enjoyed  
Some high artistic fooling.

"Oh, why"—hear Mr. COXHEAD plead,  
In tones of sheer amazement—  
"Do hideous faces wrought in glass  
Stare down from every casement!"

Then up spake General MOBERLY,  
The Board's supreme apologist,  
And told them all the time of day  
Like any good horologist.

"The Architect," quoth he, "had planned  
To grave upon the panes  
Portraits of bygone Classic wights,  
Of British youth the banes.

"But as the Chairman of the Works'  
Committee he had said,  
That CICERO should be deposed,  
And DIGGLE reign instead.

"To oust HERODOTUS would be  
An inexpensive job,  
And SOCRATES should be bowled out  
By a seductive LOBB."

Further, he argued that it would  
Only be right and manly  
If ARCHIMEDES did resign  
His pane to LYULPH STANLEY.

And out he brought his final word  
Both modestly and soberly—  
"I think that JULIUS CÆSAR might  
Give place to General MOBERLY!"

O Boardmen, shall the little plan  
Be thus allowed to pass?  
It will, unless your Veto stop  
This filling of the glass!

### TO ZANTE.

(An Appeal. After E. A. Poe.)

"FAIR Isle, that from the fairest of all  
flowers  
Thy gentlest of all gentle names doth  
take!"  
How many memories of fierce seismic powers  
At sight of thee, as now thou art, awake!  
How many scenes of what departed bliss!  
How many thoughts of what entombéd  
hopes!  
Did FALB foresee such ruinous wreck as  
this?  
No more sits Peace upon thy verdant  
slopes!  
Subscriptions! Ah, that magical sweet  
sound  
Appeals to all, or *should* appeal. More!  
More!  
Suffering demands still *more*! Charity's  
ground  
Punch now must hold thy flower-enamelled  
shore,  
O Hyacinthine Isle! O purple Zante!  
"Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

NEW NAME FOR IT. (By a non-believer  
in the much-talked-of—and talking—  
"League").—Imperial Fad-oration!



## A LAMENT.

*Little Simpkins.* "NEARLY ALL OUR BEST MEN ARE DEAD! CARLYLE, TENNYSON, BROWNING, GEORGE ELIOT!—I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL MYSELF!"

## "IN THE KEY OF RUTHENE."

[The most gorgeous red yet discovered has lately been produced from the rare metal ruthenium.]

Who'll sell me a second-hand lyre and a plectrum,  
Or (since it's the fashion) a mandoline?  
Con amore I'd sing the new shade of the spectrum—  
No spook, though it haunts me—its name is Ruthene.

Nay, don't be alarmed, for I'm no supersubtle  
Decadent bard with an eye full of green;  
I merely (to copy the late *Captain Cuttle*)  
Am "making a note" in the key of Ruthene.

Well, R's a red letter, you see its ray glow forth—  
Look in your "dic" if you doubt what I mean;  
Red, rufous, rouge, ruddy, rose, russet, and so forth,  
Have all rolling r's like resplendent Ruthene.

More "clamant" than carmine, vermilion, crimson,  
Costlier than diamond or ultramarine—  
A deuce of a theme to chant lyrics or hymns on,  
Or rummage for orotund "rot," is Ruthene.

Orange-bued are the Odalisque's henna-dyed fingers,  
English girls' lips are encarnadine;  
A rubicund flame round the toper's nose lingers—  
But I'm blest if they rival the blush of Ruthene.

Pink huntsman, gules ensign, deep flush of the sunset,  
Cardinal's scarlet, "red" gold have I seen,  
With red ruin, red rhubarb, red herring—but none set  
My iris afire as does red-hot Ruthene.

The quest, though, is simpler of Roo's egg or Sangreal,  
Easier to fashion a flying machine,  
Than for my Muse to fake up (forgive Cockney slang) real  
Readable rhymes in praise of Ruthene.

## THE SCOTTISH TREVELYANDERER.

(*Mr. Hozier's Version.*)

[MR. HOZIER (on the Second Reading of the "Registration of Votes (Scotland) Amendment Bill") said, "the fame of Mr. GERRY, the Governor of Massachusetts, would sink into insignificance if this Bill were to pass. In future they would not talk of Gerrymandering, but of Trevelyandering. . . . Trevelyandering, however, was a game at which two could play; in fact, in the words of the poet, they might fairly say:—

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,  
And possibly two can Trevelyander!"]

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

SOME talk of Gerrymander, and some of HERCHELLES,  
OF HALSBURY and Mr. BRYCE, and such great names as these.  
But of all the world's great jobbers (swears HOZIER) none compare  
With the job, job, job, job, job, job, of the "Tre-vel-yan-der-er!"

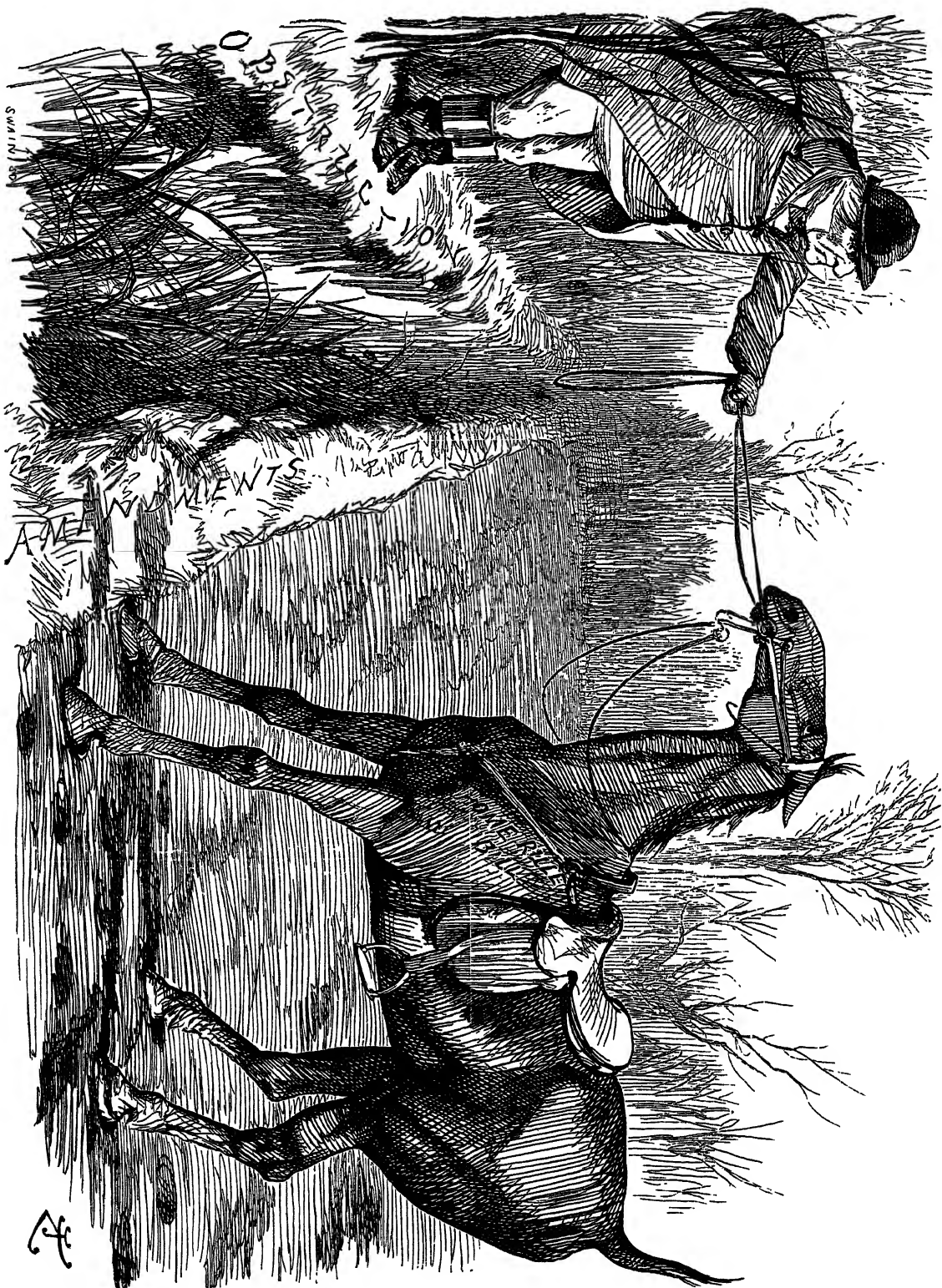
GERRY, of Massachusetts, was smartish, for his time,  
But HOZIER "goes one better," it moves his soul to rhyme.  
Our Scottish Wegg (*sans* timber leg) drops into verse—though queer,  
About the game—which two can play—of the "Tre-vel-yan-de-rer!"

There's Jove, the god of thunder, and Mars, the god of war,  
Brave Neptune, with his trident, but here's a greater, far!  
HOZIER-Apollo now is seen descending from his sphere  
To string betimes impromptu rhymes on the "Tre-vel-yan-de-rer!"

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those  
Who, "dropping into poetry," leave lesser wits to prose,  
And especially to HOZIER, who raised a ringing cheer,  
By his doggerel delightful on the "Tre-vel-yan-de-rer!"

MR. G. "SHADOWED."—Of course even Mr. G. cannot be "The Shadowless Man," except under the terms of that weird story, "which is impossible." The Police have arrived at one important point about the recently arrested TOWNSEND. They now say, "We know that man, he comes from Sheffield."





# THE "POINT TO POINT RACE."

(OVER THE COMMITTEE COURSE.)





## A WORK OF-SOME IMPORTANCE.

"LET who will give me a plot, I will write their dialogue." (Extract from *Uncommon-place Book* of Mr. O. WILDE.) Now when the author of *A Woman of No Importance* and of *Lady Windermere's Fan* has to find his own materials for a plot ("Playwrights' materials for plots made up." *Idea for Literary and Dramatic Advertisement.* Note-book, O. W.)—well, he does find them, and makes them his own. ("Adoption not adaptation. A clear distinction.—N.B. I confer the 'distinction.'" O. W.) Certainly "Our OSCAR" possesses the happy knack of turning out some well-polished epigrams up to Drawing-room date. And so it happens that, during the first two Acts, when Mr. WILDE's *dramatis personæ* are all gathered together, with nothing to do and plenty to say, their conversation is light and airy, with an occasional sparkler coming out ("A summer night, with, at intervals, a brilliant meteor flashing through the sky." *Uncom. P. B.*, O. W.), that crackles, goes pop like the weasel of the old song, and "then is heard no more," as was the case with *Macbeth's* poor player, and, as he was a poor player, his fate was not undeserved.—(Mem. "A *Lady Nickleby* or *Duchesse de Malapropos*, to misquote.—For example, she might say, as quoting *Shakespeare*, 'Life's but a walking candle.'" O. W.) We all remember how poor Mr. Dick couldn't keep King Charles's Head out of his manuscript. The Author of *No Importance* is simi-

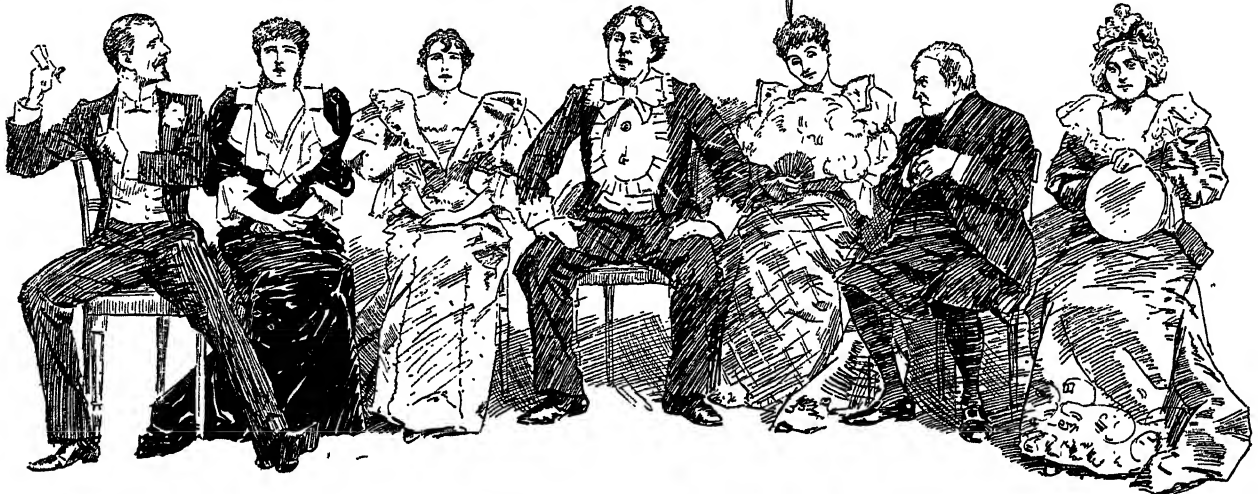
Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, the success is mainly due; and "for this relief much thanks." It is here and in the comedy characters of the *Archdeacon* (Mr. KEMBLE excellent in this) and of *Lady Caroline Pontefract* (who couldn't have a better representation than Miss LE THIÈRE) that Mr. O. WILDE shows what he can do as a writer of comedy, both in the quality of the material and its introduction at the right moment. ("The right speech at the wrong moment, or the wrong speech at the right moment, both are fatal. Thus it is that comedies become tragedies, and tragedies comedies." U. P. N. B., O. W.) At the Haymarket the "play's" not "the thing," it is the playing. ("Likewise the writing." O. W.)

However, it is not for the plot, or for the Bulwery-Lyttony orations, or for the familiar melodramatic situations that audiences will seek the Haymarket. No, it will be to hear the Christy-Minstrel epigrammatic dialogue in the first two Acts, to laugh heartily at Miss LECLERCQ as *Lady Nickleby Hunstanton*, to smile on the *Archdeacon* and *Lady Caroline*, and to enjoy the first-rate acting all round.

MEMS. FROM THE O. W. UNCOMMONPLACE BOOK.

"Essentials for success of modern play are 'Latitude and Platitude.' First being risky is saved by second."

Receipt for Play-making.—First catch your epigrams: preserve



Massa Beerbones Lord Shillingworth.

Massa Johnson O'Wilde.

Dr. Proudie Kemble of Barchester.

Lady Nickleby Leclercq.

## CHRISTY MINSTRELS OF NO IMPORTANCE.

larly affected. Left to himself for a plot, he cannot keep melodrama out of his play, and what ought to have been a comedy pure and simple (or the reverse) drops suddenly into old-fashioned theatrical melodrama. During the first two Acts *Lady Hunstanton*, *Lady Caroline Pontefract*, *Mrs. Allonby*, *Lord Illingworth*, *The Venerable James Daubeny, D.D.*, talk on pleasantly enough until interrupted by the sudden apparition of the aforesaid King Charles the First's Head, represented by the wearisome tirades, tawdry, cheap, and conventional, belonging to the Lytton-Bulwerian-Money period of the Drama, of which a considerable proportion falls to the share of the blameless Miss JULIA NEILSON, who, as *la belle Américaine*, HESTER WORSLEY, in her attitude towards her audience, resembles the blessed *Glendoveer*, inasmuch as it is "hers to talk, and ours to hear." Deeply, too, does everyone sympathise with lively Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, who, as *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, a sort of up-to-date *Mrs. Haller*, is condemned to do penance in a kind of magpie costume of black velvet, relieved by a dash of white, rather calling to mind the lady whom CHARLES DICKENS described as "*Hamlet's Aunt*," her funereal attire being relieved by a whitened face with tear-reddened eyes. It is these two characters, with *Gerald Arbuthnot*, Mr. FRED TERRY, who, like the three gruesome personages in *Don Giovanni*, will intrude themselves into what might have been a pleasant, interesting comedy of modern manners, if only it had had a good comedy plot.

Taken as a whole, the acting is admirable. Mr. TREE, as the titled cad, *Lord Illingworth*, is perfect in make-up and manner. Certainly one of the many best things he has done. It is a companion portrait to the other wicked nobleman in *The Dancing Girl*. ("There is another and a worse wicked nobleman." N. B., O. W.) But this is no fault, and, indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find fault with Mr. TREE's *Lord Illingworth*. Mrs. TREE, as *Mrs. Allonby*, is a very charming battledore in the game of repartee-shuttlecock, who with eight other principal characters in the piece, has nothing whatever to do with the plot. To the character of *Lady Hunstanton*, as written in the *Mrs. Nickleby* vein, and as played by

them for use: serve with *sauce piquante un peu risquée* distributed impartially among a variety of non-essential *dramatis personæ*, invented for the purpose. Provide fine old crusted copybook moral sentiments, to suit *bourgeois* palate: throw in the safe situation of some one concealed, behind door or window, listening to private conversation. Add one well-tried effective dramatic situation to bring down curtain on penultimate Act, and there's a stage-dish to set before the appreciative B. P., if only it can be presented to them effectively garnished by a clever and popular Manager at a first-class theatre.

## FLOWERS OF FASHION.

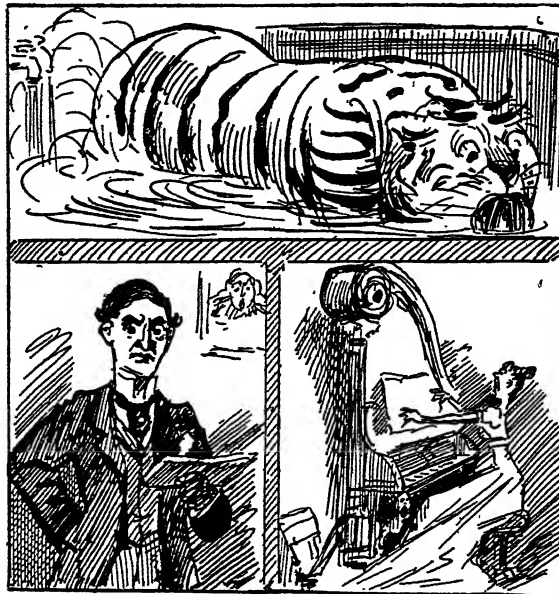
THE Botanical Afternoon Fête of last Wednesday was a brilliant gathering in brilliant weather. Privileged is "the Inner Circle" to have in its midst these lovely gardens. "The Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la!" were all out uncommonly early—long before the earliest worm, which hasn't a chance against these very early risers. "All a-growing!" on the part of the flowers, and "all a-blowing" on the part of the Band of the Second Life Guards. Among the distinguished company present we noticed the Crimson Queen, looking immensely well, the blushing Duchess of ALBANY, the Duchesse de VALLOMBROSA, Admiral COUBERT, in a striking costume of "deep yellow splashed with red" (where *had* he been?), the Ladies DAPHNE PINK and CALLAS WHITE, and Maréchal NIEL. For "*Uriah Heep*," who "loves to be 'umble," a Silver Medal was awarded to Mr. PIKE. "The prize, that's my point," observed the sharp PIKE. Funny Fish PIKE.

A PENNY WISE.—The new import of the latest Budget may be aptly called "*A Penny for your Thoughts*," as no one pays a tax upon his income as it really exists, but as (for Income-tax assessment purposes) he believes it to be.

## THE PICK OF THE R.A. PICTURES.



No. 37. The Knight of the Graceful Curve. See remarkable figure in George E. Robertson's picture.



No. 17. The Hare Apparent trying to study a part under considerable difficulties, as shown in Nos. 18 and 19.  
(*Vide Notes, p. 215.*)



No. 220. Queen of Golf Clubs. "I'm going a golfing, Sir, she said. You see I've Gotch 'em in my hand." T. C. Gotch.



No. 159. Mr. Henry Irving in his Dressing-room studying a New Part. Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.



No. 470. Worse Halves coming Home. A Half-vest Scene. It is called "The Army of Peace," but it seems to be "An Army in Pieces." F. W. Loring.



Nos. 586 (by Louis Falero), 590 (by St. George Hare), 591 (*encore* Falero). Awkward Position of an Unprofessional Sitter at a Studio when the Models have arrived, but the Artist hasn't yet turned up.



No. 217. The New Toy. Little Tottie's Mechanical Bird. Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.



No. 131. The Sea Serpent! Caught at last!! General rejoicings!!! Frank Dicksee, R.A.



No. 218. His First Cigar. G. F. Watts, R.A.

No. 18. *John Hare, Esq.*, as seen and painted by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., "*The Hare Apparent*"—to every spectator. But what an unpleasant position! The eminent Actor is either studying a part, or has the Box-office account-book in his hand, and wants a quiet moment for serious thought or close calculation; and yet, in the next room to him (No. 19), one of Mr. ORCHARDSON'S young ladies is singing and playing a yellow chrome-atic scale, and in the room overhead (No. 17), Mr. NETTLESHIP'S tiger has broken loose, and is taking a bath. When rescued from these surroundings, this will remain at home a Hare-loominous picture for the family.

No. 28. "*Toe-Toe chez Ta-Ta*." Miss TOETOE, in blue, at work and looking down, says to the other girl, TATA, who is maliciously smiling at her, "Oh dear! I do hope that no one will look at my right thumb or my toes! O Mr. WOODS, A., why was my right thumb left like this?"

No. 34. In this Mr. MORLEY FLETCHER shows us a Female Martyr in Tomartyr-coloured dress, preparatory to being taken off to the *Auto da fé*.

No. 45. "*An Undress Rehearsal*." STUART G. DAVIS.

No. 49. "*On the Temple Steps*." By JOHN GRIFFITHS. For years we've known that GRIFFITHS is "the safe man" to follow. But, unless this is a work of pure imagination, anyone well acquainted with the Temple Pier and the Temple Steps will naturally ask, "Where are the Steam-boats?"

Nos. 51, 52, and 53. The first is a Harmony in Sea by Mr. HENRY MOORE, A., and the second is Mr. MILLER'S—(WILLIAM not JOSEPH MILLER)—*Colonel Hornsby-Drake*. This Drake seems out of his element, as he ought to have been floating about with the wild fowl that belong naturally to the picture below.

Nos. 63—66.

"Four little whitey boys out for a run,  
Ate early greeny food. Then there were none!"

Painted by AMY SAWYER. "Not a work of imagination, my dear little boys, because you were seen by AMY—that is, AMY saw yer!"

No. 70. *Study in Pâtisserie*. Design for a chocolate ornament covered with sugar. Recommended by Messrs. CLARK AND HAMILTON.

No. 71. *Lion in Desert*. Very tame. Mr. HERBERT DICKSEE.

No. 76. *The New Skirt Dance*. \*\* We strongly recommend the study of this picture to admirers of the "Skirt Dance." It shows how one of the male sex may attempt it—that is, according to the idea of the designer, HERBERT DICKSEE.



No. 375. Disturbed by Wopses. Arthur Hacker.

a Presbyterian "Elder" named "BUSH." But it isn't. Look at it. It is the sweetest, most natural, perfectest of charming "bits" of rural Nature in the whole show. There's no beating about this bush; in fact this Elder Bush is one that is very hard to beat.

No. 130. *His Grace the Duke of Devonshire*. Encore! Bravo, Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER. You're are a-going it this year, you are. Sir! You've given the Duke all his Grace, and there's a kind of orange tint about him, which, just now, is not without its political signification.

No. 132. We must go to Kennington (T. B. KENNINGTON) to see "*The Queen of Love*." She is sitting on a tiger's skin, and has her hand on the head of the savage beast, which shows its fangs. "A fang-see subject," says 'ARRY JOKER.

No. 153. *Honeymooners*. "Here we are again!" Same kind of Stone Fruit from MARCUS STONE, R.A. "Sparkles this Stone as it was wont!"—*Cymbeline*, ii., 4. [To be continued in our next.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET LAST SATURDAY.—H.R.H. made one of his usually happy speeches; the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the Earl of ROSEBERRY, and Lord HEESCHELL represented the comedy element; while Lord KELVIN and Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN were perfect in what, theatrically speaking, is termed "the heavy lead;" and certainly their speeches were—ahem!—weighty. Pretty to note how His Scarlet-robed Eminence entered the room, not only with a grace all his own, but with His Grace of CANTERBURY as well. Never was the President, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, more effective in all his speeches, and especially when replying to the toast of "The Academy," where the perfection of his speech lay in the subtle concealment of its art, and in the genuine earnestness of his advice to students *urbi et orbi*.

SPORTING ANSWER (*Garden*).—TOTTIE: The flower you have forwarded to us is not a flower at all. It is an East African rhinoceros. We have returned it as requested, by parcel post.



## ALL-A-BLOWING!

(A Cockney Pastoral in Spring time.)

WHO-O-O-F! It's hot amost as Summer-time; yet what a blessed breeze  
Is a-whiffing round the corners, and a-whoostling through the trees!  
And the sunlight on the roof-slates, all aslant to the blue sky,  
Seems to twinkle like the larfter  
in a pooty gurl's blue eye.  
When you swing in the dance,  
and she feels you've got'er  
step:  
And the trees—ah! bless their  
branches!—through the winter  
weeks they've slep',  
When the worrying winds would  
let 'em, all as black and mum  
as mutes,  
A-waiting for the blackbirds, with  
their calls like meller flutes,  
Just to whistle them awake like.  
Oh! but now they stir and rouse  
Like a girl who has bin dreamin'  
of her lover in a drowse,  
And wakes up to feel 'is kisses on  
'er softly poutin' lips.  
How they burst, all a-thirst for  
the April shower that drips  
Tinkle-tink from leaf to leaf,  
washing every spraylet clean  
From the sooty veil of London,  
which might dim the buddin'  
green  
Of the pluckiest lime-tree,  
sproutin' o'er brown pales in a  
back-yard;  
For these limes bud betimes, and  
they find it middlin' hard  
To make way at windy corners,  
when the lamp as lights 'em  
through,  
Like gold on green in pantomimes,  
is blown till it burns blue,  
By the angry nor-east gusts.  
But the nor-east wind to-day  
Is less like a rampin' lion than  
some new-born lamb at play.  
Wy, the laylock's out aready,  
purple spires and creamy clumps.  
Oh, that scent of shower-washed  
laylock! There's a somethin'  
in me jumps  
As I ketch it round some corner,  
where the heart-shaped leaflets  
small  
Cluster up against the stucco, as  
they did about that wall,  
Grey, and gritty, and glass-spiked,  
of our tumble-down old cot  
Out Epping way, in boy-time long  
ago, and quite a lot  
Of remembrances came crowding,  
like good ghostes, in that  
scent;  
There's the mother's call to  
dinner, there's the landlord's  
call—for rent!  
And the call of the rooks,—and another call, fur off,  
Like a whisper from a grave-yard, green and silent.

At a Cockney's chat of laylocks. I could bury my old phiz  
In their crisp and nutty coolness, as I did when flirty LIZ,  
My first sweetheart, sent me packing, one Spring mornin'—for a  
while—  
And them blossoms cooled my anger—most as much as the arch  
Which won me back to wooin'.

There's a blackbird on the top  
Of yon tall, half bare acacia, pipes as if he'd never stop,  
Tryin' all his tunelets over, like a sort of talking flute:—  
"Chip-chip! Tsee-tsee! Chu-chu! Chu-rook!" goes the bird  
of sable suit.  
"We-know-it! We-know-it! We-know-it! Bring-the-whip!—  
the whip!—the whip!  
Chu-rook-chu-chu! Chu-rook-chu-chu! Tsee-tsee-chu-chu-chip-  
chip!!!"

So he pours his pantin' heart out in a song half tune, half patter,  
Like a meller music-haller of the tree-tops!

Ah—what matter  
That 'tis only London's outskirts, that I'm a poor Cockney cove,  
When this Wondrous Spring is on us? As my shallow on I shove,  
And blare out my "All-a-blowing, All-a-growing!" down the  
streets,  
There's a something fresh and shining-like in every face I meets!

'Tis the Spring-love breaking  
through them! Wy, the very  
dirt looks clean  
In the shimmer of the sunlight,  
and the shadow of the green.  
All-a-blowing! All-a-growing!  
When I shout, I seem to sing,  
For my cry takes on a music.  
It's the very Voice of Spring!

## THE DEARTH OF GENIUSES.

(Dedicated to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.)

cried Genius A. to Genius B.,  
"Let's summon Genius C.,  
And, to make a *partie carrée*, we  
will call in Genius D."  
And when they were assembled  
these solemn four sat down,  
And they all read Mr. BALFOUR's  
speech, and read it with a frown.

Said Genius A., "No Geniuses?  
By Heaven, he's talking rot!"  
And Genius B. replied thereto,  
"I can't say he is not."  
And C. and D., the poets, who  
warble like the birds,  
Agreed with Genius A. and B. in  
scorning BALFOUR's words.

"A Genius *may* arise, he says;  
that's coming it too strong;  
Why, dash it, I can count up three  
in prose and eke in song!"  
Thus A. began; the three replied,  
"You're not an egoist;  
You quite forgot to add yourself,  
and so complete the list."

"We'll prove it on the spot,"  
declared dramatic Genius A.  
"You three shall sit as judges,  
and I will read my play.  
'Tis a drama of the passions, all  
strictly based on facts,  
And they break the Decalogue to  
bits in five exhaustive Acts."

"That *might* be good," said B.;  
"but I've a little thing, I  
guess,  
Which ought to take precedence,  
a novel in MS.;  
With characters so deftly drawn  
in all their changing scenes,  
That THACKERAY and DICKENS  
must be knocked to smithereens."

But C. broke in; his hair was long, his eyes were very wild,  
He was in truth a strangely-garbed and most poetic child;  
Said he, "Your plays and novels may all be very well,  
But I've an epic poem here on *Happiness in Hell*,"  
And D., the pretty lyricist, he hummed and then he hawed,  
"I've half a hundred sonnets here to MABEL, MADGE, and MAUD.  
I'll read them first, and then I'll read"—the other three grew pale—  
"My last new book, *The Musings of a Town-bred Nightingale*."

And so they sat, and talked and talked, the argument waxed hot,  
For each one was a Genius born, and none would budge a jot.  
And till they settle who begins, and which of them shall yield,  
I fear the "dearth of Geniuses"—see speech—must hold the field.

RATHER A LONG SHOT.—How to "attempt the life of the  
PREMIER." Discharge a revolver in the neighbourhood of Downing  
Street, and listen to the report in the evening papers.



## "MEAT FOR YOUR MASTER!"

"WE SHALL ONLY BE TWO TO-NIGHT, COOK—YOUR MASTER AND ME—SO ALL WE SHALL WANT WILL BE SOUP AND FISH AND LAMB AND ASPARAGUS, WITH A *SOUFFLÉ* TO FOLLOW, AND A LITTLE SWEET-BREAD AFTER THE FISH, YOU KNOW!"

"YES, MA'AM. AND FOR THE KITCHEN?"

"OH—WELL—THERE'S SOME OF THAT POTTED HAM STILL LEFT WE HAD FOR BREAKFAST YESTERDAY. IT'S JUST ON THE TURN, YOU KNOW, SO YOU MAY AS WELL FINISH IT DOWNSTAIRS. IT WILL DO VERY WELL FOR YOUR DINNER TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW YOU SHALL EACH HAVE AN EGG!"

## MIXED NOTIONS.

## No. X.—THE BEHRING-SEA ARBITRATION.

(Scene and Persons as usual. The Conversation has already begun.)

*First Well-Informed Man (concluding a trade).* — so what I want to know is this: are we or are we not to submit to the Yankees? It's all very well talking about Chicago Exhibitions and all that, but if they're going to capture our ships and prevent us



killing seals, why, the sooner we tell 'em to go to blue blazes the better. And as for its being a *mare clausum*—

*Inquirer (interrupting).* Who was she? What's she got to do with it?

*First W. I. M. (laughing vigorously).* Ha! ha! that's a good 'un.

*Inquirer (nettled).* Oh, laugh away, laugh away. That's you all over.

*First W. I. M.* My dear chap, I'm very sorry, but I really couldn't help it. There's no woman in the business at all. *Mare clausum* merely means the place where they catch the seals, you know; *mare*, Latin for sea.

*Inquirer.* Oh! I should have known that directly, if you'd only pronounced it properly. But what does *clausum* mean?

*First W. I. M.* Well, of course, that means—well, a clause, don't you know. It's in the treaty.

*Average Man (looking up from his paper).* It used to be the Latin for "closed," but I suppose it's altered now.

*First W. I. M. (incredulously).* It can't mean that, anyhow. Who ever heard of a closed sea, I should like to know?

*Second W. I. M. (hazarding a suggestion).* It might mean a harbour, you know, or something of that sort.

*Average Man.* I daresay it might mean that, but it doesn't happen to be a harbour (*relapses into paper*).

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, well, I only made the suggestion. [A pause.]

*Inquirer.* But what are they arbitrating about in Paris? It says (*reading from newspaper*) "When Mr. CARTER, the United States Counsel, had concluded his speech, he was complimented by the President, the Baron DE COURCEL, who told him he had spoken on behalf of humanity." I thought old CARNOT was President of the French Republic.

*First W. I. M.* So he is.

*Inquirer.* But this paper says Baron DE COURCEL is President.

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, I suppose that's one of CARNOT's titles. All these blessed foreigners are Barons, or something of that sort.

*Inquirer.* Ah, I suppose that must be it. But what have the French got to do with the Behring Sea? I thought it was all between us and the Yankees.

*First W. I. M.* So it is—but the French are arbitrating. That's how they come into the business. I can't say, personally, I like these arbitrations. We're always arbitrating now, and giving everything away. If we think we're right, why can't we say so, and stick to it, and let the French, and the Yankees, and the Russians, and all the rest of 'em, take it from us, if they can?

*Second W. I. M.* Take what from us?

*First W. I. M.* Why, whatever it happens to be, the Behring Sea, or anything else. We're so deuced afraid of everybody now, we never show fight; it's perfectly sickening. But of course you can't expect anything else from old GLADSTONE.

*Second W. I. M.* That's right—shove it all on to old GLADSTONE. But you're wrong this time. It was Jo CHAMBERLAIN, one of your own blessed Unionists, that you're so proud of, who arranged this arbitration.

*First W. I. M.* I know that, my dear boy; but CHAMBERLAIN was a Radical then; so where are you now? [A pause.]

*Inquirer (who has continued his reading, suddenly, with a puzzled air).* I say, you know, this is too much of a good thing, bringing the Russians into the business. It says—(*reads*)—"documents were submitted, on behalf of the United States, to prove that Russia had never abandoned her sovereign rights in the manner suggested by Great Britain." How, on earth, does Russia manage to crop up everywhere? And where is this confounded Behring Sea?

*Second W. I. M. (vaguely).* It's somewhere in America, or Newfoundland, or thereabouts.

*Inquirer.* But how about Russia?

*Second W. I. M.* Oh, Russia shoves her oar in whenever we get into a difficulty of any kind anywhere.

*Inquirer (persisting).* Yes—but how can she have any "sovereign rights" in America?

*Second W. I. M. (haughtily, but evasively).* My dear fellow, if you had followed the thing properly, you wouldn't ask the question. There's no time now to explain it all to you, as it's very complicated, and goes back a long way. But you may take it from me

that Russia has got certain rights, and that she means to make things as disagreeable for us as she can. [A pause.]

*Inquirer.* It's rather a rum start, isn't it? sending out Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER. They're on opposite sides of politics.

*First W. I. M.* That's just why they send 'em. RUSSELL has got to put the Liberal view, and WEBSTER the Conservative.

*Inquirer.* Of course, of course; I never thought of that. By the way, have you ever seen a seal?

*First W. I. M.* Rather. They've got one at the Zoo. Catches fish, and kisses the keeper, and all that sort of game.

*Inquirer.* What, that big beast that looks as if it was made of india-rubber, with long whiskers and a sort of fish-tail?

*First W. I. M.* That's it.

*Inquirer (with profound disgust).* Well, I am blessed! Is that all they're jawing about? [Terminus.]

## IN MEMORIAM—"THE DEVIL'S OWN."

["Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Inns of Court Rifles, supported by the Authorities of the Inns, to increase the strength of the corps, the additional enrolments lately made have been judged by the War Office not sufficient to warrant the continued maintenance of the corps as an independent battalion; and orders have been given for its reduction from six to four companies, for the withdrawal of the Adjutant, and for the attachment of the corps to the 4th Middlesex Rifles."—*Daily Paper*.]

Oh, how bright were the days when we all of us saw  
In their martial equipment the limbs of the Law.  
With their helmets and rifles, and pouches complete,  
(May I quote from the ladies), they "really looked sweet."  
The Colonel, the Major, and all their attendants,  
Appeared not as counsel, since all were defendants;  
And no soldierly spirit could equal the Bar's.  
When Themis, its goddess, was mated with Mars.

No more shall they charm us; harsh Fate with her shears  
Has severed the thread of the Law's Volunteers.  
And, whatever the cause was, 'twas certainly true  
That these fee-less defenders at last were too few.  
So now they're absorbed, and, no longer the same,  
They lose by attachment their being and name.  
And the old Devil's Own, from their discipline loosed,  
Have gone to their owner; i.e., they're re-deuced.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

(In the House and out of it.)

THE Parliamentary Committee appointed to consider the best mode of reporting in the House, have decided that it will be advisable to allow Members to have an opportunity of revising their speeches after they have been "taken down" verbatim. The result of this suggestion will probably be as follows:—

## MR. SYMPLE-STUTTER'S SPEECH.

(Verbatim Report.)

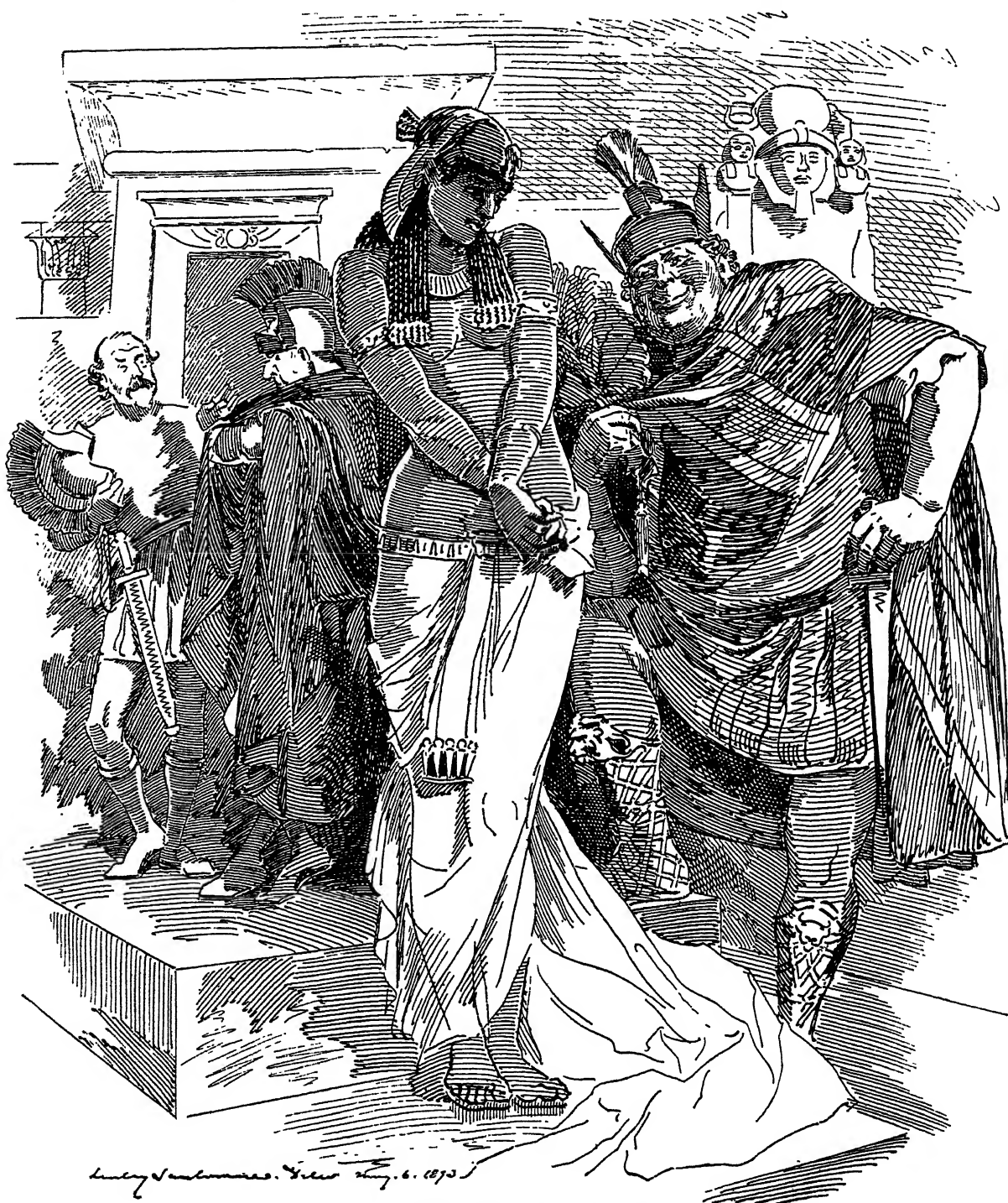
MR. SPEAKER, Sir, What I mean to say, I venture to think is that the British Empire—yes Sir—that is what I venture to think, and I am a young Member. For I do not believe—no not now—or in fact, when otherwise. For envy and malice are together. I venture to think that sometimes the British Empire. Yes Sir, for the enemies are at our gates with the past and the future. When the sun sinks—not that it follows—at least so I venture to think. You may believe me, Sir, that it is farthest from my thoughts when the British Empire and the sinking sun which I venture to think is—in point of fact the setting sun, and I venture to think the British Empire, and that is I venture to think was my proposal in the past—which has the terrors of the present from generation to generation.

(Revised Report.)

MR. SPEAKER, Sir, at a time like the present—when the enemies of the Empire are clamouring at our gates, when envy walks hand-in-hand with malice, and our fate is in our own hands—we should be bold and resolute. It is not for a young Member like myself to point out the course that we should pursue, but I venture to think that, by ignoring the terrors of the past with the courage of the present, we shall avert the dangers of the future. It has been said—and truly said—that the sun never sets upon the British Empire. Let us believe in that sun, and find in its rays an earnest of that glory which was the birthright of our ancestors, and which, should be the birthright of our descendants from generation to generation.



"Spoke? Rather!"



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Antony . . . JOHN BULL. Cleopatra . . . EGYPT. Mecenas . . . H. L-B-CH-RE. Enobarbus . . . GL-DST-NE.

Mecenas (aside to ENOBARBUS). "NOW ANTONY MUST LEAVE HER UTTERLY."

Enobarbus (aside to MECENAS). "NEVER; HE WILL NOT." (Apart.) "AT LEAST, NOT YET."

Ant. and Cleo., Act II. Scene 2, adapted.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S CHANGE OF NAME.

He was "The People's WILLIAM." He will  
Be known in future as "Our Home-Rule BILL."

HIGH NOTES FOR A VIOLIN.—Last week a Stradivarius (*vide Daily News*), a real genuine "Strad," sold at PUTTICK AND SIMPSON'S for £860. Fiddle de L. S. Dee!

IN THE TIME OF THE RESTAURATION.—They're going it! Feeding, feeding everywhere, and not a bit to eat—without paying for it pretty heavily. We gather from a note in *Sala's Journal*, that Long's Hotel now possesses a "Restauration." Of course, those who live in "Short's Gardens," won't be able to patronise "Long's." The management is announced as under the direction of a "M. DIETTE," and, as he has obtained no inconsiderable renown (so we are informed) at the Berkeley and Bristol, patrons of Long's may expect something superior, by way of "DIETTE-ary."



# MR. PUNCH TO THE BETROTHED PAIR.

(The Duke of York and the Princess May of Teck.)

MAY 3, 1893.

'MID the bird-chorus of the May,  
From glade and garden madly  
ringing,  
There sounds one welcome note  
to-day,  
Round the glad world its way  
'tis winging.  
You hear—you hear the general  
cheer  
That greets it! 'Twill suffice  
to show you  
That all who love you joy to hear.  
And all who love are all who  
know you!

Soft music of the marriage-bell  
Seems woven 'midst the world's  
Spring Voices.  
In truth, there's little need to  
tell

How in the prospect *Punch*  
rejoices.  
His well-pleased eye has watched  
your way;  
His loyal heart has shared your  
sadness;  
Now on this bright Betrothal-  
Day  
Your gladness he acclaims—  
with gladness!

How is MR. F. LUKE FILDEN,  
R.A.?—In excellent health we  
sincerely hope, but from seeing  
daily, in the front sheet of the  
*Times*, an advertisement com-  
mencing "The Doctor after LUKE  
FILDEN, R.A." Many friends  
began to feel anxious. We are  
glad to be able to add, that, in  
answer to the numerous inquiries  
made at 39, Old Bond Street, a  
most satisfactory report has been  
obtained.



## "HONOURS EASY."

First Undergraduate. "I SAY, OLD MAN, DID YOU WIN YOUR MONEY?"

Second Un. "COURSE NOT; WON SOMEBODY ELSE'S. YOU LOST YOUR COIN, DIDN'T YOU?"

First Un. "MY COIN! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I LOST THE GUV'NOR'S!"

## MUSE v. MECHANIC.

["Mr. NORMAN GALE—the Muse of orchards and pretty girls with polished knees; a charm often left unsung."—Mr. Andrew Lang on the Poems of "A Country Muse."]

"A COUNTRY Muse" sings, if you please,  
Of pretty girls "with polished knees"!

One would not quite demolish  
The graphic rhymester's stock-in-trade,  
But if bare knees must be dis-  
He might forego the polish.

It smacks of fustian! Workmen's  
"bags"  
Are very "polished" where the  
"sags"

From salient joints protuberant,  
Grow shiny with continual fric-  
tion;  
But "polished knees" in poet's  
Strike one as too exuberant.

Say varnished elbows, burnished  
knuckles,  
And you'll elicit scornful chuckles  
From Muse and from Mechanic!  
Selections from the terms of trade  
Would put, I'm very much afraid,  
Parnassus in a panic.

The bards are sometimes rather  
free  
With feminine anatomy;  
Their catalogues erotic  
Of pretty girls' peculiar "points,"  
Their eyes and limbs, and curves  
and joints,  
Are often idiotic.

But if we must be told, sometimes,  
Ladies have limbs, then that your  
rhymes

May not offend or fog any,  
Don't mechanise a maiden's  
charms;  
Leave "polishing" to legs and  
Of walnut or mahogany.

## RHYMES ON THE DECAY OF ROMANCE.

(Suggested by Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent Article in "The Forum.")

OH, list to Mr. HARRISON lamenting from *The Forum*,  
Imagination done to death by latter-day decorum!  
"Good boys and girls" we've all become, and modern men and  
maidens see  
The world with such prosaic eyes, Romance is in decadency!

We're too absorbed in Politics, enamoured of Monotony,  
To give an ear to Geniuses (supposing we had got any!)  
But First-Class in our Fiction Mr. HARRISON abolishes,  
Indeed most Authors travel Third, their talent so toll-lollish is.

It's all the *Fin-de-Siècle's* fault—and this, of course, a true bill is;  
For Genius puts its shutters up when centuries pass their jubilees!  
As Mr. HARRISON can prove by references historical,—  
And any utterance of his is equal to an oracle.

We cannot stand a novel now, he says, if there's a shock in it;  
Prefer our heroine angular, her eye must have a creak in it,  
Unless she's dull and middle-aged, no sympathy have we with her,  
Her sole excitement is to ask a plainer friend to tea with her!

He thinks, were *Pickwick* written now, we'd view it with a cooler  
eye,  
And term the Trial Scene a piece of "riotous tomfoolery;"  
While *Jane Eyre's* thrilling narrative of *Rochester's* sad revelries  
Of "shilling shockers" scarcely would to-day above the level rise!

An age that's given up its gas to read by Electricity  
Would naturally be repelled by THACKERAY's causticity,  
And scorn the characters of SCOTT, because they had Glengarrys on,  
An inference which is obvious—to Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON!

How scathingly does he denounce our Literature degenerate,  
With not a real Romancer left—or only two at any rate!  
By "desperate expedients," each the old tradition carries on—  
"But it's no good"—as they're informed by Mr. FREDERIC  
HARRISON.

For Mr. STEVENSON can write no stories worth hurrying at,  
While he upon Pacific Isle persists in *Cruise* playing at!  
And Mr. KIPLING's ceased to count—no heart in what he does is  
there—

He longs for death in far Soudan, a-fighting Fuzzy-Wuzzies there!

So we've only Mr. MEREDITH—(oh, what a sad disgrace it is!)  
Though Mr. BLACKMORE writes romance—how poor and commonplace  
it is!

While Messrs. THOMAS HARDY, BLACK, and BESANT, it would seem,  
are all  
Unworthy serious notice, mere nonentities ephemeral!

Some people like Miss BRADDON, Mrs. OLIPHANT, Miss BROUGHTON,  
too.

They're only lady-novelists—so serious readers *oughtn't* to,  
And those who've been convinced by his invidious comparisons,  
In future will eschew romance—excepting Mr. HARRISON's.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY EXEMPLIFIED.—At the Zoo is now  
being exhibited "Three White-tailed Gnus,"—"The Latest Gnu,"  
with the best possible intelligence,—and a Black-capped Gibbon."  
This last is evidently a descendant of the great historian; though, if  
this exemplifies "the survival of the fittest," where are the others  
of the race? Then "Black-capped" sounds ominous, as if this  
particular Gibbon stood self-condemned, and was soon to disappear.  
Should this be the case, the Zoo Authorities ought to advertise the  
fact, and give visitors a chance before it is too late.



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EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

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Mr. G., for all his affectation of unpremeditation, evidently had in mind these listeners at the door. To their shadowy presence was, for him, added consciousness of keen eyes watching him from all quarters of the House; some of his friends waiting for sign of readiness to quit Egypt; the Opposition ready to catch at any token of tendency to scuttles. Occasional passages he delivered at rapid rate; but you could see him weighing every word with due consideration of these manifold and conflicting interests and influences.

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"I always like, when I look in," said MARJORIBANKS, smiling beneficently from the Bar, "to find TOMMY in his place, taking notes. Gives one a sense of security. I feel, when I'm in the Lobby, looking after things, it's all right in the House. BROWNING said something of that sort. Don't remember exactly how it ran; something in this way:

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It's all right with the Empire."

*Business done.*—Mr. G. excelled himself.

*Tuesday.*—Seven-leagued Boots not needed by TALENTED TOMMY. He moves about Universe with ease and grace, unmindful of mountains, regardless of ravines, reckless of rivers, oblivious of oceans. Last night, Forty Centuries looked down upon him whilst he showed

how, in Egypt, Mr. G. is wrong, and DILKE, who criticised Ministerial policy, is not right. To-night he stands on the Roof of the World, a solitary, colossal figure upright on the lone Pamirs. His attitude is of manifold mien. Defiant of Russia, suspicious of ROSEBERRY, patronising towards Afghanistan, he takes young China familiarly by the elbow, and bids it be of good cheer, for TOMMY BOWLES is its friend. Since NAPOLEON crossed the Alps, and was caught in the act by the brush of the painter, the world has not seen so moving a picture as TOMMY throned on the grandly desolate Pamirs.

House almost empty whilst the Talented One discoursed on the subject. Mr. G., who misses nothing, happily in his place, listening with eager hand at ear whilst TOMMY spoke familiarly of Asiatic rivers and mountains, not one with name of less than five syllables. DICKY TEMPLE, who really knows something about this mysterious region, looked on in blank amazement at TOMMY'S erudition. EDWARD GREY, who would presently have to answer this damaging attack, tried to seem indifferent. But his young cheek paled when TOMMY put his ruthless finger on that Foreign Office dispatch, out of which a line of print had been dropped. This a Machiavellian device that had hitherto escaped detection. TOMMY'S falcon eye had noted it, his relentless foot had followed up the tracks, and he had discovered, on reference to the original, that the criminally-deleted line of print embodied a reference to the Oxus. That was all. "Only the Oxus!" he said, with

withering sarcasm. Then changing his tone and manner, he shook a minatory forefinger at the shrinking form of the PREMIER, and cried aloud, in voice strengthened with long warring with the winds on the Pamirs: "Sir, the stream of the Oxus has been entirely omitted from this paragraph."

"Poor Mr. G.!" said W. J. LOWTHER, present in his capacity as Ex-Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. "What with LABBY one night and TOMMY BOWLES the next, he has a sad time of it."

"Yes," said PLUNKET, sole companion on the Front Bench. "It's a hard fate for a Prime Minister to stand between L. and TOMMY."

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous talk on going into Committee of Supply.

*Thursday.*—Little difficulty arisen in connection with Budget. SQUIRE faced by deficit of million and half. This he met by expedient that will be historical, as affording JOKIM opportunity for a popular jape. The SQUIRE has dropped his penny in the slot, in accordance with directions, pulls out the drawer, and finds there is something more than the sum necessary to balance the year's account. That is all very well; but there are some amateur CHANCELLORS of the EXCHEQUER who would do great things with the odd £20,000 or £30,000 which remains as surplus. CLARK wants Graduated Income-tax; BARTLEY proposes Abatement on Incomes below £200; whilst GRANT LAWSON would let farmers off with half the proposed increase. Best of all is, ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, who would straightway abolish the tax on tea. The keen insight of ALPHEUS notes the little difficulty about the deficit.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER," he observed, in his most judicial manner, "may ask me to suggest another source of revenue." The SQUIRE pricked up his ears; the Committee sat attentive. If ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS had given his great mind to consideration of the subject, it might be regarded as settled. All waited for his next utterances. "That," he continued, in steely tones, "is the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S business. Mine is to carry out the Newcastle Programme." ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS thereupon resumed his seat, leaving the SQUIRE gloomily facing the dead wall of his deficit. *Business done.*—Budget Bill passed report stage.

*Friday Night.*—Some young bloods below Gangway, on Ministerial side, in distinctly low spirits. On Tuesday night, stage of Budget Bill being taken, with ten minutes to spare, ASQUITH nimbly moved reference of Employers' Liability Bill to Grand Committee. Opposition, who want it referred to Select Committee, were under impression Mr. G. had promised discussion should not be taken till Thursday or Friday. Last night CHAMBERLAIN protested that they had been betrayed, and deceived. Young bloods below Gangway disposed to chuckle over this spectacle. Mr. G., on contrary, takes it seriously to heart. Having got Bill referred to Grand Committee, positively agrees to rescind Order, and begin all over again.



A PATRON OF OLD CHINA.

(Vide "China Bowles Collection.")

"It's very seldom," says the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, in most melancholy mood, "that our side show themselves capable of doing a smart thing. When, by chance, it is accomplished, Mr. G. comes along, and coolly undoes it."

To-day, nearly two hours spent in discussing question; Bill, eventually, remitted to Grand Committee, as it had been left at midnight on Tuesday.

"Shan't play!" cries CHAMBERLAIN. "All very well for you, with your majority, to bowl us over, but you won't gain any time by it. You may take a horse to the Grand Committee, but you can't make him discuss your Bill."

*Business done.*—Budget Bill through.

Q. E. D.

(By a Grumpy Old Bachelor.)

"'Tis a mad world, my masters!" Grim LOMBROSO

Corroborates mild SHAKSPEARE in this matter. [and-so,

And, though his demonstration seems but so—No doubt the world's as mad as any hatter, The sweeter sex especially! 'Tis said,

But that rule's absolute, depend upon it! 'Tis obvious all women *must* be mad,

Because—there is a "b" in *every* bonnet!

#### WILDER IDEAS;

*Or, Conversation as she is spoken at the Haymarket.*

*The Disciple.* Ah, that supper after the Theatre! It was the unspeakable following the unplayable. I feel so seedy!

*The Master.* Nay, but have I not told you that the two letters to follow "X. S." are "S. and B.?" And you have yourself said that "Soda and Brandy is the last refuge of the digestion."

*The Disciple.* Hang it! I can survive everything—except the cast-off clothes of my own epigrams,—or, by the bye, death.

[*Exit from this life, to prove it.*]

#### Mem. on the Behring-Sea Business.

A FORTY-HOURS' speech by magniloquent CARTER!

That Behring Tribunal has caught a Tartar! Whatever the upshot one cannot but feel 'Tis a fine illustration of "Say and Seal!" Though *Bunsby* might say of this lengthy oration,

"The Behring will lie in the application."

APPROPRIATE SONG (*for anybody connected with the Tourist-Managing Firm of Gaze, on hearing a Lady say that she was "going to try a Cook."*)

"Ah me! she has gone from our Gaze,  
That beautiful girl from our door!"

(*The remainder can be added ad libitum, and sung whenever opportunity permits.*)

"A MOVE ON THE BOARD" IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—Our Surprising School-Board has voted in favour of allowing its Industrial School youths to enjoy "reasonable recreation" on Sundays. Its version of Sir WILLIAM JONES's distich would be something as follows:—

The morn at Church, the afternoon at play,  
Will serve to while the Day of Rest away.

Apparently it looks favourably on a modicum of Sunday Cricket or Football, and does not taboo even the enormity of Lawn-tennis. As against that eminently strict Sabbatarian, Mrs. GRUNDY, the tennis-player may defend himself by a reference to the "services" in which he is engaged.



#### OBVIOUS.

"WANT ANYTHING ON IT, SIR?"

"YES—CONFOUND YOU! MORE HAIR!"

#### A SWINBURNE!

(See "*Nineteenth Century*.")

##### I.

THREE times one are always three;  
Waves are stormy on the sea;  
Bonnets oft contain a bee;  
Bear delights in bun.  
The ALGERNON, that ever  
Is linked to CHARLES, shall never  
From poet SWINBURNE sever,  
The three appear as one.

##### II.

Once he lashed and slashed the Priest,  
Chopped him up to make a feast,  
Called him brute and called him beast,  
Black as crows are black.  
But now he rhymes "together"  
(See CALVERLY) with "weather":  
He might have thrown in "heather"  
A rhyme that men call "hack."

##### III.

Clash the cymbal, beat the gong;  
Sense is weak, but sound is strong;  
Such is SWINBURNE's latest song,  
Made by him alone.  
See WATTS and KNOWLES around us,—  
JAMES KNOWLES with cheques hath  
bound us  
To write; the Muse hath found us  
With Putney Hill as throne.

##### IV.

When the wind's Nor-West by West,  
Man and beast are rarely blessed.  
Sometimes I like mutton best,  
Often I like veal.  
A poet (*not a puny 'un*)  
Who raves about the Union,  
And hymns the States Communion,  
Takes none the less his meal.

#### In the City. Thursday Last.

*First Member of Stock Exchange (Unionist).*  
I say, JONES, you weren't in it! Why didn't you join us marching in procession, with CLARKE carrying the Union Jack, eh?  
*Second Member of the House.* Why didn't I join you? Because I didn't want to make a Union-Jack-ass of myself!

[*Exit, before the retort is possible.*]

#### A Pair of Spectacles.

(*After hearing a much interrupted Speech in the Commons.*)

WHEN a batsman has to go  
To the tent with a "round O,"  
He knows he's not made a hit.  
When a Statesman's hitting well,  
The round "Oh's" around him swell  
(Dullards' substitutes for wit).  
In debate or cricket score,  
The "round O" means nought—no more!

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how, in Egypt, Mr. G. is wrong, and DILKE, who criticised Ministerial policy, is not right. To-night he stands on the Roof of the World, a solitary, colossal figure upright on the lone Pamirs. His attitude is of manifold mien. Defiant of Russia, suspicious of ROSEBERRY, patronising towards Afghanistan, he takes young China familiarly by the elbow, and bids it be of good cheer, for TOMMY BOWLES is its friend. Since NAPOLEON crossed the Alps, and was caught in the act by the brush of the painter, the world has not seen so moving a picture as TOMMY throned on the grandly desolate Pamirs.

House almost empty whilst the Talented One discoursed on the subject. Mr. G., who misses nothing, happily in his place, listening with eager hand at ear whilst TOMMY spoke familiarly of Asiatic rivers and mountains, not one with name of less than five syllables. DICKY TEMPLE, who really knows something about this mysterious region, looked on in blank amazement at TOMMY'S erudition. EDWARD GREY, who would presently have to answer this damaging attack, tried to seem indifferent. But his young cheek paled when TOMMY put his ruthless finger on that Foreign Office dispatch, out of which a line of print had been dropped. This a Machiavellian device that had hitherto escaped detection. TOMMY'S falcon eye had noted it, his relentless foot had followed up the tracks, and he had discovered, on reference to the original, that the criminally-deleted line of print embodied a reference to the Oxus. That was all. "Only the Oxus!" he said, with

withering sarcasm. Then changing his tone and manner, he shook a minatory forefinger at the shrinking form of the PREMIER, and cried aloud, in voice strengthened with long warring with the winds on the Pamirs: "Sir, the stream of the Oxus has been entirely omitted from this paragraph."

"Poor Mr. G.!" said W. J. LOWTHER, present in his capacity as Ex-Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. "What with LABBY one night and TOMMY BOWLES the next, he has a sad time of it."

"Yes," said PLUNKET, sole companion on the Front Bench. "It's a hard fate for a Prime Minister to stand between L. and TOMMY."

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous talk on going into Committee of Supply.

*Thursday.*—Little difficulty arisen in connection with Budget. SQUIRE faced by deficit of million and half. This he met by expedient that will be historical, as affording JOKIM opportunity for a popular jape. The SQUIRE has dropped his penny in the slot, in accordance with directions, pulls out the drawer, and finds there is something more than the sum necessary to balance the year's account. That is all very well; but there are some amateur CHANCELLORS of the EXCHE-

QUER who would do great things with the odd £20,000 or £30,000 which remains as surplus. CLARK wants Graduated Income-tax; BARTLEY proposes Abatement on Incomes below £200; whilst GRANT LAWSON would let farmers off with half the proposed increase. Best of all is, ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, who would straightway abolish the tax on tea. The keen insight of ALPHEUS notes the little difficulty about the deficit.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER," he observed, in his most judicial manner, "may ask me to suggest another source of revenue." The SQUIRE pricked up his ears; the Committee sat attentive. If ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS had given his great mind to consideration of the subject, it might be regarded as settled. All waited for his next utterances. "That," he continued, in steely tones, "is the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S business. Mine is to carry out the Newcastle Programme." ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS thereupon resumed his seat, leaving the SQUIRE gloomily facing the dead wall of his deficit. *Business done.*—Budget Bill passed report stage.

*Friday Night.*—Some young bloods below Gangway, on Ministerial side, in distinctly low spirits. On Tuesday night, stage of Budget Bill being taken, with ten minutes to spare, ASQUITH nimbly moved reference of Employers' Liability Bill to Grand Committee. Opposition, who want it referred to Select Committee, were under impression Mr. G. had promised discussion should not be taken till Thursday or Friday. Last night CHAMBERLAIN protested that they had been betrayed, and deceived. Young bloods below Gangway disposed to chuckle over this spectacle. Mr. G., on contrary, takes it seriously to heart. Having got Bill referred to Grand Committee, positively agrees to rescind Order, and begin all over again.



A PATRON OF OLD CHINA.

(Vide "China Bowles Collection.")



"It's very seldom," says the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, in most melancholy mood, "that our side show themselves capable of doing a smart thing. When, by chance, it is accomplished, Mr. G. comes along, and coolly undoes it."

To-day, nearly two hours spent in discussing question; Bill, eventually, remitted to Grand Committee, as it had been left at midnight on Tuesday.

"Shan't play!" cries CHAMBERLAIN. "All very well for you, with your majority, to bowl us over, but you won't gain any time by it. You may take a horse to the Grand Committee, but you can't make him discuss your Bill."

*Business done.*—Budget Bill through.

Q. E. D.

(By a Grumpy Old Bachelor.)

"'Tis a mad world, my masters!" Grim LOMBROSO

Corroborates mild SHAKESPEARE in this matter. [and-so,

And, though his demonstration seems but so—No doubt the world's as mad as any hatter,

The sweeter sex especially! 'Tis sad,

But that rule's absolute, depend upon it!

'Tis obvious all women must be mad,

Because—there is a "b" in every bonnet!

#### WILDER IDEAS;

Or, Conversation as she is spoken at the Haymarket.

*The Disciple.* Ah, that supper after the Theatre! It was the unspeakable following the unplayable. I feel so seedy!

*The Master.* Nay, but have I not told you that the two letters to follow "X. S." are "S. and B.?" And you have yourself said that "Soda and Brandy is the last refuge of the digestion."

*The Disciple.* Hang it! I can survive everything—except the cast-off clothes of my own epigrams,—or, by the bye, death.

[Exit from this life, to prove it.

#### Mem. on the Behring-Sea Business.

A FORTY-HOURS' speech by magniloquent CARTER!

That Behring Tribunal has caught a Tartar! Whatever the upshot one cannot but feel

'Tis a fine illustration of "Say and Seal!"

Though *Bunsby* might say of this lengthy oration,

"The Behring will lie in the application."

APPROPRIATE SONG (for anybody connected with the Tourist-Managing Firm of Gaze, on hearing a Lady say that she was "going to try a Cook.")

"Ah me! she has gone from our Gaze,  
That beautiful girl from our door!"

(The remainder can be added ad libitum, and sung whenever opportunity permits.)

"A MOVE ON THE BOARD" IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—Our Surprising School-Board has voted in favour of allowing its Industrial School youths to enjoy "reasonable recreation" on Sundays. Its version of Sir WILLIAM JONES's distich would be something as follows:—

The morn at Church, the afternoon at play,  
Will serve to while the Day of Rest away.

Apparently it looks favourably on a modicum of Sunday Cricket or Football, and does not taboo even the enormity of Lawn-tennis. As against that eminently strict Sabbatarian, Mrs. GRUNDY, the tennis-player may defend himself by a reference to the "services" in which he is engaged.



OBVIOUS.

"WANT ANYTHING ON IT, SIR?" "YES—CONFOUNDED TO YOU! MORE HAIR!"

#### A SWINBURNE!

(See "Nineteenth Century.")

I.

THREE times one are always three;  
Waves are stormy on the sea;

Bonnets oft contain a bee;

Bear delights in bun.

The ALGERNON, that ever  
Is linked to CHARLES, shall never  
From poet SWINBURNE sever,

The three appear as one.

II.

Once he lashed and slashed the Priest,  
Chopped him up to make a feast,  
Called him brute and called him beast,

Black as crows are black.

But now he rhymes "together"

(See CALVERLY) with "weather":

He might have thrown in "heather"

A rhyme that men call "hask."

III.

Clash the cymbal, beat the gong;  
Sense is weak, but sound is strong;

Such is SWINBURNE's latest song,

Made by him alone.

See WATTS and KNOWLES around us—

JAMES KNOWLES with cheques hath

bound us

To write; the Muse hath found us

With Putney Hill as throne.

IV.

When the wind's in the West by West,  
Mama and beast are rarely blessed.

Sometimes I like to see a best,

Often I like to see a best,

A poet (not a pony) best,

Who leaves about the Union,

And hymns the States Communion,

Takes none the less his meal.

In the City. Thursday last.

First Member of the Anti-Socialist League (Unionist).  
I say, JONES, you were not in it! Why didn't  
you join us in a meeting in procession, with  
CLARKE carrying the Union Jack, eh?  
Scored him down for the House. Why didn't  
you join up? Because he didn't want to make  
a Union Jack as a confessional!

[But, before the rest of it is possible.

#### A Pair of Spectacles.

(After heaving a small interruption! Speech in  
the House.)

When a batsman has to go  
To the net with a "round O."

He knows he's not made a hit.

When a Stat. Sec. is sitting well,

The round "O" is around him still

(Dialled) sub: statistics for wit.

When a batsman or

The "round O" means enough no more!





### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

*Fair Hostess.* "GOOD-NIGHT, MAJOR JONES. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BREAKFAST AT NINE; BUT WE'RE NOT VERY PUNCTUAL PEOPLE. INDEED, THE LATER YOU APPEAR TO-MORROW MORNING, THE BETTER PLEASED WE SHALL ALL BE!"

MAY 10, 1893.

MR. PUNCH'S VISION AT THE OPENING OF THE  
IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

*This Spring's soft beauty is a joy for ever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass to forgetfulness; we still must keep  
Fond memories of this Maytime, calm as  
sleep*

*Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet  
breathing.*

*Therefore, on this May morning are we  
wreathing*

*A flowery band, to bind us round the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of patriot natures, Mammon-ridden days,  
And Toil's unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways  
Made for our mending: yes, in spite of all  
This Mayday Vision moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits!*

KEATS adapted to the occasion.

THY pardon, *Adonais*, pray,  
That on this memorable morning  
We twist those lovely lines astray,  
As modish maid, her charms adorning  
A trail may twine of eglantine  
Into the formal "set" of Fashion.  
Yet wouldst thou gladly lend thy line  
To present need; for patriot passion,  
Love of the little sea-girt land,  
Has ever fired our English singers.  
Of England's fame, from strand to strand,  
Their songs have been the widest wingers.  
So, *Adonais*, this great day  
Were "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

The "flowery band" of KEATS's song  
Our Empire's sons to-day are wreathing;

Long may it bind, and blossom long.

The May-flower's fragrance round us  
breathing

Is nothing sweeter than the thought

To patriot hearts of loyal union.

Together we have toiled and fought,

But gay to-day is our communion.

BRITANNIA's helm is crowned with flowers,  
BRITANNIA's trident's wreathed with  
posies,

And Fancy sees in Flora's showers

Thistles and Shamrocks blent with Roses.

The Indian Lotus let us twine

With gorgeous bloom from Africa's jungles.

Canadian Birch with Austral Pine.

Tape-bound Officialdom oft bungles;

Some blow too hot, some breathe too cold.

O'er-chill are some, and some o'er-

gushing;

But the same blood-stream, warm and bold,

Through all our veins is ever rushing;

And so to all true hearts to-day

Comes "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

A QUEEN is with us, to evince

Imperial sympathy unfailing;

And pleasant to our genial PRINCE

This proof that all seems now plain-

sailing;

With his great purpose. Some sneered,

"Whim!"

But general shouts now drown their

sneering.

A special salvo's due to him

Amidst to-day's exuberant cheering.

Hail the Imperial Institute!

And hail the patient Prince promoter!

The man who's neither cynic brute,

Nor phrase-led sycophantic doter,

May echo that. Our patriot tap

Is old, well-kept and genuine stingo;

Not the chill quidnunc's cold cat-lap,

Nor crude fire-water of the Jingo,

But sound as good old English ale,

Full-bodied, fragrant, mild, and mellow.

To try that tap *Punch* will not fail,

Nor any other right good fellow.

A bumper of that draught to-day

Is "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

Weave on! And may that "flowery band"

Be surer bond than forged steel fetters.

Ho! Hands all round! Whilst hand-in-hand

We need not fear the fierce sword-whettors

Who'd make the pleasant earth a camp,

And stain blood-red the white May-flowers.

May echoes of no mailed tramp

Disturb ye in your Spring-deck'd bowers,

Glad garland-weavers! Heaven bestow

"Sweet dreams, and health, and quiet

breathing,"

One thing above all others know,

Ye who the earth-round band are wreath-

To-day, to-morrow, any day,

You're "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

"PLAYING THE DUSE."—Mr. HORACE  
SEDGER announces the engagement at the  
Lyric of Mlle. DUSE. The Manager must  
be prosperous; at all events, *he* is not going  
to the Duse, but the Duse is coming to him.  
And as to the Theatre—well, if it isn't a  
success, the Duse is in it!

"SHE ANSWERED 'YUSS'!"—The most  
recent and most important change of name is  
from "I MAY" to "I WILL."



MAY 10, 1893.

“THEREFORE ON THIS BRIGHT MAY DAY ARE WE WREATHING  
A FLOWERY BAND TO BIND US ROUND THE EARTH.”—KEATS, *slightly altered*.



## THANK YOU!

(For a Photograph, inscribed "With Ethel Travers's kind regards.")

It was only a week in the brightest of  
summers,  
We played tennis and golf, and,  
when ended the day,  
We made furious love as two amateur  
mummers,  
Whilst Act IV. saw us One in the  
orthodox way.

So my holiday ended. I begged a  
reminder,  
I asked you to send me a portrait  
that should  
Be a sweet recollection, and you, who  
were kinder  
Than I ever deserved or dared hope,  
said you would.

Then we parted. Life seemed to be  
painfully lonely,  
Though I dreamt of a future with  
you by my side,  
Till my common-sense seemed to say,  
"You, who are only;  
Just a poor needy teacher, have *Her*  
for a bride!"

It was true, and I knew it. Yet why  
had I met you?  
Why had Fate kept such bitter-  
sweet fortune in store?  
So determined I set myself then to  
forget you,  
And to let my thoughts dwell on  
yourself nevermore.



First your hair with its gold, next  
your eyes with their laughter,  
I forgot in a thoroughly workman-  
like style.  
Persevering, I never desisted till  
after  
Many months I but faintly remem-  
bered your smile.

I completely forgot you (I thought)  
and the warning  
Was to save me, I chortled, a future  
of pain,  
But you undid it all with your picture  
this morning,  
And the same old, old trouble starts  
over again.

The Fates are a trifle hard, putting  
it mildly,  
For they well might have spared  
me this finishing touch  
Of your portrait, which speaking quite  
calmly yet Wildely,  
I admire all the more since I hate it  
so much.

I shall treasure it, though. Thanks—  
a thousand—to you, dear.  
When in sweet meditation your  
fancy runs free,  
Is it asking too much that a stray  
thought or two, dear,  
From your kindness of heart may  
come straying to me?

## POLITICS AND POLITENESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the Duke of ARGYLL, when he received the freedom of the Burgh of Paisley, the other day, told the following interesting story:—

"I was going once to call on a lady in London, and when the door was opened and the servant announced my name, I saw the lady advancing to the door with a look of absolute consternation on her face. I could not conceive what had happened, and thought I had entered her room at some inconvenient moment, but, on looking over her shoulder, I perceived Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE sitting at the tea-table, and she evidently thought that there would be some great explosion when we met. She was greatly gratified when nothing of the kind occurred, and we enjoyed a cup of tea as greatly as we had ever done in our lives."

Now, my dear Mr. Punch, I have great sympathy with "the Lady," and think (with her) the meeting, as described by his Grace of ARGYLL, was mild in the extreme. If something out of the common had taken place, it would have been far more satisfactory. To make my meaning plainer, I give roughly (in dramatic form) what should have happened to have made the action worthy of the occasion.

SCENE—A Drawing-room. Lady entertaining Mr. and Mrs. G. at tea. A loud knock heard without.

Mrs. G. (greatly agitated). Oh dear, I am sure it is he!

Mr. G. (with calm dignity). Do not fear—if he appears, I shall know how to deal with him.

Lady (pale but calm). Nay, my good, kind friends, believe me, you shall not suffer from the indiscretion of the servant.

Mrs. G. (pushing her husband into a cupboard). Nay, WILLIAM, for my sake! And now to conceal myself, so that he may not suspect his presence by my proximity. [Hides behind the curtains.]

The Duke of Argyll (breaking open the door, and entering hurriedly). And now, Madam, where is my hated foe? I have tracked him to this house. It is useless to attempt to conceal him.

The Lady (laughing uneasily). Nay, your Grace, you are too facetious! Trace the PREMIER here! Next you will be saying that he and his good lady were taking tea with me.

The Duke (suspiciously). And, no doubt, so they were! This empty cup, that half-devoured muffin—to whom do they belong?

The Lady (with forced gaiety). Might I not have entertained Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, my Lord Duke?

The Duke (aside). Can I believe her? (Aloud.) But if it is as you say, I will send away my clansmen who throng the street without. (Opens window and calls.) Gang a waddy Caller Herring! They will now depart. (A sneeze heard off.) What was that?

The Lady (terrified). I fancy it was the wind—the cold wind—and now, believe me, Mr. GLADSTONE will abandon Home Rule.

Mr. G. (suddenly appearing). Never! I tell you to your face that you are a traitor! [Sneezes, and hurriedly closes the window.]

The Duke (savagely). That sneeze shall be your last!

[Takes up a knife lying on the table.]

Mr. G. (repeating the action). I am ready, Sir!

Mrs. G. (rushing between them). Oh, WILLIAM! Do not fight!

The Lady (falling on her knees). I prithee stay!

Mr. G. Never! May the better man win!

The Duke. So be it!

[The Scene closes in upon a desperate duel. Curtain.]

There, Mr. Punch! What do you think of that? Still, perhaps, under the circumstances of the case, it is better as it is.

Yours most truly,

ONE WHO NEVER PAID TWOPENCE FOR MANNERS.

## THE LITIGANT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Can you tell me the best possible regulations in the universe?

Answer. Certainly English Common Law.

Q. Is English Common Law accessible to everyone?

A. Certainly, and if a litigant please, he or she (for sex makes no difference) can become his or her own advocate.

Q. When a litigant prefers to conduct a case in person, does the proceeding invariably save expense?

A. Not invariably, because a litigant may have odd views about the importance of evidence and the time of professional advisers.

Q. When a litigant is afflicted with this lack of knowledge what is the customary result?

A. That the defendants have to undergo the expense of a several-days' trial with counsel to match.

Q. Supposing that a journalist, sharply but justly, criticises the actions of a man of straw—what can the man of straw do?

A. With the aid of some speculative Solicitor, he can commence an action for libel.

Q. What benefit does the speculative Solicitor obtain?

A. The speculative Solicitor, if he can persuade a judge and jury to agree, will get his costs, and if the journalist wins he will find that the prosecutor or plaintiff is, indeed, a man of straw.

Q. Is there any redress?

A. None; but a wise journalist will never criticise sharply.



## THE PICK OF THE R.A. PICTURES. No. 2.

No. 139. *Ca donne à penser*. Not a more suggestive pose does any portrait possess throughout the Galleries. It is described *tout court* as "ALBERT BRASSEY, Esq.," and 'tis the work (and the pleasure) of W. W. OULESS, R.A. "'Tis a fine work!" says BOB to 'ARRY. "'O' course," returns 'ARRY JOKER. "Great! 'Ow less could be expected of 'im tho', I dun no." It represents an undecided moment in Mr. ALBERT BRASSEY's life. It is as if he were Mr. "All but" BRASSEY, and wasn't quite certain of what he should do next. There is the writing-desk,—shall he indite a letter? If he does so, shall he take off his thick-fur coat? Or shall he go hunting, since he has on, underneath the furrin' fur, the pink of hunting perfec-

HARE. Ha! Ha! Ha! By St. George you Ha're bound to laugh directly you look at it. You can't help it. "C. R. F. L." is chuckling to himself and saying, "Ha! Ha! I've just thought of *such* a funny thing! Ha! Ha! Ha!" And he is enjoying it so! As the song says, "O Mister (I forget the name), what a funny little man you are!"

No. 553. This, by Mr. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH, is a portrait of Dr. E. Ker Gray, LL.D., of St. George's Chapel, Mayfair. "KER GRAY!" it ought to be "Ker Scarlet."

No. 862. *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by PHIL R. MORRIS, A. The Portrait, annoyed at being next to SIDNEY COOPER'S, R.A., "Be it



No. 543. *The Picture of the Year*. Lamp-light reading; or, Mr. Punch among the Pretty Pets. "Dulce est dissipere in joco." H. H. La Thangue.

tion? Likewise he has his whip and his horn, also his boots! He's "got 'em on!" He's "got 'em all on!" Or shall he hail the 5,000-ton yacht that's lying in the reads just a few yards from his open window, and go out for a cruise? He looks happy, but puzzled.

No. 167. *The Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P.* "Presentation Portrait," painted by ARTHUR S. COPE. "When the Right Hon. Gentleman rose to speak, the House, with the exception of a clerk at the table and two small boys (whose presence within the precincts has never been satisfactorily accounted for) was empty."—Extract from *The Imaginary Times Parliamentary Report of that date*.

No. 350. *Mrs. Keeley at the age of Eighty-six*. Looking so well and sprightly, that the Artist must have been at considerable pains to induce her to sit still just one moment for her portrait. Long may she remain with us! Our compliments to the Artist, JULIA B. FOLKARD.

No. 434. Mr. SOMERSCALES has given us the best sea-piece of the year. It shows a "Corvette shortening sail to pick up a shipwrecked crew." "A sale in sight appeared!"—and as the picture, so it is said, was immediately sold, so also were those who came too late to make a bid.

No. 524. *Gentleman writing*. "A nice quiet corner for a little composition away from all those speaking likenesses." J. W. FORSTER.

No. 533. This is a sad-looking little girl, painted by WILLIAM CARTER. She has an unsettled expression. Is she suffering from what the Clown calls "teazy-weezies-in-the-pandenoodles," and, as Sir JOHN MILLAR'S "Bubbles" served P's for an advertisement, is it beyond the range of probability that this, being associated with the name of "CARTER," should be intended as a pictorial advertisement for the well-known "L-tile L-v-r P-lls"?

No. 535. Portrait (presumably) of C. R. Fletcher Lutwidge, Esq. By ST. GEORGE

ever so humble, &c.," representing head of a jackass, and some sheepish sheep, is evidently saying to itself, "Hang the Manging Committee! They show me as next door to a donkey."

No. 888. *The Wedding Gifts*. The pretty Bride is a bit frightened at seeing the Groom leading up two bare-back'd steeds. "Oh!" she cries, "I can't ride them! Why (to her husband) did you give me these?" "My dear," says he, "why not? Here are the bare-backed steeds, and you've already got the Ring." S. E. WALLER.

No. 892. "Your Health!" A Birthday Party at Mr. ERNEST HART'S. Painted by S. J. SOLOMON. As a subject, the wisdom of SOLOMON is questionable as a specimen of Hacademic Hart—ahem! However, to the toast of "Your Health!" as addressed to Mr. ERNEST HART, Master SOL might have added the words, "Most Ernestly and Hartily."

No. 928. *Exhibition of Miss Biffin*, "who has no legs to speak of." "If you saw my ankles," said Miss Mowcher, "I should go home and kill myself." But ARTHUR HACKER, whose capital work it is, calls it "Circe."

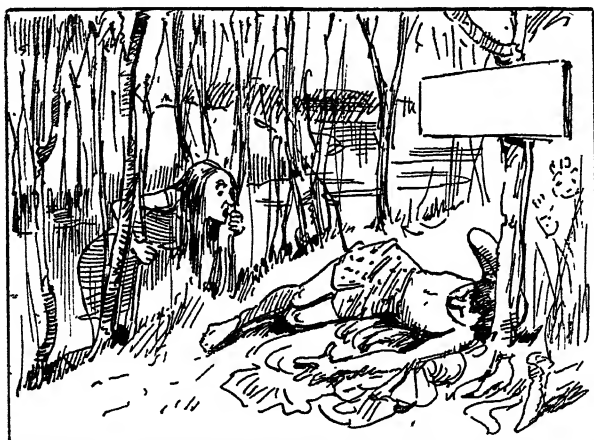
No. 937. "It might have been," by F. STUART SINDICI, represents NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON out walking together, in 1847, near the Horse Guards. "It might have been" if . . . But it wasn't—though F. STUART SINDICI went nap on it, and dreamt it. Why shouldn't JULIUS CÆSAR and Lord BROUGHAM have hobnobbed together over Pommery '74 at FRASCATI'S in Regent Street, or why shouldn't the Great Duke of MARLBOROUGH and Admiral HAMILCAR of Carthage, after leaving *Hoi Adelphoi* at the theatre, have taken supper at RULÉ'S in Maiden Lane? Why not? "It might have been"—of course; why, when you come to think of it, there's hardly anything that mightn't have been, if it had only taken place. Such possible subjects would fill the most vast picture gallery in the *Château d'If*.



An Artist's work "on the Line."

## PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(New Gallery, Regent Street. Summary of Sixth Summer Exhibition.)



No. 40. The Bather Bothered. Appropriately painted by Mr. Waterhouse, R.A. "Why," exclaims the horrified nymph, "he's lying on my clothes!"



No. 216. Night-Mares Neptune's Horses, but more suggestive of Night Mares. Walter Crane.



No. 22. "Mr. G." in Churchwarden Church. "Here endeth the Second Reading." Sydney P. Hall.



No. 195. Hurried Moments! An Elopement!! "Never mind your things!" he shouted, at the same time that, catching her up and holding her in his strong right arm, he started off at a fast run. "Better to lose your clothes than miss your train!" C. W. Mitchell.



No. 27. Posed and Painful! Standing for her photograph, and feels that the head-rest is no rest for the head. J. J. Shannon.



No. 96. The Haunted Glen; or, The Bird-nesting Trespasser Conscience-struck. "Oh! I'll pretend I don't see them!" Hon. John Collier.



No. 92. "'Fling' Defiance!" Professor Herkomer's Heel-and-toe lads, "Jock and Charlie," back themselves against (No. 108) Mr. Alfred Hartley's "Harry and Neil," sons of Lord Rosebery, attired as they are for a reel or a fling, or any form of National Sc(h)ottische dance.

## PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(New Gallery—continued.)

No. 11. "Her First Ball;" or, "Train 'em up in the way she should bowl." Portrait of little girl preparing to be a Lady-Cricketer. She has the ball in her hands, and is only waiting to cry out "Play!" G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

No. 15. Charming Picture of Nobody Nowhere. Miss ANNA ALMA-TADEMA.

No. 20. Portrait of W. Matthew Hale, Esq. By JOHN PARKER. "All Hale!"

No. 37. "Silver Mist." This ought to have been the picture of a gentleman in search of a threepenny piece; but it isn't. FRED HALL.

No. 66. The Departing Guest. E. BURNE-JONES.

The ending of the party see, "O let us get a cab for thee!" "Nay," quoth the guest, "I've wings! so I, Like to the trout, will take a fly."

No. 112. Alderman J. Stone-Wigg. First Mayor of Tunbridge Wells.

Indeed you look an Alderman, 'Tis true I've seen a balder man. "J. STONE-WIGG" is the name I see,

Which "Lost or Stolen-Wig" should be.

No. 160. Portrait of Lady Simpson. Bravo, Mr. VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A. Uncommonly good. A parody of the old song should have been selected by the Artist as a motto for the picture:—

Lady SIMPSON has a dog—  
I don't know its name—  
Pretty tail has dog, incoq.  
Ribands round the same.



## EVOLUTION EXTRAORDINARY.

British Tourist (who has been served with a Pig's foot). "WHAT'S THIS?"

I ORDERED QUAIL!"

Negro Waiter. "WALL—Y'EV GOT QUAIL!"

British Tourist. "QUAIL! WHY A QUAIL'S A BIRD!"

Negro Waiter. "NOT HERE!"

No. 170. "The Spirit of Life." By ARCHIE MACGREGOR. "Eh, ARCHIE mon! aiblins, 'tis just the whusky-still the Leddie's at, takin' a wee drappit i' the 'ee. And why did ye nae ca' it, 'Still Life'?"

No. 177. Portrait of Mrs. George Lewis. Excellent, Mr. COLOUR-SERGEANT! N.B.—Very few "Sergeants" left; but Mr. GEORGE LEWIS has secured the best of them to paint this portrait.

No. 194. Very charming is "The Closing of an October Day." By GEORGE H. BROUGHTON, A.R.A. He has caught the "Early Closing Movement" to the life.

No. 242. "In the Grip of the Sea-Wolf"; or, "Early Bathing at Boulogne." E. M. HALE.

No. 324. And a good Judgetoo! Portrait of Sir Douglas Straight. The DOUGLAS, "bearded in his den"! Quarter (Sessions) Length. Sad end to a distinguished career to be "quartered, drawn, and hung"! Congratulate Artist, Miss VERA CHRISTIE, on good likeness.

## Anti-Epidemic Treatment.

(Being Summary of Robson Roostem Pasha's Article in New Review.)

BORI Bacillus,  
Or he'll kill us.  
From Filter filthy grown  
Don't drink water,  
Save rates per quarter,  
And so "Leave well alone."

COMPANION WORKS.—Shortly to appear: *My Wife's Bodice*. By the Author of *His Wife's Soul*.

## TO MY UMBRELLA.

Good, faithful friend, it seems an age  
Since last we met and walked together!  
Upon the *Daily Graphic's* page  
For weeks I've watched the coming weather;

The meteorologic girl,  
Despite cold arms, seemed almost jolly,  
And made no effort to unfurl  
That wonderful archaic broly.

So I, grown reckless, did as she,  
And gave you quite a Long Vacation;  
Such weather cannot always be,  
Or you would lose your occupation.

Think how I've treated you! A pet  
Might envy all the care I gave you;  
When worn-out with work and wet,  
Think how I did my best to save you!

You soon looked well, and eased my fears—  
Recovered after over-pressure.  
When you "took silk" in other years,  
Think what I paid for each "refresher"!

When last it rained I had to roll  
You up quite wet; you've been forgotten.  
It rains once more. What's this? A hole?  
By Jove, the silk's completely rotten!

THE STAGE-COACH FIASCO.—The Meet, which was ordered for 11.30 last Thursday, wasn't done, and so there was no Lunch.

## ON THE INCOME-TAX.

[By an already over-burdened tax-payer who derived neither enlightenment nor comfort from the wordy war about a "Graduated Income-Tax" between Mr. BARTLEY and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.]

"GRADUATION" seems vexation,  
"Differentiation" looks as bad.  
Their the-o-rie  
It puzzles me,  
But their practice drives me mad!

"THAT'S SWEAR IT IS!"—In bygone days, when the Princess's was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN, there was a fine imposed on any member of the company who should make use of bad language in the Green-Room. One evening a distinguished actor so far forgot himself as to let slip an expletive of three simple letters, whereat Mrs. KEAN held up her hands in horror and quitted the room, followed by the actresses who happened to be present. Subsequently some wag at the Garrick Club wrote a song whereof the burden was "The Man who said 'dam' in the Green-Room." *Tempora mutantur*, and now, at the Avenue Theatre, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in the Green-Room and behind the scenes, as well as on the stage, "DAM" will be in everyone's mouth, as this happens to be the name of the Author of their latest successful production.

## THE NEWEST TALE OF A TUB.

(By a Sufferer from the Modern Laundry System.)

RUB-A-RUB-RUB!

Three ghoul's at a tub:  
Our shirts and our collars they savagely scrub.  
The fronts they make bagged,  
The wristbands quite jagged,  
And send home our linen all rotten and ragged!

Scrub-a-scrub-scrub!  
Three fiends at a tub:  
In chemical bleachings they dabble and grub.  
Our shirts each bespatters  
Then brush them to tatters.  
The wearers get mad as March hares or as hatters!

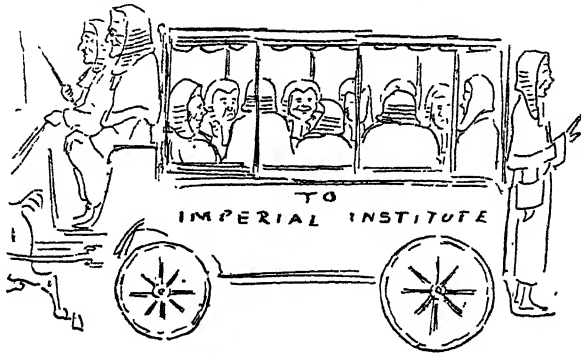
Rub-a-scrub-scrub!  
Three hags at a tub:  
They scrape with a wire-brush, and pound with a club!  
Smash buttons, burst stitches,  
And—swell Laundry riches!  
Who'll save us from this cauldron-tub's dread Three Witches?

THE Stock Exchange, Mr. Punch understands, has gone into politics. With a view to test the knowledge of the brokers who "proceaded" to the Guildhall, he asks them, "What is the Commission upon Evicted Tenants? All sellers, no buyers."



## OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

ANOTHER Show! A splendid Imperial Show! Magnificent weather! Real QUEEN's weather, and consequently a big success. The grandeur, the solidarity of the British Empire—[&c., &c. \* \* Editor regrets that for lack of space he is compelled to omit the remainder of this remarkably fine panegyric. He suggests to Author that it would come out well in pamphlet form, price one shilling, or it might be given away with a pound of Indian tea.—Ed.] Obedient to the call of duty I was myself present as one of the 'umblest of the distinguished guests assembled to welcome Her Imperial MAJESTY on this auspicious occasion. It was my good fortune to be immediately in front of a charming Young Lady and her delightful Grandmother.



"A Legal Conveyance."

The latter was a trifle deaf, and her Granddaughter being a wonderfully well-informed young lady, I had quite an enjoyable time of it; as had also my neighbours, though I regret to say that some of them after the first three-quarters of an hour seemed rather to resent the gratuitous information given with astonishing volubility by the amiable Young Lady to her confiding relative. For example, up came his Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. "That's the LORD CHANCELLOR," our well-informed Young Lady told her Grandmother. Much cheering greets LORD SALISBURY. "That's General ROBERTS," said the Young Lady, adding, as if rather doubting her own accuracy, "though why he wears a naval uniform I am unable to say." It didn't matter; her Grandmother was equally pleased. "Which is Mr. GLADSTONE?" asked the Old Lady. The Young Lady used her opera-glass. "I don't see him," she returned slowly. "Of course he can't be in a turban. I know he has no whiskers or moustache—ah! there he is!—there, talking to Sir EDWARD LEIGHTON!" She hadn't got even the Christian names correct. I looked in the direction she had indicated and saw Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in close proximity to Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. But why should I turn and dispel the harmless illusion? Was it for me to bring discord into a family, and cause the Granddaughter to be cut out of the Grandmother's will? Never! So, "from information received," the Old Lady went on implicitly believing in her informant, and treasuring up the particulars for the benefit of her other Grandchildren. "Lord ROBERTS is somewhere here," observed the Young Lady, sweeping the horizon (so to speak, with apologies to "the horizon") with her lorgnette. "Oh, I should like to see him," exclaimed the Old Lady, enthusiastically. "Where is he?" "Oh, I think—" replied the Granddaughter, hesitatingly, "I rather think—I've only seen him once—but—oh yes," she added, with wonderful confidence on finding she was commanding an interested audience of simple neighbours—"Oh yes—there—in a General's uniform,—he has just come in—and he is looking for his place,"—and, following guidance, I, too, craned forward, and was rewarded by catching a glimpse of Mr. FREDERICK GORDON, Chairman of the Grand Hotels Co., Limited, who was good enough to salute me with that air of conscious power which becomes part and parcel of a man who has the command of countless battalions in waiting. Encouraged by this incident (for I had not rounded on her and said, "that is not Lord ROBERTS") the Young Lady urged on her mistaken career more wildly than ever. She pointed out the wrong Princess MAY, the Duke of FIFE became H.R.H. the Duke of YORK, the TECKS were the MACKLEBURG-STREMITZES, the Gentlemen-at-Arms were dismounted Chelsea Pensioners in Court dress; the Chinese ladies were Japanese (for they couldn't get even these correct,—and of course these Orientals are most correct), and finally, looking up to the gallery where the Orchestra was, she crowned the edifice by loudly announcing that Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was Sir ARTHUR BALFOUR, and added that he was only performing his official duty as Leader of the House of Commons. "Then," asked the simple Old Lady, "are the musicians all obliged to be Members of Parliament?" Her Granddaughter was equal to the occasion, and answered unhesitatingly, "Yes, dear, all."

After this, what was the show! Everybody was somebody else. Only the QUEEN and the PRINCE were beyond the power of error. She found them out at once. She was enthusiastic about the distinctness of the PRINCE's voice in reading the Address, and she bent forward so as not to lose a syllable of the QUEEN's gracious reply. She explained everything wrong. A few ladies looked at her, mutely beseeching some respite for their ears; would she only give herself ten minutes' rest? No—it was a great chance for the well-informed young woman, and she made the most of it. Even the heat didn't affect her. Processions might come, and processions might go, but like the babbling brook, she could and would "go on for ever." I have forgotten to add that she also knew how every-one arrived, and her Grandmother was much interested at hearing how Her Majesty's Judges all came in an omnibus, driven and conducted by eminent judicial functionaries.

A grand show, "Abely worked by our Secretary," says Sir EARLY-Springs-and-SOMERS VINE, C.M.G., Assistant Secretary, and to both of them great praise is due. Now, then, to adapt the title of LORD LYTTON's novel, "What will we do with it?" THE MAN WHO WENT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the *Song of the Sword and Other Verses*, Mr. HENLEY incidentally asks, "What have I done for you, England, my England?" Since the question is put so pointedly, my Baronite, who has been looking through the little volume of verse, is bound to reply that, what Mr. HENLEY has done for England is to make it as ridiculous as is possible to a man with a limited audience. Mr. HENLEY has a pretty gift of versification, but it is spoiled by a wearisome proneness to smartness, and an assumption of personal superiority that occasionally reaches the heights of the ludicrous. If 'ARRY had been at the University, and had bent what he calls his mind upon verse-making, some of the truculent rhyme in this book is the sort of stuff he would have turned out. It seems at first hearing a far cry from 'ARRY to HENLEY. But the dispassionate reader, turning over these sulphurous leaves, will perceive deeply-rooted similarity in that narrowness of view, and that undisturbed consciousness that it alone is right, which distinguish the reflections, and are found in the observations, of 'ARRY when he views society from his lower standpoint.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. have published a *Book of Wise Sayings*, by W. A. CLOUSTON. Not that W. A. CLOUSTON said them all, or any of them, but he selected them. One fault has the Baron to find with the selecting collector, and that is that his references are incomplete. He affixes the name of the author to every wise saying, but as he does not give chapter and verse, it is impossible for the ordinary unlearned reader to ascertain when and where the wise saying was uttered. Perhaps this omission is wise on the part of Mr. CLOUSTON. However, here is a happy example for the time present:—

"Safe in thy breast close lock up thy intents,  
For he that knows thy purpose best prevents."—*Randolph*.

Isn't that good? Isn't it "RANDOLPH" to the life? Is anyone quite certain as to the course our RANDOLPH will take?

There are, too, quotations from "R. CHAMBERLAIN"—not from JOSEPH—with whose works the Baron is not so conversant as he might be. SAITH R. CHAMBERLAIN:—

"A foolish man in wealth and authority is like a weak-timbered house with a too-ponderous roof."—*R. Chamberlain*.

The Baron strongly recommends the study of this volume to Mr. OSCAR WILDE; it will save him hours of painful cogitation during the incubation of his next play. THE BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

ANOTHER HOME - RULE QUESTION.—Ulster objects. Ulster threatens. If Home Rule becomes the law of the land, the Ulstermen will resist *vi et armis*. Do they propose to set up an Opposition Sovereignty? If so, they have a monarch at hand with the very title to suit them. He is to be found at the Heralds' College, and he is the, *par excellence*, "Ulster King-at-Arms!"

STAGE WHISPER AT WESTMINSTER.—The Comedy of Committee now tends towards becoming Mellor-drama.



"Le Sabre de mon père!"



**"NANA WOULD NOT GIVE ME A BOW-WOW!"**

A PRETTY LITTLE SONG FOR PETTISH LITTLE EMPERORS.

(Latest Teutonic Version of Mr. Joseph Tabrar's Popular Song.)

**·REICHSTAG·**



[The German Emperor is reported to have said, "It was impossible for me to anticipate the rejection of the Army Bills, so fully did I rely upon the patriotism of the Imperial Diet to accept them unreservedly. A patriotic minority has been unable to prevail against the majority . . . I was compelled to resort to a dissolution, and I look forward to the acceptance of the Bills by the new Reichstag. Should this expectation be again disappointed, I am determined to use every means in my power to achieve my purpose."—*The Times*.]

*Wilful Wilhelm sings:—*

You ask me why I do not smile; the reason you shall know;  
I had a disappointment huge a day or two ago;  
I asked my venerable Nurse to give me no more toys,  
But just a little Dog of War to bite the other boys.

*Spoken.* But oh!

*Audience (of Generals and Staff Officers).* What?

Nana wouldn't give me that bow-wow

Wow-wow!

The Reichstag wouldn't grant me that bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

No; she denied me—flat.

Now, what do you think of *that*?

And I'd set my mind on that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

Some years ago she did the same, the greedy bad old girl!  
 But I've set my mind upon that dog, sharp teeth and  
 The other boys have got such tykes, and I should be a  
 mug,  
 If when they run to mastiffs I'm put off with a small

*Audience.* Well?

*Spoken.* Well,

I mean to make her give me that bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

I'll worry her until she buys that bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

I'll dissolve the Imperial Diet,  
 And I never will be quiet

Until I get that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

I always meant when I grew old to do just as I pleased,  
 I'd have a dozen bow-wows then, and if the old Trot  
 teased

I'd shut her up, and everyone who backed her, like a  
 For no one who opposes Me can be a pat-ri-ot!

*Audience.* Why?

*Spoken.* Because

France has got ahead with her bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

Russia makes me jealous with her bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

And now it is my turn

To leave them well astern,

And I can't without that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

I didn't shake old BRIZZY off to take CAPRIVI up,  
 To let my old Nurse thwart me in my longing for this pup.  
 'Tis true that I have other tykes, a pack of 'em indeed—  
 But what of that? I want one more, of this particular  
 breed.

*Audience.* Well?

*Spoken.* Well,

I will, whatever happens, have this bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

I'll have it very soon, if not just now-now!

Wow-wow!

My purpose I'll achieve,

And the Reichstag never leave

Until I get possession of that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

A QUESTION OF TITLE.—A recent speech by Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., on the Art of Cross-Examination has been called "deliciously frank." Henceforth the genial Recorder of York is to be known as Mr. DELICIOUSLY FRANK LOCKWOOD.

A SOVEREIGN MAXIM.

HE who risks the answer Nay,  
 When he asks he shall have MAY.



### WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

WHEN PERCHED ON THE BACK SEAT OF A FRIEND'S DOG-CART; CAN TAKE NO PART IN THE CONVERSATION, AND HAS TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO STICKING ON!

### IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

MONDAY, MAY 8, 1893.

First Match of the Australian Cricketers against  
 Lord Sheffield's English Eleven.

In Sheffield Park, in budding May!  
 True English scene, true cricket day,  
 A generous host, and glorious play!

A date to mark!

A well-fought match, the Cornstalks' first!  
 A summer sun, a noble thirst!  
 The Season's on us with a burst,  
 In Sheffield Park!

The wondrous veteran W. G.,  
 At forty-five scores sixty-three!  
 (At sixty-three GRACE may we see  
 Score forty-five!)

Pleasant once more to have a peep  
 At those sharp eyes that never sleep,  
 Those bear's-paws that know how to keep  
 The game alive!

Safe SHREWSBURY and giant GUNN  
 At it once more! Oh Lords, what fun  
 To see them drive, and out, and run!  
 A May-day lark

For elderly and paunchy lads!  
 Ah, Time his annual inches adds.  
 We cannot buckle on the pads  
 In Sheffield Park!

Yet genuine pleasure still 'twill yield  
 To sit and watch, with noses peeled,  
 CONINGHAM smite and GREGORY field.

How's that, Sir! Hark!

Thanks to GRACE, SHREWSBURY, and GUNN,  
 LOCKWOOD and BRIGGS—what glorious fun!—  
 The first big match we've neatly won  
 In Sheffield Park!

Now for a wet after our roast!  
 Lords no, there is no call to boast!  
 But in Lord SHEFFIELD what a host  
 Cricketers mark!

Who will forget that lovely day,  
 'Midst lovely scenery in mid-May,  
 Who had the luck to watch the play  
 In Sheffield Park!

(EXETER) HALL RIGHT.—It is reported on the highest authority that Prince GEORGE has been recently engaged in May Meetings, and has expressed himself as having been extremely charmed and interested.

### MORE POWER TO MISS COBBE!

"You say that you've a sovereign way  
 To end the placard pest;  
 Oh, Mistress COBBE, reveal it, pray,  
 And give my spirit rest!"

"You're very green, that may be seen,"  
 Th' aggressive dame did shout;  
 "The way to kill a noxious Bill  
 Is—just to throw it out."

"Mid hills, in towns,—that's not so bad,—  
 And in the quiet lane,  
 We let the advertising cad  
 Tyrannically reign."

"So in my walks I take a brush,  
 Also a watering-can,  
 And on the hideous foe I rush,  
 And that's my little plan!"

"Without compunction, without haste,  
 Though passers-by may stare,  
 I strip the paper from its paste,  
 And leave the fragments there."

"That plan," I said, "I've never tried;  
 It shows, no doubt, devotion;  
 But is it legal?" She replied,  
 "I've not the slightest notion!"

## WAITING FOR THE PROCESSIONS.

*(A Reminiscence of the Opening of the Imperial Institute.)*

**SCENE**—The Hyde Park South Road, opposite the Cavalry Barracks. Closely-packed ranks of Sightseers have formed in front of the long line of unharnessed carriages under the trees. Outside this line the feeble folk, who invariably come on such occasions, and never find the courage to trust themselves in the crowd, are wistfully wandering, in the hope of procuring a place by some miraculous interposition.

*Lament of Feeble Females.* I told you how it would be—not the slightest use staying here! . . . I can't see anything except a lamp-post and the top of a soldier's bearskin! . . . We might just as well have stopped at home! (*Viciously.*) Where all the people come from, I don't know! I'm sure we were here early enough!

*Comments by Feeble Males.* No—not much to be seen where we are, certainly, but—um—I don't know that we're likely to do better anywhere else. . . . Not the least good attempting to get in there. Well, we can try lower down, of course, but it'll be just the same. They ought to arrange these things better!

*[They drift on discontentedly.*

*The Self-Helper* (squeezing between the wheels, and elbowing himself past the people who have been standing patiently there for hours). By your leave—ere, just allow me to pass, please. Thank you. One moment, Mum. "No right to push in 'ere," aven't I? I've as much right as what you 'ave. Think the ole Park b'longs to you, I suppose? You orter 'ave a space roped in a-purpose for you, you ought! Tork about selfishness!

*[He arrives triumphantly in the foremost row, and obtains the tolerance, if not the sympathy, of all who are not near enough to be inconvenienced by his presence.*

*Contented People in the Crowd.* Oh, we shall do well enough 'ere. They'll put their sunshades down when the QUEEN passes . . . I can catch a view between the 'eads like. And you don't get the sun under the trees . . . Sha'n't have much longer to wait now. She'll be starting in another arf hour—(&c., &c.)

*A Lady in a Landau (to her husband).* I don't think we could have done better, Horace—we shall see everything; and it's quite amusing to be close to the crowd, and hear their remarks—much nicer than being in one of the Stands!

*[Her self-congratulations are cut short by the arrival of three Humorous Artisans, who have taken a day off, and are in the highest animal spirits.*

*Joe (first Humorous Artisan).* You shove in first, BILL—push along, JOE; there's room for three little 'uns! Don't you mind about me—I'll git up 'ere, and see over your 'eds. *[He mounts on one of the front wheels of the landau, and holds on by the lamp.]* I can see proper where I am. There's a lady fainted down there!

*Bill (the leading Buffoon of the Party).* I wonder if she's got any money. If she 'as, I'll go and 'elp 'er!

*Joe.* She's all right now. The ambulance 'as come up—they're standin' 'er on 'er 'ed!

*The Lady in the Landau (in an undertone).* HORACE, we can't have this horrible man here—do make him get down!

*Horace (to Joe).* Here, I say, my friend, don't you think you'd be more comfortable somewhere else?—that wheel is—er—not exactly the place—

*Joe.* No offence, Guv'nor. Yer see, I ain't brought out my brawn to-day, 'cos I'm 'avin' it varnished, and—

*Bill.* Why, don't yer see, JOE?—the lady's put 'er 'usband up to invitin' you on the box-seat of 'er kerridge!—it all comes o' 'heim' so good lookin'—but take care what yer about, or your missus may come by and ketch yer—which 'll be unpleasant for all parties!

*Joe (to the owner of the Landau, with easy affability).* It's very 'orspitable of you and your good lady, Mister, but I'm very well

where I am—if I should want to set down later on, I'll tell yer. (*To BILL.*) I can't think what they all see in me. I don't encourage 'em!

*The Lady (in a rapid whisper).* No, HORACE, for goodness sake don't—you'll only make them worse—we must put up with it. (*They do.*)

*Bill (affecting to recognise an imaginary friend across the road).* 'Ullo, if there ain't little ALEXANDER! I knoo 'e'd be 'ere. What cher, ALEC, ole pal?

*Joe (playing up to him).* Ah, and there goes JACK GAYNER! You can spot 'im anywhere by 'is eye-glass.

*Bill.* That's ole JACK all over, that is. 'E wouldn't come out—not on a day like this—without a eyeglass, JACK wouldn't. If it 'ad ha' bin a Saturday now, 'e'd ha' 'ad two, to see 'is way 'ome by. (*A gorgeous official passes on horseback.*) There y'ar—there's DAN LENO. Way oh, DANNY!

*Dick.* It's time 'Er Most Gracious come along, if she's goin' to keep 'er character. If she don't make 'aste, I shan't 'ave time to get 'alf a pint afore I go 'ome!

*Bill (sentimentally).* Ah, if she on'y knoo the anxious arts she's causin'! 'Ullo, see that bloke tryin' to climb up on the wall there? If I was one o' them sojers, I'd draw my sword and do a noble deed against 'im, I would. He wouldn't want to set down on no wall arter I'd done with him!

*[By this time the two have secured a delighted audience—of which they are fully conscious.]*

*Joe.* Time's very near up. 'Er MAJESTY ain't 'urryin' 'erself.

*Bill (magnanimously).* Never mind. Now I am 'ere, I'll stop 'Er time. I shouldn't like 'Er to feel that there was somethink wantin' to the success of the proceedings. They say Royalty never forgets a face!

*Joe (with the candour of intimacy).* She won't see enough o' yours to forget, ole feller—you ain't used much o' Pears' Soap this mornin', you ain't!

*Bill (in novice pained by this personality—which is only too well founded).* Ah, it 'ud take "Monkey Brand" and Fuller's Earth to git it all off o' me! (*There is a stir in the crowd; a Mounted Police-sergeant trots past.*) There's somethink up now. They're comin'. I will 'oller when the QUEEN passes. She's costed me a deal already, but she ain't got all the money. I got three 'apence of it in my pocket—though, come to think of it, three 'apence laid out in pots o' four ale among three with thusts for thirty and loyalty laid on 'ot and cold all over the premises—why, it don't go so bloomin' fur, and don't you forget it!

*Dick.* 'Er come the Life

Guards! smart lookin' lot o' chaps, ain't they?

*Bill (philosophically).* Ah, and when they done their time, them fellers 'll be glad to turn to plasterin' or wood-choppin'—anythink to gain their liveli'ood by. There's the Royalties. I can see the people wavin' their 'ankerchiefs—they that's got 'em. I want to wave somethink—'ere, lend me your bacco-pipe, will yer.

*[An open carriage passes, containing personages in uniform.]*

*Dick.* 'Oo'll that lot be?

*Bill.* Why, that's the Markiss o' BRICKDUST—don't yer know 'im? And the one in front is the Dook o' DRIPPIN'. Look at 'im a larfin. Ain't 'e a gay ole chicking? 'Er's some more o' them.

*The Crowd.* That's the Dook o' CAMBRIDGE. No, it ain't—that was 'im in the fust kerridge. Go on—that was the EDINGBOROS! . . . Why, I tell yer, I see 'is white whiskers! There's the Princess MAX! Which? 'Ooray! Lor, it's no good 'oorayin' now—she's gone by long ago. Well, I am glad I've seen 'er, any'ow! Who are them in the white 'elmets? Ostrilians, I fancy. No, they ain't—they're Canadians. Then who is it in the fancy dress, with slouch 'ats an' feathers on? Forriners o' some sort. Ain't them Indians dressed up fine? 'Er come the creams. Now we shall see 'Er!

*Bill (with enthusiasm).* Bravo! SANGER 's ain't in it! 'Ooray, 'ooray! *[The crowd goes wild.]* With a ap'ny ice! Did yer see 'Er, Joe?



"She's costed me a deal already!"



I caught 'Er Royale eye, I did. She didn't bow—'cos we ain't on those terms—but she tipped me a wink, ser much as to say, "Ullo, Bill, ole feller, 'ow is it you ain't in the Institoot?" Quite forgittin' she never sent me no ticket. But there, I dessay she's lots to think about!

*Joe (to the occupants of the Landau).* You'll excuse me leavin' yer for a bit, just to git a drink, won't yer? I'll be back in time to see 'em return—if yer won't mind keepin' my place.

*[Exit, leaving them glaring in speechless indignation.]*

*The Crowd (breaking up).* Oh, I see it beautiful! She did look pleased, didn't she? I didn't notice partickler. I was lookin' at the Percession. . . Come along, that's all there is to be seen. . . Where's that silly ole man got to? I told 'im to be 'ere under this tree; he wants more lookin' after than any—oh, 'ere you are! Well, you should ha' kept along with us, and you'd ha' seen well enough! It was a pity our leavin' the whisky at 'ome—'tain't often I come out without it—and on a warm day like this, a drop 'ud ha' done us all good!

*A Loyal Old Lady.* Ah, depend upon it, this Imperial Institoot 'ull do good to Trade. Why, there's one o' them men with the iced lemonade cans sold out a'ready!

### HOW'S THAT FOR—HIGH-TEA?

[A learned Judge is recently reported to have anxiously inquired the meaning of "high-tea."]

His Lordship looked puzzled. He ransacked his brain; His once beaming brow was contracted with pain. Till my Lord stopped the Counsel, in saying, "Let's see, Before you proceed, what is meant by 'high-tea'?"

"I was called to the Bar such a long time ago! But I flatter myself that I've learnt now to know All the ropes pretty well, yet completely at sea I confess that I am with this curious 'high-tea.'"

"Now I own that I know an Oxonian 'wine,' Though a 'cocoa' at Newnham is more in my line, Whilst dinner and lunch are familiar to me. So is supper. But what—tell me, what is 'high-tea'?"

The Counsel explained in his very best style, (Though he often indulged, on the sly, in a smile,) And the Judge was as eager as eager could be To learn all the rites that belong to "high-tea."

But the sequel to all was a square little note Next day from a blue-blooded Duchess who wrote To the Judge, and this Dame of the highest degree Had invited his Lordship to come to—HIGH-TEA!

### DIARY OF A "H. D."

(At the Service of the Departmental Committee on the Treatment of Inebriates.)

*Monday.*—I am afraid that I can no longer resist the temptation to return to my customary diet. This morning my breakfast was spoiled by finding that the *pièce de résistance* was corked. And this when I pay 96s. a dozen, and the vintage is 1884! However, it could not be helped, and I managed to exist until lunch. Then came another disappointment. I had purposely ordered a light repast, as I had not much appetite. But I did intend to take it with soda-water—not neat. At dinner I managed to get through a biscuit, and as it was "devilled," it gave me renewed relish for the morning's champagne. This time the bottles were in excellent condition, and I quite forgot that earlier in the day one of them had been corked. All in the half-dozen were in perfect condition—especially the last magnum. I do not know how I got to bed.

*Tuesday.*—When I find that I have not removed my boots overnight, I know that I require a pick-me-up. A friend joined me at breakfast, and we both thought the champagne excellent. My friend BROWN, or perhaps it was JONES, and now I come to think of it, it may have been ROBINSON. And yet, when I consider the matter, there may have been three of them. I tried to count them, and it took me half the morning. Well, BROWN, or whoever he was, is a very good fellow. Most amusing, and an excellent audience. He laughs at everything. Whether you mean it to be funny or not, he laughs. I like him as a brother. A thoroughly good fellow. We had a most interesting discussion about the right pronunciation of Constitution. He said it was in two syllables. I said it was in one. I think I was right. We had a long chat about it after dinner. First we talked about it over the port, and then under the table. I don't know how I managed to get home, but I have a firm belief that it was all right—quite all right.

*Wednesday.*—Found my boots again on my feet when recovering consciousness. So this is the second time I must have slept in them.



### NOTE AND QUERY.

*Small Boy (to Companion).* "I SAY, BILL, WHICH O' THESE TWO 'S TAKEN THE PRIZE?"

I feel excessively melancholy. I have wept very much, and were it not for the supporting powers of whiskey, I am sure I should be much worse. However, there is only one thing to be done—to keep at it. One bottle down, another come on. I have floored no end of a lot of them. Strange to say that I am now happy after all my sorrow of this morning. Everything is right but the lamp-posts. They are all wrong. Getting in my way on my road home. I feel awfully tired. However, seems to be my duty to interfere in a street-row.

*Thursday.*—It appears I had an altercation with the police last night. I am free, but sorrowful. I really must put myself under restraint. I feel almost certain that I have given way to intemperance. On appealing to BROWN (or whoever he is), he says I have been as drunk as a fly for ages. This hurts me very much. Only thing to do is to retire into a retreat. Have, with the assistance of BROWN (or whoever he is), drawn up the application. It looks right enough. And, as this is my last chance for some time to come, I and BROWN (or whoever he is) are going to make a night of it.

*Friday.*—Boots again! BROWN (or whoever he is) called with two doctors. I said I couldn't be bothered with them. BROWN (or whoever he is) said I must. So I saw them. They say that the Act requires that I must understand what I am doing. All right—going into retreat. Word "retreat" should be pronounced as one syllable. All right, they have made the statutory declaration.

*Saturday.*—Here I am. Charming place, away from drink, and ought to do well for the next fortnight. Can't remember how long I promised to stay, but know it was for some considerable time. I have just seen the Superintendent. He says he is very sorry, but I cannot stay any longer. This, in spite of it appearing that I have signed an application undertaking to remain for life. Can't make it out. Rather vague about what I have been doing during the week, but know I wanted to cure myself from habitual inebriety. Superintendent says he must turn me out under the statute. Appears that I signed the application for admission when I was not absolutely sober. Can't be helped. Out I go. Well, there are worse things in the world than whiskey and port. I have a notion that I am booked for another night in my boots!

### THE RECENTLY-ELECTED R.A.'S.

The pictures these talented gentlemen show  
Monotonous never appear;  
Waves, woods, and (say) Venice, MacWHIRTER & Co.  
Depict for us year after year.

Woods always paints Venice, the place that brought forth  
A Moor, but MOORE's chattels and goods  
Are seas, not calm south ones, but those of the north,  
Whilst NORTH and MacWHIRTER paint woods.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.—Will the verse described as *Ode* by Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS be paid with the Post Laureateship?





### WHAT WEDDING PRESENTS ARE COMING TO.

*She.* "I DON'T SEE MY CHEQUE ANYWHERE!"

*He.* "A—CAN I HELP YOU? WHAT NAME?"

*She.* "OH—WELL—MINE IS HARDLY A CHEQUE."

*A—IT'S A POSTAL ORDER, YOU KNOW, FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!"*

### OUR OWN AMBASSADOR.

*Mr. Punch, meeting Columbia at the World's Fair, thus greeteth her:—*

COLUMBIA by Lake Michigan  
A treasure-dome did late decree;  
And all the world, in summer, ran,  
In numbers measureless by man,  
The Wondrous Show to see!  
There many miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills  
Surrounding halls of vast machinery.  
And all earth's products, from fine arts  
to pills,  
Massed in that maze by that great in-  
land sea.  
Fast, from that deep romantic chasm which  
slanted  
Through Colorado, the Grand Cañon; over  
Yellowstone's marvel - teeming miles en-  
chanted;  
Far - sweeping prairies erst by redskins  
haunted;  
Steaming and railing, like bee-swarms to  
clover,  
The world-crowd swept, with ceaseless turmoil  
seething;  
It seemed the earth in eager pants was  
breathing  
In a great race to see who should be first  
Into that many-acred Show to burst,  
And conquering COLUMBIA there to hail  
Creation-licker on colossal scale.  
By Michigan's large lake, once and for ever,  
Surpassing other Shows, in park, by river,  
O'er miles meandering, this last Yankee  
Notion

Through wood and meadow like a river ran,  
Vast Exposition of the Arts of Man!  
Hyde Park compared therewith stirred small  
emotion,  
And proud COLUMBIA, waving Stripes and  
Stars,  
Cried, "The White City whips the Champ de  
Mars!"

The shadow of that dome of treasure  
Floated midway on the wave.  
(See CASTAIGNE's drawings—they're a  
pleasure—  
In the May *Century* pictured brave.)  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
Costing "a pile," but cheap at any price!  
A damsel with a five-stringed "Jo"  
In a vision once I saw;  
It was an Alabama maid,  
And on her banjo light she played,  
Singing of sweet Su-san-nah!  
Could I revive within me  
Amphion's lyric song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
As the music loud and long  
That sure did raise this dome in air,  
That mighty dome!—those halls of price!  
COLUMBIA's magic set them there,  
And all who see cry, "Rare! O rare!  
This beats great KUBLA KHAN's device!  
Chicago outsoars Xanadu!  
COLUMBIA's World's Fair here on view  
Elisees SHERIDAN's Paradise!"

There, Madam! *The British Ambassador,*  
*Punch,*  
Has borrowed the lyre of the Opium-eater  
To praise your unparalleled feat! By his  
hunch  
'Twould tax that great master of magic and  
metre

To do it full justice. To paint such a vision  
The limner need call on the aid of the  
Poppy.  
It is a Big Blend of the Truly Elysian,  
And (you'll comprehend!) the Colossally  
Shoppo!  
Mix HAROUN ALRASCHID with Mr. McKINLEY,  
And Yellowstone Park with a Persian  
Bazaar,  
And then the ensemble is sketched in but  
thinly.  
For brush and for pen 'tis too mighty by  
far.  
The fragment of COLERIDGE hinted at wonders  
His Dream might have shown, had it ever  
been finished.  
COLUMBIA, I bear o'er the ocean that sunders  
But cannot un-kin us, the love undimin-  
ished  
Of all whom I speak for—that's England all  
over—  
Here's luck, in a bumper, to you and your  
Show!  
Ambassador *Punch*, your Admirer and Lover,  
Believes the World's Fair will turn out a  
Great Go!

MUSIC IN MAY.—Albert Hall gave a good  
Concert last Wednesday night. C. V. STAN-  
FORD's "*East to West*," libretto by Poet  
SWINBURNE, is cleverish. To encores Sir  
JOSEPH BARNBY says, as a rule, "Not for Sir  
JOSEPH." Quite right. Miss PALLISER, known  
as Miss BUCKINGHAM PALLISER, because she  
sang at a Court Concert, charming; and Mr.  
E. J. LLOYD as *The Old Obadiah*, excellent.  
Chorus, like the weather, very fine; Orchestra  
set fair, or fair set. Hall full, but, now and  
again, it's a Hall-full place for sound.



## OUR OWN AMBASSADOR.

MR. PUNCH (to COLUMBIA). "CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR!—QUITE 'THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH'!!!"



## ANILINE.

(After Tennyson's "Adeline.")

ALL around one daily sees  
Dreadful dyes of Aniline,  
Worn by women fat and  
thin,  
Bonnet, bodice, back and  
breast.  
One can hardly call thee  
fair,  
With thy fierce magenta  
glare,  
With thy green, the green  
of peas,  
Violet, and all the rest.  
What appalling tints are  
thine,  
Showy, glowy Aniline!

Whence did modern women  
get  
Such a gorgeous array?  
Dear to 'ARRY'S 'ARRIET  
On a 'appy 'oliday,  
'Owlin', out on 'Ampstead  
'Eath.  
From the 'ill to 'im beneath.  
Also dear to girls who sell  
Flowers in the London  
street,  
They have always loved  
thee well  
In their frocks and  
feathers neat.  
Why revive those tints  
of thine,  
Antiquated Aniline?

Thou hast almost made us  
blind  
Under England's cloud-  
less skies;  
Low-toned tints of  
Orient,  
Such as Turkish rugs  
adorn,  
Would be better for our  
eyes—  
Now upon the pave-  
ment bent  
Since such blazers  
have been worn.



## KINDLY MEANT.

Mr. Macmonnies (an old friend). "WELL, LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT REALLY BROUGHT ME HERE TO-DAY. THE FACT IS MY WIFE WANTS HER MOTHER PAINTED VERY BADLY—AND I NATURALLY THOUGHT OF YOU!"

Say, has Paris sent to us  
Dyes so dreadfully defined?  
Do the tyrant *modistes*  
bring  
Colours so calamitous,  
Mixed in ways more  
fearful still,  
In this strangely sunny  
spring?  
Oh, before thou mak'st  
us ill,  
Take away that glare  
of thine,  
Unæsthetic Aniline!

SALE OF THE CLIFDEN  
AND HIGH PRICE PICTURES.  
—"The Wife of Burgo-  
master Six" went for over  
£7000. This wife of Burgo-  
master Half-a-dozen was a  
marvellous specimen of a  
woman. The Burgomaster  
was so faithful a husband  
that "Six to One" has long  
since become a homely  
proverb.

A USEFUL TOOLE.—Mr.  
Punch was much surprised  
one day last week to see  
on the evening newspaper  
placards:—

TOOLE IN THE BOX.  
A LUCKY DOG.

Was "the Box" a new  
piece to be put on at  
the distant period when  
Walker, London, fails to  
attract? No! The hero  
of *Homburg* had only been  
helping in the *Lucky Dog*  
Fight—merely a case of  
*Verbum Sapte et Alport*,  
or a Word for SAPTE and  
ALPORT.

THE SHORTEST PASSAGE  
ON RECORD.—Aberdeen  
to Canada at a pen-  
stroke.

## SIC ITUR AD—ASTOR!

[The American Millionaire has purchased Cliveden.]

RULE, BRITANNIA! 'Twas Cliveden's fair walls which first heard  
That stout patriot strain—which may now sound absurd.  
"Yankee Doodle" indeed might more fittingly ring  
"In Cliveden's proud alcove," which POPE stooped to sing.  
O Picknickers muse; and, O oarsmen, repine!  
Those fair hanging woods, BULL, no longer are thine.  
Our high-mettled racers may pass o'er the sea—  
Shall sentiment challenge thy claims, L. S. D.?  
Our pictures may go without serious plaint—  
What are the best pictures but canvas and paint?  
Our Press? Let the alien toff take his pick.  
When the Dollar dictates shall mere patriots kick?  
Our hills and our forests? If Oil-kings appear,  
And want them—for cash—as preserves for their deer.  
Down, down with mere pride—so they're down with the dust!  
Mammen's word is the great categorical Must!  
The Dollar's Almighty, the Millionaire's King!  
Sell, sell anyone who'll bid high—anything.  
What offers for—London? Who bids for—the Thames?  
Cracks go, Cliveden follows. What Briton condemns?  
Cash rules. For the Dollar-King BULL shies his castor.  
Buy! Buy! That's the cry, JOHN. Sic itur ad—ASTOR!

BOOKED AT THE LYCEUM BOX-OFFICE.—Four nights a week *Becket*  
is given. Programme is varied on the other two nights. A simple  
gentleman said to the Clerk at the Box-Office, "I want two stalls."  
The Clerk. "For *Becket*?" "No," returned the simple one; "for me."

## SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—From a communication to one of the daily  
papers, it appears that "a hundred ladies and gentlemen who  
find the works of HENDRIK IBSEN (perhaps not all for exactly the  
same reasons, but who agree in finding them) among the most inter-  
esting productions of the modern theatre, have guaranteed the esti-  
mated expenses of a series of twelve performances, at which three  
of IBSEN's plays will be presented." This arrangement is carried  
out by "each guarantor receiving in seats at the current theatrical  
prices the full value of his subscription," as "the State will not sub-  
sidize a theatre, and no millionaire seems inclined to endow one."

This is clear enough, but it has occurred to me that, as after the  
first few performances there may be a goodly number of untenanted  
seats, it would be as well to provide auxiliary aid to fill them. It  
would scarcely be fair to call upon the guarantors to pay the audience  
to be present at the "entertainments" provided for their amusement.  
And yet, unless the houses are good, the actors will not do themselves  
justice, and the plays of HENDRIK IBSEN will suffer in consequence.  
I fear that it would be revolting to humanity to insist upon the  
attendance of the less intelligent inmates of the Asylum for Idiots,  
and yet here would be an appropriate path out of the difficulty.  
Under the circumstances, could not the State (with the aid of a  
short Act of Parliament) still render assistance? I see no reason  
why thieves and other dishonest characters should not have a  
portion of their sentences remitted on condition that they attended  
the IBSEN performances. Such an arrangement would save the  
rate-payers the expense of the prisoners' keep. The audience I have  
suggested would also be free from temptation, for when they were  
assisting at a representation of one of IBSEN's plays, I venture to be-  
lieve they would find nothing worth stealing. A PRACTICAL MAN.





### WASTED IRONY.

"WHO'S THAT DOWN-STAIRS, JANE?"—"SOME FRIENDS OF MINE, MA'AM."  
 "BUT YOU HAD SOME FRIENDS YESTERDAY, JANE!"—"YES, MA'AM."  
 "AND ON MONDAY NIGHT!"—"YES, MA'AM."  
 "DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER HAVE A REGULAR DAY AT HOME EACH WEEK?"—"THANK YOU, MA'AM! THAT WILL BE VERY NICE!"

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, May 8.*—"What a day we are having, to be sure!" said CHAMBERLAIN, rubbing his hands and smiling delightfully. Things certainly pretty lively to begin with; just got into Committee on Home-Rule Bill; CHARLIE (my DARLING) was to have opened Debate with Amendment on first line of First Clause; but, as he subsequently explained to sympathetic Committee, he was weighed down with feeling of diffidence. House, touched with this unusual weakness on part of Member for Deptford, readily accepted volunteered service of CHAMBERLAIN, who undertook to say a few words on another Amendment whilst DARLING was recovering.

No diffidence about JOSEPH. As he observed in stormiest epoch of sitting, he was as cool as a cucumber. "A cucumber with full allowance of vinegar and pepper," SQUIRE of MALWOOD added, in one of those asides with which he varies the silence of Treasury Bench. Well there was someone at that temperature. Committee, take it all together, in volcanic mood. Peculiarity of situation, as SAUNDERSON put it, with some mixing of metaphor, was that "it was the cucumber that kept the pot a-boiling." Whenever any sign of placidity was visible, JOSEPH sure to appear on scene, rub someone's hair the wrong way, or stir up some slumbering lion with long pole.

"Ever stop to watch the Punch show in the streets, TOBY?" said PLUNKER. "No, I suppose not; rather

personal; recall days before you went into politics. Confess I always do; been chuckling just now over idea that here we have the whole thing played out. There's Mr. Punch in person of Mr. G. Up comes a head, GRANDOLPH's, or someone else's; down comes the bâton in the form of the Closure. Everyone supposes that Law and Order are established and things will go smoothly, when suddenly up springs JOEY, cool as a cucumber, and upsets everything again. There's nothing new under the sun, not even proceedings in obstruction of Home-Rule Bill."

After dinner SOLICITOR-GENERAL discovered seated on Treasury Bench. A great thirst for speech from him suddenly afflicted Opposition. Mr. G. spoke, and JOHN MORLEY moved the Closure, but nothing would satisfy them save speech from RIGBY. Pauses in conversation were filled by cries upon his name. He sat unresponsive, looking wiser than ever, but still unspeakably wise.

DARLING's Amendment got rid of with assistance of Closure. GRANDOLPH rushed in; hotly moved to report progress. Only ten o'clock; two hours more before Debate adjourned. This merrily filled up with divisions, shouting, and scenes. GRANDOLPH's motion to Report Progress being negatived on division, PRINCE ARTHUR moved that Chairman leave the Chair, division on which just tided Committee over twelve o'clock, without chance of doing more work.

"I feel twelve years younger," said GRANDOLPH, coming in from last division. "Reminds me of first Session of 1880 Parliament, when we sat below Gangway there, and banded about these alternate resolutions, me moving to Report Progress; then, when we came back again, WOLFFY, GORST, or sometimes, to give the boy a turn, PRINCE ARTHUR moved that Chairman leave the Chair. That was long before he came into his principedom. House of Commons pretty dull these six years back. After all, it's the same old place, and, if we give our mind to it, we can have the same old game."

*Business done.*—Got into Committee on Home Rule Bill.

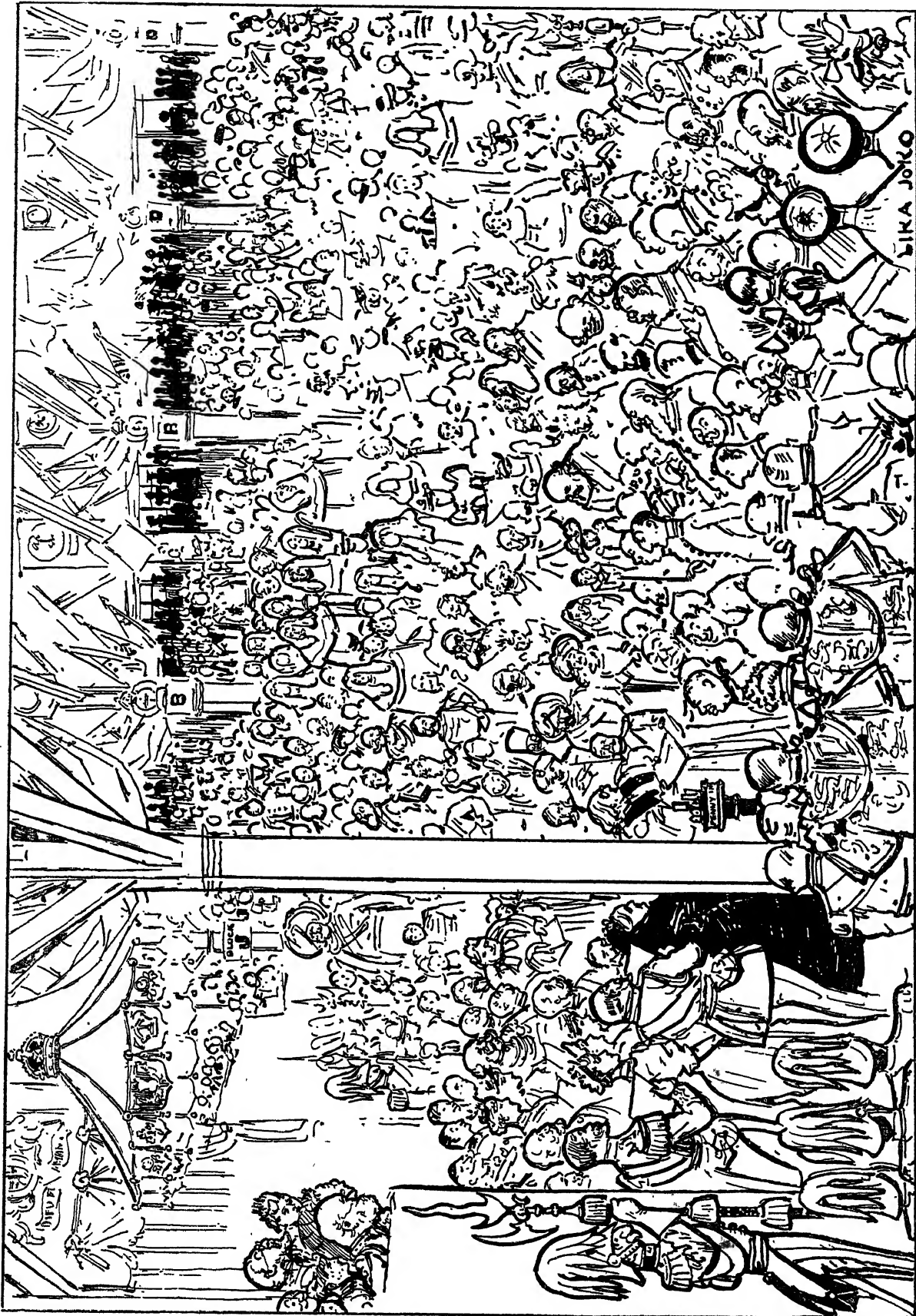
*Thursday.*—Noisiest evening we have enjoyed since Parliament elected. Peculiarity of situation was that everybody, not excluding Chairman of Committees, strenuously anxious to preserve order. Quiet enough till CHAMBERLAIN appeared on scene, then followed the ordinary cool-cucumbery results. TIM HEALY torn with anxiety that JOSEPH should limit himself strictly to Motion before Committee. Sort of triangular duel; JOSEPH at corner Bench below Gangway to right of Chair; TIM in corresponding position opposite; MELLOR in (and out of) Chair; all three on their feet simultaneously; Committee assisting in general desire for peace and order by tumultuous shouting. TIM fired furiously at JOSEPH; JOSEPH answered shot for shot; Chairman pegged away alternately at both.

Then GRANDOLPH, finding temptation irresistible, romped in. "I move," he said, "that the words be taken down." Very well; quite so; but what words? The Chamber was full of words, surging like the waters at Lodore. Which particular ones would GRANDOLPH like taken down? Turned out that his desire centred upon almost the only words that had not been uttered. "I distinctly heard the Member for Louth say, 'You are knocked up.'" So GRANDOLPH solemnly declared, standing at table. Whilst Irish Members popped up like parched peas on Benches below Gangway, CHAMBERLAIN took

### HOME RULE ENTERTAINMENT BY STEPHENS



"Joey up again!" Scene from the Parliamentary Show.



OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

(Rough Sketch by Our Artist without elbow-room.)

opportunity of looking over his notes, and Chairman, standing at table, forlornly wrung his hands. TIM HEALY sat a model of



Mr. J. G. Lawson having found in a dictionary the Irish word for "a House of Commons," obliges:—

In Irish, I will sing it clear,  
There's a name for the House which you  
shall hear.

(Spoken) Which is  
(Sings) "Riaz-na-Nuaral"—tooral-looral  
Ri-az toloral ri do!

[Chorus everybody.

be taken down. At length, in comparative lull in storm, Chairman adroitly signalled to CHAMBERLAIN, who continued his speech. Members, generally, gratefully availed themselves of his interposition to take their breath.

"Do you know, TOBY, what this reminds me of?" said EARL SPENCER, looking down on turbulent scene from Peers' Gallery. "Carries me back to boyhood's days, and what used to happen when, in temporary absence of head-master, French usher took charge of the school.

J. G. LAWSON, on spending time in Library, looking up native name for proposed Legislative Assembly in Dublin. Found what it used to be called when BRIAN was King; written name down, tries to pronounce it. TIM HEALY says, as far as he can make out, LAWSON is speaking Welsh; it is suggested that Chairman shall put Question. MELLOR says he's quite enough to do to put Amendments in English; declines to attempt the Irish. LAWSON withdraws, using awful language, which he insists is Irish. It sounds even worse.

*Business done.*—Blusterous.

*Saturday Morning.*—Another afternoon in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Not so lively as yesterday, but equal amount of business not done, which, after all, is the thing. House fairly full; gunpowder lying about in all directions, as shown by occasional flash; and one regular explosion. Went off to Library; sat in quiet corner with PRINCE ARTHUR's last book in hand. Fancy I must have fallen asleep; found tall figure sitting next to me; drowsily recognised RAIKES. Couldn't be RAIKES, you know; long ago gone to another place. Yet figure unmistakable, and voice well remembered. Seem to have been asking him question.

"What do I think about new Chairman?" he was saying. "Well, of course, that is a delicate question to put to me; was Chairman myself for many sessions; know every thorn in the cushion of the seat. It is, I should say, the most difficult post in House; far more so than SPEAKER'S. SPEAKER is robed about with authority that does not pertain to Chairman. Observations which, addressed to SPEAKER, would be flat blasphemy, are, when flung at Chairman of Ways and Means, merely choleric words. Apart from that, position is, through long stretches of sitting, more arduous. When full-dress debate going on, SPEAKER of judgment and ex-

perience can go easy; may even, upon occasion, strategically doze. One did in times not so long ago, and was caught *flagrante asleep*. MACKWORTH PRAED was Member of the House then; made little speech in verse on incident. You remember it?

Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER; it's surely fair,  
If you don't in your bed, that you should in your Chair;  
Longer and longer still they grow,  
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;  
Talking by night, and talking by day.  
Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER; sleep, sleep, while you may

"Chairman must be on alert every moment in Committee. Rule under his jurisdiction is conversation as opposed to speech-making when SPEAKER in Chair. Any moment out of depths of dulness may suddenly rise a whirlwind, which he is expected forthwith to ride. Especially in connection with Bill like this now before Committee, Chairman is in state of tension from time he takes Chair till he leaves. Don't forget all this when you criticise MELLOR, still new to place. He's a good fellow, and a shrewd one; but has, among other difficulties, to fight against proneness to good-nature. Good-nature out of place in the Chair. COURTNEY knew that, and successfully overcame his natural tendencies. MELLOR too anxious to oblige. Must get over that. Above all, should never explain. Suddenly called upon for decision on knotty point, must needs make mistake sometimes. If he does, unless it be very serious, *he should stick to it*. For Chairman of Committees, better to be in the wrong and uphold authority of Chair, than to wriggle into the right at its expense. MELLOR should be more monosyllabic in his style, more ruthless in his dealing with disorderly interruption, more wary about putting his foot down, but, being planted, it should be immovable. It would make his fortune if he could only name CHAMBERLAIN. That would be difficult, I know, for JOEY C. is sly, devilish sly. He should begin with JEMMY LOWTHER, who gives plenty of chances. Thence he might work upwards. Is that a bell



Blind Man's Buff with the Chairman; or, "The Mellor and His Men."

ringing? Yes. Must be off, or I'll get shut out. We've lately adopted the Early Closing Movement."

Certainly bell was ringing; it was for Division on Clause I. Still fact seems to run on all fours with what I remember RAIKES talking of just now. Yet, again, when one comes to think of it, can a bell run on all fours? Everything very strange. Shall go and vote.

*Business done.*—Clause I. agreed to.

TO THE WOOLSTACK.

SINCERE congratulations for  
Our conscience-keeping Chancellor.  
Whom lawyers know as HERSCHELL, C.  
Is now Lord HERSCHELL, G.C.B.

AN ADDITION TO THE CALENDAR.—SIR SOMERS VINE, in recognition of his services in connection with the Imperial Institute, has been appointed a Companion of St. Michael and St. George. And why not? He will be found excellent company.



## AN APPEAL FOR INSPIRATION.

[MR. LEWIS MORRIS has been requested to write an ode on the approaching Royal Marriage.]

AWAKE my Muse, inspire your  
LEWIS MORRIS

To pen an ode! to be another  
Horris!

"HORACE" I should have  
written, but in place of it  
You see the word—well, I'm  
within an ace of it.

Awake my muse! strike up!  
your hard inspire

To write this—"by particular  
desire."

Wet towels! Midnight oil!  
Here! Everything

That can induce the singing  
bard to sing.

Shake me, Ye Nine! I'm re-  
solute, I'm bold!

Come, Inspiration, lend thy  
furious hold!

MORRIS on Pegasus! Plank  
money down!

I'll back myself to win the  
Laureate's Crown!

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S  
MUSICAL PERFORMANCE, WITH  
ACCOMPANIMENT.—MR. JOHN  
MORLEY arrived last Friday  
at Kingston. He went to  
Bray. He was "accompa-  
nied" by the Under Secretary.  
Surely the Leader of the Oppo-  
sition, now at Belfast, won't  
lose such a chance as this item  
of news offers.

THE "WATER-CARNIVAL."  
—Good idea! But a very  
large proportion of those whom  
the show attracts would be all  
the better for a Soap-and-  
Water Carnival. Old Father  
Thames might be considerably  
improved by the process.



## A RESERVED SEAT.

Mistress. "WELL, JAMES, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SHOW? I HOPE YOU  
GOT A GOOD VIEW."

Jim. "YES THANKYE, M'M; I SAW IT FIRST-RATE. THERE WAS ROOM  
FOR FOUR OR FIVE MORE WHERE I WAS."

Mistress (surprised). "INDEED!—WHERE WAS THAT?"

Jim. "IN THE PARK, M'M,—UP A CHES'NUT TREE."

## ODDS BOBBILI!

(The Rajah of Bobbili arrived by  
P. & O. at Marseilles, where he  
was received by Col. Humphrey  
on behalf of the Queen.)

THERE was a gay Rajah of  
Bobbili [wobblely,

Who felt when a steamer on  
"Delighted," says he,

"Colonel HUMPHREY to see,"  
So they dined and they drank  
hobby-nobbeley.

IS THE TIMES ALSO AMONG  
THE PUNSTERS?—In its mas-  
terly, or rather school-masterly,  
article last Saturday, on "The  
Divisions on the Home-Rule  
Bill," written with the special  
intention of whipping up the  
Unionist absentees, the Times  
said, "There is an opinion that,  
with a measure so far-reach-  
ing in its character as the  
Home-Rule Bill, pairing should  
be resorted to as sparingly as  
possible." The eye gifted with  
a three-thousand-joke-search-  
light power sees the pun at  
once, and reproduces it itali-  
cised, to be read aloud, thus—  
"Pairing should be resorted  
to as sparingly as possible."  
What shall he have who makes  
a pun in the Times? Our con-  
gratulations. Henceforth, to  
the jest-detectors this new  
development may prove most  
interesting.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE NOTICE  
AT THE RECEPTION.—"Guests  
must retain their wraps and  
Head Coverings." Evidently  
no bald men admitted.

AUSTRALIAN SONG IN A  
MINOR KEY FOR ANY NUMBER  
OF VOICES.—"I Know a  
Bank!"

## A BUSINESS LETTER.

["Marriage is daily becoming a more commercial  
affair."—A Society Paper.]

DEAR FRED,—Your favour of the 3rd,  
Has had my very best attention,  
But yet I cannot, in a word,  
Accept you on the terms you mention;  
Indeed, wherever you may try,  
According to the last advices  
You'll meet, I fear, the same reply—  
"It can't be done, at current prices!"

In vain an ancient name you show,  
In vain for intellect are noted,  
Blue blood and brains, you surely know,  
At nominal amounts are quoted;  
And then, I see, you're weak enough  
To offer "love, sincere, unstudied,"—  
Why, Sir, with such Quixotic stuff  
The market's absolutely flooded!

But—every day this fact confirms—  
The time is over for romances,  
And whether we can come to terms  
Depends alone on your finances.  
So, would you think me over-bold  
If I, with deference, requested  
A statement of what funds you hold?  
In what securities invested?

For, candidly, in such affairs  
A speedy bid your own chance is,  
A boom in Yankee millionaires  
May soon result in marked advances;

With you I'd willingly be wed,  
To like you well enough I'm able,  
But first submit your bank-book, FRED,  
To your (perhaps) devoted MABEL!

## SUSPIRIA.

(By a Fogey.)

I WOULD I were a boy!  
Not for the tarts we once were fain to eat,  
The penny ice, the jumble sticky-sweet,  
The tip's deciduous joy—

Not for the keen delight [wet,  
Of break-neck 'scapes, the charm of getting  
The joy of battle (strongest when you get  
Two other chaps to fight).

No! times have changed since then.  
The social whirlpool has engulfed the boys;  
Robb'd of their simple, hardy, rowdy joys,  
They start from scratch as men.

The winners in the race!  
Secure of worship, each his triumphs tells,  
Weighing with faintly-praising syllables  
The fairest form and face.

Once, in the mazy crush,  
Ingenuous youth, half timid, and half proud,  
By girlhood's pity had its claims allow'd,  
And worshipp'd with a blush.

Time was when tender years  
Would hug sweet sorrow to the heart, and  
blur

The cross-barr'd bliss of the confectioner  
With crushed affection's tears.

That humbleness is sped.  
The vivid blazon of self-conscious youth,  
The unwilling witness to whole-hearted truth,  
Ne'er troubles boyhood's head.

Now with a solemn pride,  
Lord of the future's limitless expanse,  
The Stoic stripling tolerates the dance  
Weary, yet dignified.

Propping the mirror'd wall,  
No joy of motion, no desire to please,  
Thaws those high-collar'd Caryatides,  
Inane, imperial.

Girls, with their collars too,  
Their mannish maskings, and their unveil'd  
eyes,  
Would feel, if girls can be surprised, surprise  
Should courteous worship woo.

From their exalted place  
The boys their favours dole, as seems them  
well, [tell,  
Woman's calm tyrants, showing, truth to  
More tolerance than grace.

DOUBLE RIDDLE.—Why is a whist-player,  
fast asleep after his fifth game, like one of  
the latest-patented cabs? Because he can be  
briefly alluded to as "Rubber Tires." (Riddle  
adaptable also to exhausted manipulator in  
Turkish Bath after a hard day's work.)



## THE MONEY-BOXING KANGAROO.

*(Knocked-out—for the Time!)*

PITY the sorrows of a poor "Old Man,"  
 Whose pouch is emptied of its golden  
 store;  
 Whose girth seems dwindling to its shortest  
 span,  
 Who needs relief, and needs it more and

*Punch's* appeal for the marsupial martyr  
 Is based upon an ancient nursery model;  
 But he will find that he has caught a  
 Tartar,  
 Who hints that *Punch* is talking heartless  
 twaddle.

Knocked out this round, and verily no  
 wonder!  
 The Money-boxing Kangaroo is plucky:  
 But when a chance-blow smites the jaw like  
 thunder,  
 A champion may succumb to fluke

The Australian Cricketers in their first game

Went down; but BLACKHAM's boys high hopes still foster;  
Duffers who think 'twill always be the same,  
Reckoned without their GIFFEN! Just ask GLOSTER!

So our pouched pugilist, though his chance looks poor,

Will come up smiling soon, surviving failure;  
And an admiring ring will shout once more,  
(*Pardon the Cockney rhyme!*) "Advance, Australia!!!"

THE ARMS (AND LEGS) OF THE ISLE OF MAN.—At a discussion on Sunday-trading, one day last month, there was an attempt made to raise a question as to breach of privilege. The Speaker, however, stopped this at the outset, advising them that they "hadn't a leg to stand upon." Very little advantage in having three legs on such an occasion. The odd part of these Manx-men's legs is that they are their arms. It was originally selected as pictorially exhibiting the innocent character of the Manx Islanders. For their greatest enemy must own that "the strange device" of the three legs is utterly 'armless.

### THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

(By a Cab-horse.)

Don't talk to us in praise of rain!  
When we are slipping once again;  
This beastly shower  
Has made wood-pavements thick with slime.  
Suppose you try another time,  
By mile or hour;  
See how you'd like to trot and trip,  
To stop and stagger, slide and slip,  
Pulled up affrighted,  
Urged madly on, then checked once more,  
Whilst from some omnibus's door  
Some lout alighted.  
You would not find much cause to laugh,  
Like us, you would not care for chaff  
Were you such draggers;  
Your shoes would soon be off, or worn,  
You'd get, what we don't often, corn,  
And end with staggers.

You'd long to be put out to grass,  
Infrequent so far with your class—  
NEBUCHADNEZZAR  
Was quite an isolated case—  
You would be tired of life's long race;  
Slaves who in Fez are,

On the Sahara could not bear  
Such toil as fallett to our share,  
For death would free them.  
You say the farmer wants the wet  
For meadows; pray do not forget  
We never see them.

Philanthropists, why don't you walk?  
Of slaves' hard lives you blandly talk,  
Like "Uncle Tom"—nay,  
You think what your own horses do,  
But we—there, get along with you!  
*Allez vous promener!*

CHANGE ITS NAME!—An estate in the Island of Fowlness, Essex, of 382 acres, was put up to auction last week, and, according to the *Daily News*, there was only one bid at a little short of eight pounds per acre. "The property was withdrawn." This step was judicious and correct. It was an act of fairness to Fowlness. But then, does it sound nice for anyone to say, "I'm living in the midst of Fowlness"? It may be a Paradise, but it doesn't sound like it.



Reginald Chayler.

### MISUNDERSTOOD.

*Little Girl.* "OH, MAMMA, I'M SO GLAD YOU HAD SUCH A PLEASANT DINNER AT THE VICARAGE. AND—WHO TOOK YOU IN?"

*Mother.* "WHO TOOK ME IN, DEAR CHILD! NO MAN EVER TOOK ME IN. NOT EVEN YOUR DEAR FATHER; FOR WHEN I MARRIED HIM, I KNEW ALL HIS FAULTS!"

### The Mellor of the C.

AIR—"The Miller of the Dee."

THERE was a jolly MELLOR,  
The Chairman of Com-mittee;  
They worried him from noon till night—  
"No lark is this!" sighed he;  
And this the burden of his song  
For ever seems to be,  
"I care for e-ve-rybody,—why  
Does nobody care for me?"

VESTRIES, PLEASE COPY!—SIR RICHARD TEMPLE has announced a reduction of the School-Board Rate by a farthing in the pound. May he never become a ruined Temple owing to such economies! The Rate-payers will be grateful for even a fraction of a penny, so long as it is not an improper fraction. This sort of saving is far better than squabbling over Theology. Says *Mr. Punch* to Schoolboard-men, "Rate the public lightly, and don't rate each other at all!"

NEW SARUM VERSION OF "DERRY DOWN."  
—"Derry up! up! Up, Derry, up!"

### Poor Letter H.

SCENE—Undergraduate's Room in St. Boniface's College, Oxford. Breakfast time.

*Servant.* I see, Sir, you don't like the butter. Summer hair will get to it this 'ot weather.

*Testy Undergrad.* Confound it, LUKER, I don't mind the—ahem—hair, but kindly let me have my butter bald the next time!  
[He had swallowed a hair.]

*Under the Great Seal* is a new work by Mr. JOSEPH HATTON. The Busy Baron hath not yet had time to read it, but, from answers given to his "fishing interrogatories," he gathers that international piscatorial questions are ably discussed in the work. JOSEPH has lost a chance in not dedicating it to SEALE-HAYNE, M.P., and, instead of being brought out by HUTCHINSON & Co., it ought to have been published by SEELEY. However, even JOSEPHUS HATTONENSIS can't think of everything, though he does write on most things.

## AT THE NEW GALLERY.

IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

*A Potential Purchaser (meeting a friend).* Ha—just come in to take a look round, eh? So did I. Fact is—(with a mixture of importance and apology) I rather thought of buying a picture here, if I see anything that takes my fancy—y' know.

*His Friend (impressed).* Not many who can afford to throw money away on pictures, these hard times!

*The P. P. (anxious to disclaim any idea of recklessness).* Just the time to pick 'em up cheap, if you know what you're about. And you see, we've had the drawing-room done up, and the wife wants something to fill up the space over her writing-table, between the fireplace and one of the windows. She was to have met me here, but she couldn't turn up, so I shall have to do it all myself—unless you'll come and help me through with it?

*His Friend.* Oh, if I can be of any use—What sort of thing do you want?

*The P. P.* Well, that's the difficulty. She says it must match the new paper. I've brought a bit in my pocket with me.

*His Friend.* Then you can't go very far wrong!

*The P. P.* I don't know. It's a sort of paper that—here, I'd better show it you. (He produces a sample of fiery and untamed colour.) That'll give you an idea of it.

*His Friend (inspecting it dubiously).* Um—yes. I see you'll have to be careful.

*The P. P.* Careful, my dear fellow! I assure you I've been all through the Academy, and there wasn't a thing there that could stand it for a single moment—not even the R.A.'s!

[They enter the West Room.

IN THE WEST ROOM.

*An Inspid Young Person (before Mr. TADEMA'S "Unconscious Rivals").* Yes, that's marble, isn't it?

[Smiles with pleasure at her own penetration.

*Her Mother (cautiously).* I imagine so. (She refers to Catalogue.) Oh! I see it's a Tadema, so of course it's marble. He's the great man for it, you know!

*First Painter (who had nothing ready to send in this year).* H'm, yes. Can't say I care about the way he's placed his azalea. I should have kept it more to the left, myself.

*Second Painter (who sent in, but is not exhibiting).* Composition wants bringing together, and the colour scheme is a little unfortunate, but—(generously) I shouldn't call it altogether bad.

*First Painter (more grudgingly).* Oh, you can see what he was trying for—only—well, it's not the way I should have gone about it.

*The I. Y. P.* Can you make this picture out, Mammy? "The Track of the Strayed?" The Strayed what?

*Her Mother.* Sheep, I should suppose, my dear—but it would have been more satisfactory certainly if the animal had been shown in the picture.

*The I. Y. P.* Yes, ever so much. Oh, here's a portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE reading the Lessons in Hawarden Church. I do like that—don't you?

*Her Mother.* I'm not sure that I do, my dear. I wonder they permitted the Artist to paint any portrait—even Mr. GLADSTONE'S—during service!

*The P. P. (before another canvas).* Now that's about the size I want; but I'm not sure that my wife would quite care about the subject.

*His Friend.* I'm rather fond of these allegorical affairs myself—for a drawing-room, you know.

*The P. P.* Well, I'll just try the paper against it. (He applies

the test, and shakes his head.) There, you see—knocks it all to pieces at once!

*His Friend.* I was afraid it would, y' know. How will this do you—"A Naiad"?

*The P. P.* I shouldn't object to it myself, but there's the Wife to be considered—and then, a Naiad—eh?

*His Friend.* She's half in the water.

*The P. P.* Yes, but then—those lily-leaves in her hair, you know, and—coming up all dripping like that—no, it's hardly worth while bringing out the paper again!

*The I. Y. P.* Isn't this queer—"Neptune's Horses"?—They can't be intended to represent waves, surely!

*Her Mother.* It's impossible to tell what the Painter intended, my dear, but I never saw waves so like horses as that.

IN THE NORTH ROOM.

*The I. I. P.* "Cain's First Crime." Why, he's only feeding a stork! I don't see any crime in that.

*Her Mother.* He's giving it a live lizard, my dear.

*The I. Y. P.* But storks like live lizards, don't they? And ADAM and EVE are looking on, and don't seem to mind.

*Her Mother.* I expect that's the moral of it. If they'd taken it away from him, and punished him at the time, he wouldn't have turned out so badly as he did—but it's too late to think of that now!

*A Matter-of-fact Person (behind).* I wonder, now, where he got his authority for that incident. It's new to me.

IN THE BALCONY.

*The Mother of the I. Y. P.* Oh, CAROLINE, you've got the Catalogue—just see what No. 288 is, there's a dear. It seems to be a country-house, and they're having dinner in the garden, and some of the guests have come late, and without dressing, and there's the hostess telling them it's of no consequence. What's the title—"The Uninvited Guests," or "Putting them at their Ease," or what?

*The I. Y. P.* It only says, "The Rose-Garden at Ashridge (containing portraits of the Earls of PEMBROKE and BROWNLOW, the Countesses of —)".

[She reads out the list to the end.

*Her Mother.* What a nice picture! Though one would have thought such smart folks wouldn't have come to dinner in riding-boots, and shawls, and things—but of course they can afford to be less particular. And the dessert is beautifully done!

IN THE SOUTH ROOM.

*The I. Y. P.* Why, here are "Neptune's Horses" again! Don't you remember we saw a picture of them before? But I like this better, because here you get Neptune and his chariot.

*Her Mother.* He's made his horses a little too like fish, for my taste.

*The I. Y. P.* I suppose they were a sort of fish—and after all, one isn't expected to believe in all that nowadays, is one? So it doesn't really matter.

*First Horsey Man.* Tell you what, 'Old Neptune' 'll come to awful grief with that turn-out of his in another second.

*Second H. M.* Rather—regular bolt—and no ribbons to hold 'em by, either!

*First H. M.* Rummy idea, having cockleshells on the traces.

*Second H. M.* Oh, I don't know—one of the Hussar regiments has 'em.

*First H. M.* Ah, so they have. I suppose that's where he got the idea.

[They go out, feeling that the picture is satisfactorily accounted for.



"There, you see—knocks it all to pieces at once!"



*The P. P. (before a small canvas).* Yes, this is the right thing at last. The paper doesn't seem to put it out in the least, and the sort of subject, you know, that no one can object to. I've quite fallen in love with it. I don't care what it costs—I positively must have it. I'm sure the wife will be as fond of it as I am. I only hope it's not sold—here, let's go and see. [*They go.*]

#### AT THE SECRETARY'S TABLE.

*The P. P. (turning over the priced Catalogue).* Ah, here it is! It's unsold—it's marked down at—*(his face falls)*—eleven—eleven—that's rather over my limit. *(To his Friend.)* Do you mind waiting while I try the paper on it once more? *(His Friend consents; the P. P. returning, after an interval.)* No, I had my doubts from the beginning—it won't do, after all!

*His Friend.* But I thought you said the paper didn't put it out?

*The P. P.* It doesn't—but the picture takes all the shine out of the paper.

*His Friend.* I suppose you couldn't very well change the paper—eh?

*The P. P.* Change the paper?—when it's only been up a week, and cost seven-and-six the piece! My dear fellow, what are you talking about? No, no—I must see if I can't get a picture to match it at MAPLE'S, that's all.

*His Friend (vaguely).* Yes, I suppose they understand all that sort of thing there.

[*They go out, relieved at having arrived at a decision.*]



#### CARNIVOROUS.

(On Hospitable Thoughts intent.)

"OH, THEY'RE TOO MANY TO HAVE TO EAT ALL TOGETHER, PAPA! LET'S KNOCK OFF THE CHILDREN FOR TEA."

"YES; AND WE CAN DO WITH THE FATHER AND MOTHER FOR DINNER, YOU KNOW!"

#### SHAKSPEARE ON ULSTER.

TO MR. PUNCH, SIR.—You're a patriot, divil a less. Is it fair, I ask you, Sirr, is it fair to quote the Universal Bard against us Ulster, *et ne plus* Ulster, Loyalists? Yet this is the line which a man who used to call himself "a friend of mine" sends me, and he puts a drawing with it, which I can't, and won't reproduce, representing a moon up in the sky, labelled "Home Rule," and a pack of wolves (a pack of idiots, for all they're like wolves, for that matter), on which he writes "Ulster," with their mouths open, looking up at it. And this, he says, is an illustration of a line in SHAKSPEARE, "The howling of Irish wolves against the moon,"

which you'll find in *As You Like It* (whether you like it or not), Act V., Sc. 2. If the O'CHAMBERLAIN, or the O'SAUNDERSON, or any of 'em, can make use of this, they're welcome to it. Yours,

A PIP OF THE OLD ORANGE.

HOOK-Y SAILOR.—"Inauguration of a New Service to the Continent via Harwich and the Hook of Holland." This sounds as if it ought to catch on. Is the Hook of Holland any relation to the THEODORE HOOK family of England? Were that eminent wit now alive, he would be the first to ask such a question. The route sounds a pleasant one. *Advice to Tourists.*—Keep your Eye on the Hook.

#### A CIVIL NOTE FOR THE MILITARY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I observe that in a preliminary notice that has been sent round to the Press by the Executive Council (I suppose that that is the proper title of the Governing Body of the forthcoming Royal Military Tournament), it is said that there is likely to be some novelty in the mimic warfare known as the Combined Display of all Arms. The circular informs those whom it may concern, that "it is intended that, so far as space will allow, the scene shall be that of one of the more recent conflicts in which British troops were actually engaged, and special information from those present on such occasions has been invited, so that the result is likely to be of more than ordinary interest."

Quite so. I call your particular attention to the last few words in the above sentence, in which reference is made to "the special information from those present on such occasions." I thought the idea so good, that I immediately prepared a scheme for the adoption of the Royal Military Tournament, founded upon my acquaintance with the manners and customs of the English army when at Islington and elsewhere. I give it for what it is worth—not much, but (to quote the once popular song) "better than nothing at all."

#### ROUGH IDEA.

A dozen Infantry privates saunter leisurely into their places, half-way across the arena, and await events.

Enter Bridging Battalion, Royal Engineers. They bridge over an old cloth river. The dozen Infantry men wait until the erection is completed, and then fire a volley. The Sappers return the compliment. No one hurt, and the dozen retire to the tower-like gateway in the background. The Artillery at this point rush in and trot over the newly-erected bridge. They then fire in the direction of the dozen heroes, but without any apparent result.

Grand charge of Colonial Cavalry, with and without additional men. They act as Mounted Infantry. They are fired upon—in a

half-hearted sort of way—by the dozen of Infantry seeking shelter in the gateway. The fire seems to agree with them.

Enter an Ambulance Corps to pick up one of the colonists who has obligingly been wounded by the blank cartridges of the dozen Infantry.

Sudden appearance of the strength of the entire company. The gateway is stormed, and the dozen Infantry men are overpowered. Music on the band—"Rule Britannia!" and the *National Anthem*. Great cheering while some one waves the Union Jack. End of the performances.

There, my dear Mr. Punch, that is what I have sent to the "powers that are" at Islington. Whether it has been accepted or rejected I do not know. You will be able to see for yourself when the proper time arrives.

But then, I can assure you, my sketch is *exactly like the real thing*. It is not unsuggestive of the Battle of Waterloo, the siege of Sebastopol, or the taking of Peking. This is my "special information, as one present on such occasions," and it is heartily at the service of the Executive. To be worthy of my title, I would beg you to send me, say, a fiver, or even a sov, or (if that is too much) a dollar. I do not ask for the money as a gift, but as a loan. I prefer the latter to the former, although a long experience has taught me that gift and loan have much the same meaning.

Yours truly,

A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

INAUDIBLE PROCEEDINGS AT THE HOTEL VICTORIA.—We have had "The Funny Frenchman" over here, at the Alhambra, and now we have "The Calculating Frenchman," M. JACQUES INAUDI, who, last week, at a *séance*, exhibited his marvellous powers of addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division. It is an error to suppose that he was educated for the French Navy, and has been appointed to a ship, which he was to have adorned as a "wonderful Figure-head." By the side of this Figure-head the "Calculating Buoy" would have been quite at sea.





## DOWN A PEG.

*Mr. Gifted Hopkins (Minor Poet, Essayist, Critic, Golfer, Fin-de-Siècle Idol, &c.).* OH, MRS. SMART—A—I'VE BEEN THINKING, FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES, OF SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!

*Mrs. Smart (cheerfully).* "PLEASE GO ON THINKING, MR. HOPKINS,—AND I'LL GO ON TALKING TO PROFESSOR BRAYNE IN THE MEANTIME!"

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

(Latest Ulsterical Version.)

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,  
By the Belfast road he's coming;  
His Party sword he has girded on  
And his wild harp loud he's thrumming.  
"Land of bulls!" said the warrior bard,  
"Though GLADSTONE'S gang betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel's loud—though a little late;  
What he hopes to gain some wonder;  
But he swears that harp shall preserve the  
State,  
Which his foes would rend asunder.  
He shouts, "Home Rule shall not sully  
thee,  
Ulster, thou soul of bravery!  
I'll harp wild war, aye, from sea to sea,  
Ere the Loyalists stoop to slavery!"

## ENCORE VERSE.

(For use in Clubs and other places where men—and minstrels—are confidential.)

The Minstrel's hot, and a trifle tired,  
For his Whitsun task is a torrid one;  
Such holiday-fervour must be admired,  
But the precedent's rather a horrid one.  
E'en Minstrel-boys of Ulsterical zeal,  
Might now and then like a jolly-day;  
And the brave bard's harp, and the warrior's  
steel,  
Take, together, occasional holiday.

## A WYLDE VADE MECUM.

(By Professor H-cl-y.)

*Question.* What is rest?*Answer.* Unperceived activity.*Q.* Which is the best way of keeping awake?*A.* By falling off to sleep.*Q.* What is sleep?*A.* Concealed consciousness.*Q.* What is strength?*A.* Weakness in excess.*Q.* What is pessimism?*A.* Optimism developed to its utmost possibilities.*Q.* What are possibilities?*A.* Impossibilities carried into action.*Q.* What is selfishness?*A.* Pity in the concrete.*Q.* What is the summit of civilisation?*A.* The commencement of barbarism.*Q.* What is nature?*A.* Art in its initial form.*Q.* What is the survival of the fittest?*A.* The Romanes Lecture.*Q.* What was its comparative commencement?*A.* MR. GLADSTONE.*Q.* And what has been its absolute end?*A.* Positive . . . bosh.

"THE WORLD'S FAIR."—Yes, so it is, perhaps, occasionally, to some people; but "The World's Unfair" to those on whom it chooses to sit in judgment.

## MANNERS.

[Some indignation has been expressed at the manners of many of the "well-dressed mob" at the Prince of Wales's Reception at the Imperial Institute on Wednesday night last, manners displayed in rudely "mobbing" the Royal party, and hissing, hooting, and shouting "Traitor!" at Mr. GLADSTONE, one of the Prince's guests.]

ER? Indignation? Why *such* passion waste? Gladstoneophobia has destroyed Good Taste; And rowdy rudeness does not shock, but please.

"The mob of gentlemen who hoot with As for the ladies, bless their angry hearts! They've Primrosed into playing fish-wife parts;

And now 'tis one of Patriotism's tests [guests That you should hiss and hoot your fellow— Should they dare don a rival party vesture; Billingsgate rhetoric and Borough gesture Invade the (party) precincts of Mayfair— To express the vulgar wrath now raging there. We are Mob-ruled indeed—when Courtly Nob

Apes, near his Prince, the manners of the The hoot is owlsh; there are just two things That hiss—one venom-fanged, one graced with wings.

Anserine or serpentine, ye well-dressed Dainty-draped dames, or duffel-skirted dowdies,

They who in rudeness thus their spite would Have plainly head of goose, and heart of snake!

So why indulge in indignation blind [kind? 'Gainst those who hiss or hoot—after their



### “THE MINSTREL BOY.”

LORD S-L-SB-RY (*sings*). “I’LL HARP WILD WAR, AYE, FROM SEA TO SEA,  
ERE THE LOYALISTS STOOP TO SLAVERY!”



## "O SINO SAN!"

A TRUTHFUL JAPANESE IDYLL.

O SINO SAN! O SINO SAN! Who waketh me at morn!  
Why is it that I feel of thee unutterable scorn?

When I behold thy greasy poll and little piggy eyes,  
I fear that they have told of thee unwarrantable lies!  
They told me when I wandered forth to seek thee in Japan,  
That I should find a priceless girl, too beautiful for man.



They told me of thy cherry cheeks,  
thy hair of night-dark sable,  
And how you squatted on the floor—  
the Japanese for table;  
They gushed about your merry ways,  
your manners without flaw,  
In thee, the girl idealised, you little  
fraud, we saw.

But now in wind-swept bleak Japan  
as our sore throats we muffle,  
We see thy senseless pudding face  
and irritating shuffle;  
As you go slopping thro' the streets  
of your foul-smelling city,  
You're far too common to be rare,  
too brainless to be witty.

Your senseless, everlasting grin,  
your squatting monkey shape,  
Proclaim your Ma marsupial, your  
ancestor an ape!

A curio they promised us to drive a  
lover crazy,  
With little soft canoodling ways,  
and sweetness of a daisy.  
We read of thee in tea-house neat,  
in cherry-blossomed pages,  
But find a girl of gin-saloon and  
Yoshiwara cages.

You lure the European on, admire  
his rings and collars,

But never really love his lips, invariably his dollars;  
We'd all forgive thy grin, guffaw, and rancid-smelling tresses,  
If we could trace thy fraud, O SAN, in half-a-dozen guesses.  
It's lasted long, it's lasted strong, it cannot last much longer,  
For if the crank be competent, my common sense is stronger.

The English woman flashes scorn from all her comely features,  
To be compared by any man with such "disgusting creatures."  
And all the fair Americans, who roam the wide world over,  
Will trample down this windy chaff and Japanesey clover.  
'Tis not thy fault, O SINO SAN—we find the truth and strike it,  
Farewell, thou AUDREY of the East—grin on then "As you  
Like It!"

But never more by writer bold be canonised or sainted,  
Deluded Doll! O SINO SAN, you're blacker than you're painted!  
Yokohama, April 1, 1893.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 15.—First Night of Italian-Opera Season, no longer exclusively Italian. A great deal, though not everything, in a good start, so Sir DRURIOLANUS leads off with Warbling WAGNER's *Lohengrin*, Signor VIGNAS for first time being White Knight. Crowded House at once takes to VIGNAS; applauds, and recalls him to bow before the curtain. So, as the now popular song might have it,

"Tenor came and made us a bow-wow!"

Madame MELBA good as ever as *Elsa*, and Mlle. MEISSLINGER most dramatic as Somebody Else, i.e., *Ortruda*, the Intruder. Mons. DUFRICHE's style is exactly suited to the light and airy part of *Federico di Telramondo*, while CASTELMARY is quite the gay *Enrico*. Treat to see VASCHETTI as smiling Herald, with a lot to say for somebody else, and pleasant to note that the last person in the *dramatis personae* included in the cast of the Opera is "Conductor, Signor MANCINELLI" who beats time, winning easily. BEVIGNANI conducts *National Anthem*, and all conduct themselves loyally on the occasion. Delightful, in *Lohengrin*, Act II., to observe how four players of trumps, each with one trump in his hand,—quite a pleasant whist party—(have they the other trumps up their sleeves?)—arouse the guests in the early morning, and marvellous is the rapidity with

which all the gentlemen sleeping in the Castle are up and dressed in full armour, freshly burnished,—“gents suit complete,”—within the space of a couple of minutes!

General excellence of performance greatly assisted by Duke of TECK enthusiastically beating time with his dexter hand. Such auxiliary conducting must be of unspeakable service to Signor MANCINELLI.

Tuesday Night.—*Orfeo*, with GIULIA RAYOGGI charming as ever in her representation of "*Orpheus with his loot*,"—his "loot" being *Eurydice*, who had become the private property of that infernal monarch Pluto. Welcome to Mlle. BAUMEISTER as the Meister of Cupid's Bower, Cupid himself. *Cavalleria Rusticana* to follow, with Madame CALVÉ's grand impersonation of the simple and sad *Santuzza*. Notably good is VIGNAS as the Rustic Swell, with the comic-chorus name of *Turiddu*. Beautiful intermezzo heartily encored. The thanks of Signors BEVIGNANI and MANCINELLI again due to the dexterous assistance rendered to them by the Duke of TECK, who is evidently well up in the Teck-nique of the musical craft. Crowded House. Forecast of season, full of promise and performance.

Thursday.—*Carmen*. Always "good BIZET-ness." But on this occasion Madame CALVÉ being indisposed, Mlle. SIERID ARNOLDSON appears as heroine. A most captivating *Carmen*, but so deftly does she dissemble her wickedness that the audience do not realise how heartless is this artful little cigarette-maker. Mons. ALVAREZ a fine *Don José*. The *premieres danseuses* lively and picturesque in Act II., with dresses long and dance short; but in Last Act, when reverse of this is the case, a pretty general feeling that skirts might have been longer, and dance shorter. Chorus and Orchestra all that could be desired; absence of the musical Duke much regretted.

Friday.—First, GOUNOD's charming burletta of *Philemon et Baucis*.



Santuzza, Madame Calvé. Grand tragédienne: gloomy as an Operatic Calvé-nist.

Mlle. SIERID ARNOLDSON charming and childlike as *Baucis*—evidently the classic original of Bo-peep—and Mons. PLANCON excellent as *Jupiter Amans*. At first afraid lest crowded house had expended all its enthusiasm before quarter past ten, when the event of the evening was to come off. "Not a bit of it," says Sir DRURIOLANUS, who knows his operatic public; "they've just warmed up for LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. LEONCAVALLO," he continues, "is the composer for my money; and my advice is, LAY-ON-CAVALLO's *Pagliacci*." So saying, the Musical Manager lightly touches his nasal organ with the index finger of his right hand, and, at the same time "winking the other eye," he marches in a procession of one down the lobby and disappears.

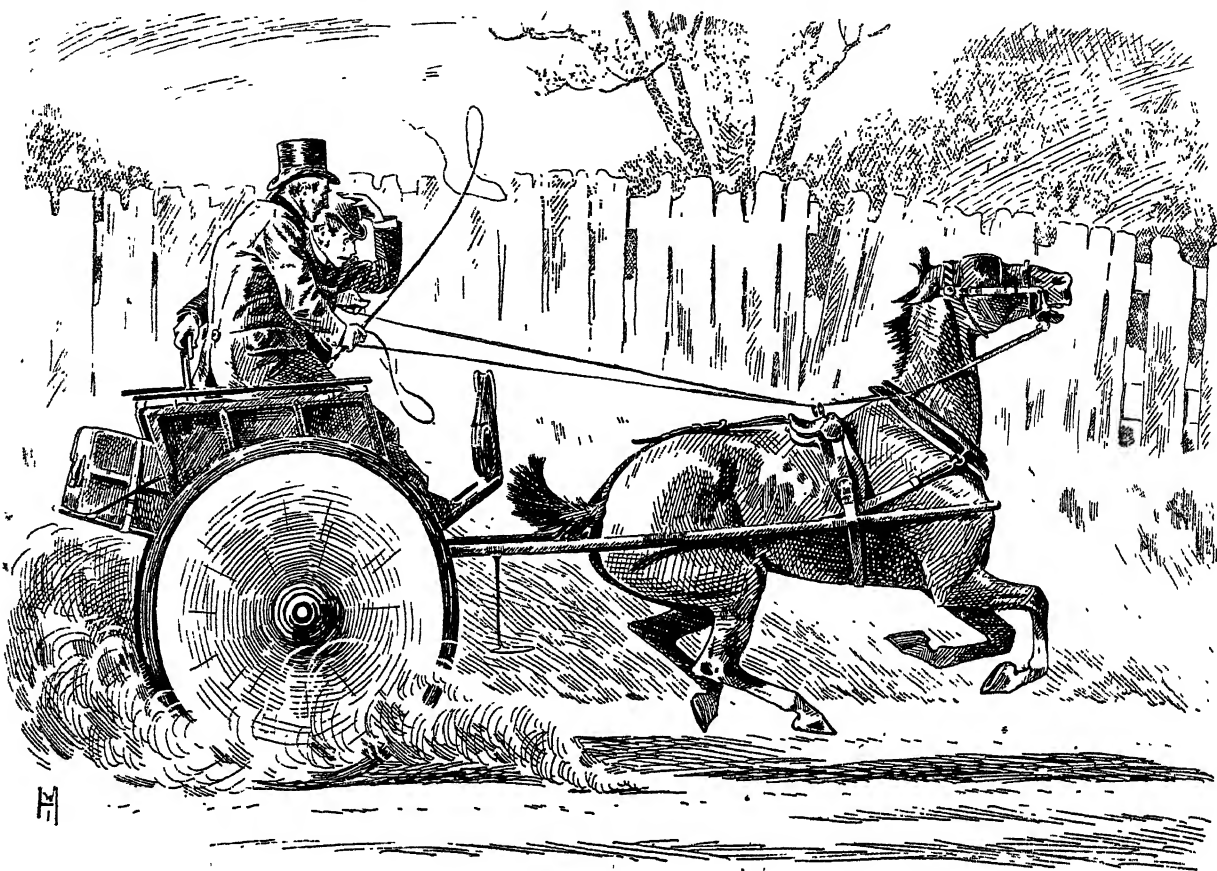
Great as is the success to-night of new Opera, I feel sure that *Cavalleria*, with its simple story, and its marvellous intermezzo, is still at the head of the poll. Yet is *Pagliacci* melodious and dramatic. Madame MELBA at her best in *Nedda*, and the dramatic power, specially of Signor DE LUCIA as *Canio* and of Mons. ANCONA as *Tonio*, would have carried the piece, as a piece, even without the musical setting. To-night DE LUCIA shows himself a great actor. There were encores in plenty. *Ancona Tonio* interrupts the overture in order to sing a prologue. This he does admirably, both vocally and histrionically. But *cui bono*? It is as pointless as is nowadays the prologue of CHRISTOPHER SLY to the *Taming of the Shrew*. It seems as if LEONCAVALLO said to himself, "MASCAGNI gave 'em a novelty in his intermezzo; I'll give 'em something new in the shape of a prologue." *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria* will assist each other, and Sir DRURIOLANUS is fortunate in being able to run two winners. The new Opera is admirably rendered in every respect, and when Mr. RICHARD GREEN, as the gallant young farmer, is matured—that is, has less of the GREEN about him and more of the ripeness of artistic perfection—there will not be a single fault to find with the representation. To-night second Opera didn't end till just on twelve. Too late; but the hospitable RULE's in Maiden Lane is open to exceptions for half an hour or so, and, "after the Opera is over," a little supper *chez BAYLISS* is a B(a)ylissful idea.

Saturday.—*Faust* to finish. MELBA as *Marguerite*. First week augurs well for the season.



Signor Vignas as Turiddu,—so called because he tells Lola, "I should like *Turiddu*—you of your husband." But he didn't.





## DELIGHTFUL!

Smithson, having read and heard much of the pleasures of a Driving Tour, determines to indulge in that luxury during his Whitsuntide Holidays. He therefore engages a Trap, with a Horse that can "get over the ground," and securing the services of an experienced Driver, he sets forth.

Smithson. "A—A—ISN'T HE—A—A—HADN'T I BETTER HELP YOU TO PULL AT HIM?"

Driver. "PULL AT 'IM? WHY YER'D SET 'IM CRAZED! JIST YOU LET ME KEEP 'IS 'EAD STRAIGHT. LOR BLESS YER, THERE AIN'T NO CAUSE TO BE AFPAERED, AS LONG AS WE DON'T MEET NOTHING, AND THE GATES AIN'T SHUT AT SPLINTERBONE CROSSING, JIST ROUND THE BEND!"

## THE LITIGANT'S VADE MECUM.

Q. WHAT is your opinion about Chancery?

A. That, thanks to work being given to Solicitors in preference to Barristers, litigation is more expensive in that branch of the science than in any other.

Q. How comes it that this should be so?

A. A Barrister is forced to do his best for his client, but a Solicitor is not. As a rule the Solicitor deputes to his Chief Clerk if he has one, or somebody in the office if he has not, the duties of conducting a suit through Chambers.

Q. What is the practical result of this arrangement?

A. That a suit when it once gets into Chambers takes a precious long time in coming out.

Q. But making allowance for these little drawbacks, what is your opinion of the Law in England?

A. That emphatically it consists of the best forensic regulations in the universe.

A NEW CLAUSE IN THE HOME-RULE BILL.—Instead of a Parliament in Dublin, let the Governing Body be called "A Diet," as it is in Bohemia. There would be a First House, to be called the "High Diet," and a Second House, to be called "Short Commons, or Low Diet." There would be no "Parliamentary Rules," but everything would be ordered according to a "Dietary." Perhaps Dr. ROBSON ROOSE might be induced to take a leading part in suggesting some of these arrangements. The "Orders of the Day" would be "Prescriptions," the Bills "Dinner-Bills," or "Menus." A Chairman, not a Speaker, would preside, and the subordinates—such as Clerks, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Assistants—would be Stewards, Head Waiters, and other Waiters. Prayers would be said by "The Ordinary."

ODDS in favour of Australian Cricketing Team—"GIFEN" and taken.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 15.—Mr. G. reminded of advance of time by appearance on Parliamentary scene of new generations. All remember when JOEY C. arrived from Birmingham, and have watched his meteoric flight from level of Provincial Mayor to loftiest height of Parliamentary position. Only the other week Mr. G. was paying well-deserved compliment to a younger CHAMBERLAIN making his maiden speech; to-day he has a kindly, fatherly word of friendly recognition of maiden speech of youngest CAYENDISH. No mere compliment this, extorted by old associations and personal predilections. Young VICTOR went about his work in style reminiscent of middle-aged HARTINGTON. Abstained from oratorical effort. Neither exordium nor peroration. Got some business in hand, and plodded on till it was finished. Modest mien, simple, unaffected manner, instantly won friendly attention of crowded House.

"Ay de mi! TOBY," said Mr. G. "These things make me think I'm not so young as I was."

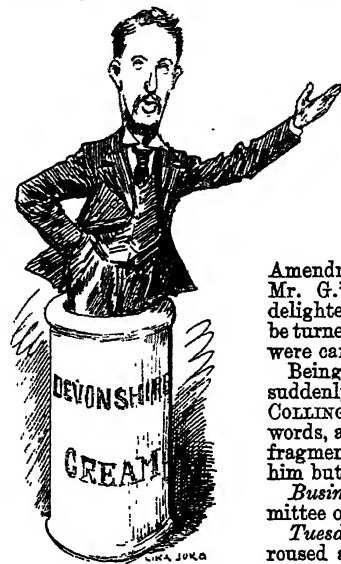
"Younger Sir," I said. "Pup and dog, I've known you twenty years; heard most of your speeches in that time; honestly declare that for lightness of touch, swiftness of attack, wariness of defence, not to speak of eloquence, I've never heard you excel some of your speeches this Session."

"Well, well, TOBY," said Mr. G., blushing in fashion never learned by youth of to-day, "that's due to your too friendly way of looking at things. What I was about to say is, that ever since I entered public life I have always known a CAYENDISH to the fore. Ministries may rise and fall; the CAYENDISHES remain. Curious thing is they have not—at least in recent times—personally a passion for politics, as PITT had, or such as, in some degree, influences me. They would, if they had their own way, be out of it.



THE CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE'S HOLIDAY DREAM.

But the CAVENDISHES have had their place in English public life throughout the Century, and, it being their duty to fill it, they fill it. Young VICTOR's speech on Friday night carried me back over space of thirty-four years. I remember another CAVENDISH coming out.



Victor, or Vig-Tory-ish,  
Cavendish.

In the Spring Unionist Time  
of his Youth.

taking up seat about centre of Bench immediately behind PRINCE ARTHUR; has occasionally risen thence and offered a few observations. Characteristic of him that he was born in a Cathedral town; is a Bencher of the Middle Temple.

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he'll talk,  
And he has Chambers near the King's Bench  
Walk.

These things we knew; but not till to-night came discovery how persuasive AMBROSE can be.

It was the Tenth Clause of the Home-Rule Bill that roused the (attorney's) devil in him. Fact that Clause II. was under discussion, and consequently out of order to debate Clause X., an incident of no consequence, except that it indirectly supplied incentive to his passionate eloquence, and led to disclosure of the true AMBROSE. When he approached Clause X., cries of "Order! Order!" interrupted. The Chairman recalled him to consideration of Clause II. He came back, said a few words on amendment, then was off again at Clause X., pursued by howls. Had got a start, and kept it through some moments of thunderous excitement. Waved his arms, thumped his papers; shouted at top of voice; House still howling; Chairman on feet ineffectually protesting. "Glad to see the SOLICITOR-GENTLEMAN in his place," he observed, in one of the temporary pauses, (RIGBY usually alluded to as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, but AMBROSE, once started in new character, was lavish in originality.) "Need I go further?" he asked, a few moments later. House, with one accord, shouted "No!" "Now Sir," he added, waving his notes in face of Chairman, "I've done with the Tenth Clause." But he hadn't; its mastery over him was irresistible, even uncanny. "I should like to know what the SOLICITOR-GENERAL" (got it right this time) "if he were at liberty to speak" (this with a withering glance at Mr. G.), "would say about the Tenth Clause?"

A roar angrier than ever burst forth; shouts of "Name! Name!" persistently heard above uproar; Chairman on his feet, with hands outstretched; crisis evidently arrived; AMBROSE will be named to a dead certainty; suspended, and, perhaps, in addition to his bench at the Middle Temple, will have one provided for him in Clock Tower. Would like to have said few more words on Tenth Clause, but numbers against him overwhelming. So wildly waved his notes in sort of forlorn despairing farewell, and resumed his seat. Incident created profound sensation.

"It's all very well CHAMBERLAIN insisting on keeping this thing going," said PRINCE ARTHUR, anxiously; "but I have my responsibilities. If Debate at this comparatively early stage thus affects a man like AMBROSE, where shall we all be in another week?"

*Business done.*—Still on Clause II.

*Wednesday.*—Pretty to see GORST just now balancing MACARTNEY's hat by brim on tip of his nose. Looks easy enough when done by an expert; those inclined to scoff at the accomplishment should try it themselves. Opportunity came suddenly, and unexpectedly. No ground for supposing GORST had been practising the trick in the Cloak-room before entering House. No collusion; all fair and above-board—or, rather, above nose. Came about as incident in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. JOKIM, taking part in game of Chairman-baiting, challenged MELLOR's ruling on putting Motion to Report Progress. House being cleared for a Division, rules of debate require Member to address Chair seated, and wearing his hat. What would happen to British Constitution if, in such circumstances, Member rose and addressed SPEAKER or Chairman in ordinary fashion, Heaven only knows. No mere man bold enough to try it. Even Mr. G., who has Disestablished a Church, and now tampers with Unity of the Empire, shrinks before this temptation.

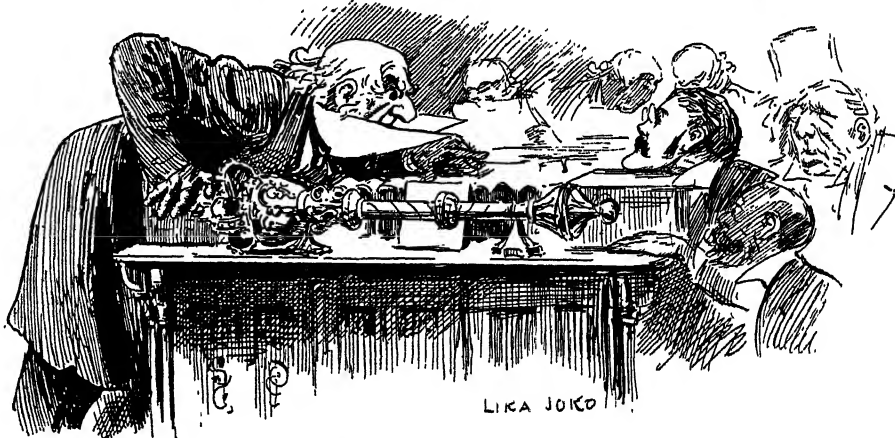
JOKIM, making his complaint, got along all right. Performed task in due form; MELLOR justified his action; GORST proposed to follow. Hadn't got his hat with him; but that of no consequence, since JOKIM was at hand. "Lend me one of your hats," he whispered hurriedly to his Right Hon. Friend.

"What do you mean?" said JOKIM. "I've only one."

"Oh!" said GORST, raising his eyebrows with polite incredulity. MACARTNEY, sitting behind, proffered his. GORST planted it on his head; found it three sizes too small; still, if he held on to it, he might manage. "Mr. MELLOR," he commenced, but got no further with projected speech. Attention of House drawn to him his dilemma discovered: shout of laughter burst forth as hat gradually tilted forward, and GORST, deftly catching it by brim on tip of his nose, balanced it for fifteen seconds by Westminster Clock. Chairman seized opportunity of abstracted attention to put question, and when GORST, recapturing MACARTNEY's hat, had fixed it again on summit of his head, division was called; too late for him to speak.

*Business done.*—Second Clause Home Rule Bill added.

*Friday.*—Treasury Chest Bill on for Third Reading. Has since



Mr. G.'s "Table-Talk."

introduction wrought singular effect upon HANBURY. Nobody knows what Bill is about, least of all HANBURY; but he has opposed it at every stage. Yesterday divided Committee on First Clause; returns to attack to-day. "Better let us get away for our hardly-earned holiday," I said.

"That's very well for you, TOBY," said HANBURY, beating his chest in default of getting at the Treasury's; "but there's a dark mystery under this business which I mean to fathom. You remember the case of another chest and its weird associations?"

'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—

Ho! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum

HARCOURT may, or may not, have been one of the fifteen. I'm not quite clear on that point. Indeed I'm somewhat muddled in the main; but I suspect the SQUIRE is up to some deed of infamy, and I have done my best to plumb its slimy depths."

Bill passed nevertheless; other business wound up, and so off for holidays. *Business done.*—House adjourned for Whitsun Recess.

THE REAL "REJECTED ADDRESSES."—Those that cannot be deciphered at the General Post Office.



## MIXED NOTIONS.

## XL.—THE PEERAGE.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

*Inquirer (to First Well-Informed Man).* Who was that young fellow you were talking to on the platform? I thought I knew his face, but I couldn't put a name to him.

*First W. I. M. (with an affectation of unconcern).* What, the chap who gave me a cigarette? That's Lord PECKHAM, the son of the Marquis of NUNHEAD. He's our Member of Parliament, you know. Not at all a bad chap when you know him; a little stiff at first, perhaps, but it soon wears off.

*Second W. I. M.* You know him pretty well, I suppose.

*First W. I. M. (suspiciously).* Yes, pretty well—that is, I've seen him at meetings and all that, and voted for him at the last Election.

*Second W. I. M.* Ah, I only asked because his name doesn't happen to be Lord PECKHAM.

*First W. I. M.* What?!!

*Second W. I. M. (doggedly).* His name doesn't happen to be Lord PECKHAM.

*First W. I. M.* 'Pon my word, this is really a little too much. Is there any other littlescrap of information you'd like to give? Perhaps you'll tell me your own name isn't—

*Second W. I. M. (interrupting).* I said his name wasn't Lord PECKHAM, and it isn't. It's Lord ALGERNON PECKHAM, as a matter of fact I never met him at meetings, or voted for him, or anything of that kind, but I know I'm right all the same.

*First W. I. M. (derisively).* Pooh! what's the odds? If you like to talk of lords by their christian names, I'm sure I don't want to prevent you. You'll be telling us something about Lord BILL SALISBURY or Lord JIMMY SPENCER next.

*Second W. I. M.* Rubbish. You've got to call certain lords by their christian names, because they've got courtesy titles.

*Inquirer.* What's a courtesy title?

*Second W. I. M.* Oh! it's not a real title, you know, at all. So they shove in a christian name to distinguish it. It's a matter of politeness.

*First W. I. M.* All right; next time you see him you'd better call him ALGERNON, and see if he thinks you're so blessed polite as you seem to think yourself.

*Inquirer.* But, look here, isn't his brother called Lord BROCKLEY?

*Second W. I. M.* Yes. What about it?

*Inquirer.* Well, is that what you call a courtesy title?

*Second W. I. M.* Of course not. He's the eldest son of the Marquis, and eldest sons don't have courtesy titles, because they inherit their fathers' titles afterwards.

*Inquirer.* Well, anyhow, I can't make it all out. Both these chaps are lords, and they're both of 'em brothers, and one has got a courtesy title, and the other hasn't, and their names are different—and yet they're both Members of the House of Commons. What's the use of having a House of Lords, if we're to have a lot of lords in the House of Commons as well? I don't see it.

*First W. I. M. (testily).* My dear chap, you can't have every lord in the House of Lords, you know. There isn't room for 'em there.

*Inquirer.* Well, then, if you can't get into the House of Lords, what's the use of being a lord?

*Second W. I. M. (sarcastically).* You can always stand on platforms, you know, and give away cigarettes to your intimate friends.

*First W. I. M. (stung beyond endurance).* Oh, we're jealous, are we? That's the latest Radicalism, I suppose. Why, you're one



"A LIBERAL MEASURE."

*Rude Boy (to Stout Party on Weighing-Machine, which is out of order, and won't work).* "SHOVE IN ANOTHER PENNY, GUV'NER. IT'S DOUBLE FARE TO CHAPS O' YOUR SIZE!"

of those who want to do away with the House of Lords altogether.

*Second W. I. M.* Well, what if I do?

*First W. I. M.* What if you do? I call it a most—(adequate words fail him in the indignation of the moment)—a most revolutionary proceeding.

*Second W. I. M.* I don't mind what you call it; it will have to come, so you'd better jolly well make up your mind to it, my boy. We're going to get rid of the lords altogether if they don't take precious good care.

*Average Man (interposing mildly).* But you won't do away with Lords, even if you do abolish the House of Lords.

*Second W. I. M.* How's that?

*Average Man.* They'll be lords all the same, whether they sit in a House of Lords or not.

*Second W. I. M.* That's quite impossible.

*Average Man.* No, it isn't. They haven't got a House of Lords in France, but there are lots of Dukes and Marquises there all the same.

*Second W. I. M. (with ineffable contempt).* Oh, France is quite different. We're not going to be guided by France in anything we do, nor by any other foreign country for the matter of that.

*Average Man.* All right. Have it your own way.

[Resumes newspaper. A pause.]

*Inquirer.* What does it mean when they say they're going to take a case to the House of Lords?

*First W. I. M.* It means what it says. The House of Lords is (remembers by a flush) a Supreme Court of Appellate Jurisdiction.

*Inquirer.* What's that?

*First W. I. M.* Well, if any Johnny loses a case he appeals to the House of Lords.

*Inquirer.* But how do you account for young Blossom's case then? They had him up for assaulting a ticket-collector last Derby Day, and when the Magistrate convicted him, they asked him to grant a case, but he wouldn't.

*First W. I. M.* I don't know how that was. Perhaps you haven't got it right. But old HOBBS fought BARNACLE & Co. right away up to the House of Lords in that steamship case, and won it too.

*Inquirer.* But, look here, supposing you were to do anything to me, knocked me down, or bagged my watch, or anything of that kind, could you fight me up to the House of Lords about it?

*First W. I. M.* Of course I could.

*Inquirer (with conviction).* Well, then, I'm for doing away with the House of Lords. [Terminus.]

NOTHING NEW.—The Telephone was known to the Romans, *vide* HORACE, Ode XIII.—

"Quem tu, Lydia Telephi,"

which is evidently, when properly rendered, "Whom you, LYDIA of the Telephone, will tell me all about"—or whatever the next line may be. LYDIA was a "Demoiselle du TÉLÉPHONE." HORACE a gay dog, probably a trifle jealous.

CORRECT CARD AS TO THE NEW DRAMATIC STAR AT THE LYRIC.—Signora DUSE's name is pronounced, not as "Dence," but as "Du-say," and, as Zummerzetshire folk would observe, "they du say as she be uncommon good." Not having yet seen her, our Critic can't be asked, "And what d' you say?"



## THE MODERN MARTYR; OR, THE REAL "FLOWING TIDE."

[“A crowded meeting of Lambeth Ratepayers was held at Brixton Hall to protest against what was called ‘The alarming, the extraordinary, unexplained, and unexpected’ increase in the rates of that parish. The attendance was so large that many persons were unable to obtain admission.”—*Daily News*.]



(Mr. Punch, in heartfelt sympathy with the Lambethian Protest against the "Raising of the Rates," parodies Poe's well-known poem, in the hope that it may help the Ratepayers in their most righteous revolt.)

I.  
HEAR big BUMBLE with the Rates—  
Swollen Rates!  
What a world of twaddle in defence of them  
he prates!

How he patters, patters, patters,  
About "precepts," and their might!  
Till our last faint hope he shatters,  
That, in our "parochial matters,"  
Things may be—some day—put right.

For they climb, climb, climb,  
Rising higher every time,  
While, to our exasperation, BUMBLE  
    bumpiously orates,  
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,  
Rates, Rates, Rates—  
Of the rising and the swelling of the Rates!

## II.

See the quarterly Poor-Rates—  
Growing Rates!  
What a world of misery they mean to our  
poor pates!  
What an utter bore one votes  
The collector, who will call for them, and  
grumble, while he gloats!  
With what a pompous bearing he despotically  
"Latest dates!" [states  
How it grates  
On his Victim! How he prates  
Of the dread Distraint that waits  
The poor chap who shirks prompt paying of  
the Rates, Rates, Rates!  
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,  
Rates, Rates, Rates!  
The paying, *sans* delaying, of the Rates!

## III.

See the County-Council Rates—  
Rising Rates! [gressive prates  
What a tale of terror now! The prim Pro-  
In our startled ears attend  
Of the "Unearned Increment,"  
Of Ground Values which they seek  
To tax high, to help the weak  
Out of pocket!  
They make clamorous appealing for our votes,  
which they desire;  
We make vain expostulations that the Rates  
—of which we tire—  
Jump up higher, higher, higher,  
With a manifest endeavour  
To come down—oh! never, never!  
But rush upward like a rocket.  
Yet the poor man fully knows,  
By the babbling,  
And the gabbling.  
That the Rates—Tide flows and flows,  
With a progress sure as Fate's.  
All the jangling,  
And the wrangling,  
The dread danger nought abates,  
Of the swaying and the swelling in the flood-  
tide of the Rates,  
Of the Rates,  
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,  
Rates, Rates, Rates,  
The choking, drowning, flood-tide of the  
Rates!

## IV.

See the ruinous "Board"-Rates—  
Rampant Rates!  
What a world of solemn thought their domi-  
nance dictates!  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shudder with affright,  
At their melancholy menace! Big, full-  
blown  
Boards—Asylums, School—your votes  
Thrust huge charges down our throats  
Till we groan!  
And the People—ah the People!  
What care School—house, Vestry,  
For their moan? [Steeple,  
After polling, polling, polling  
Our blind votes for men scarce known,  
The elect exult in rolling  
On our aching hearts a stone.  
They are neither man nor woman—  
They are neither just nor human—  
They are Ghouls:  
These elect of purblind polls  
Each one rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls  
That huge stone of rising Rates  
O'er our bosom and our pates.



## A POST-OBIT.

"THERE, MAJOR, IT'S THE BEST LIKENESS I EVER HAD TAKEN OF ME—AND POOR  
FRED NEVER SAW IT!"

'Tis our Nightmare. It inflates  
Every time, time, time,  
Without reason without rhyme,  
But, by heaven, it is time  
We should kick against the crime  
Of this robbery by Rates,  
By big Rates, Rates, Rates!  
Raise a bobby 'gainst these Rates!!!  
Lambeth feels that it is time!  
BUMBLE prates, prates, prates!  
HONEY'd words won't stint the crime.  
Lambeth's protest *Punch* elates,  
So he slates, slates, slates  
The Board-ogres (whom he hates)  
Who pile up their crushing Rates  
Upon poor shop-keeping pates,

And clerk-incomes! (Hard *their* fates!)  
And on *Punch's* heart it grates  
Does this poverty-squeezing crime  
Of high Rates, Rates, Rates!  
And he's ready any time  
With his *bâton* for their pates  
Who would harry the Ratepayer in South  
London, or elsewhere,  
Who raise—and none too soon—potent  
Protests to declare  
'Gainst the raising of the Rates,  
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates,  
'Gainst the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,  
Rates, Rates, Rates,  
Rightly moaning, rightly groaning  
'gainst the Rates!!!!!!

## HIBERNIA VICTRIX.

(Impressions of last Whit-Sunday's Home-Rule Demonstration.)

ARGUMENT. — The Reader is requested, for the purposes of this Sketch, to place himself in the mental attitude of one of the ordinary Lukewarm Londoners who habitually attend Hyde Park Demonstrations on fine afternoons. In the present case such political opinions as he possesses rather tend towards Unionism; but he has come out with a laudable disposition to listen to argument—so long as he finds it amusing. He is reassured by the sentiments, "Union is Strength," and "United we stand—Divided we Fall," which figure prominently on the banners, and do not appear to be considered at all incongruous with the objects of the meeting. Threading his way through the bandsmen, and vendors of badges, penny slices of pine-apple, Socialist Catechisms, Official Programmes, and lime-juice tablets, who are all old acquaintances of his, he arrives at last within earshot of the First Orator, who is gesticulating from a waggon uncomfortably full of Patriotism, and seems to be expressing the stereotyped satisfaction with the attendance.

The First Orator. — with a heart full to overflowing that I look around on this magnificent demonstration, on the thousands upon thousands of the Working Classes of this great City of London, assembled in this Park to-day, determined, every man of them, to show that they will no longer—&c., &c. (Which causes our Lukewarm Londoner to reflect that the Demonstration, exceeding, as it does, by several hundreds, one which met last year to protest against the wrongs of Washermen, is too significant of the state of popular feeling to be ignored.) Yes, my friends, the great and glorious cause for which EMMETT died, for which O'CONNELL pleaded, &c., &c. . . that cause is at last attained. A Committee of the House of Commons has finally and irrevocably declared, by a substantial majority, that Ireland is henceforth to have a separate and independent Legislature.

[This puzzles the L. L., who doesn't quite understand why, if it is all comfortably settled, they should trouble to demonstrate at all; he decides to go on, and hear what the man in the next waggon has to say, and finds him passionately imploring the meeting to concede self-government to his country.]

Second Orator. All we ask of you is to give us a chance of managing our own affairs ourselves, and see what we make of them—to let us alone, and leave us free to live in peace together, and make our down-trodden country a going concern. If only Ireland is independent, all her thousands of barren and uncultivated acres will burst into bloom once more, her factory-chimneys will smoke, and her machinery be set in motion again, and from America, from Canada, from the Colonies, and from every part of the world, she will see millions of her expatriated children hurrying back across the seas to occupy the desolate cottages from which they were driven forth by an oppressive landlordism!

[The L. L. is considerably impressed by this picture, and thinks that, if Home-Rule is going to do all that, it can't be so bad, after all; after which, he moves on to listen to the next Speaker.]

Third Orator. They tell you we Irish are not fit to govern ourselves. It's a lie! Look at America, look at Australia, where I come from myself. Why, every chief political post in all their Governments out there are held—by whom do ye think?—by Irishmen! Yes, it's Irishmen that govern every country but their



## MISUNDERSTOOD.

(In the Club Smoking-room.)

Brown. "YOU HAVE NO ENGAGEMENT TO DINE HERE ON MONDAY, MY DEAR FELLOW, HAVE YOU?"

Jones (hastily consulting his Memoranda). "NO; I THINK NOT. I SHALL BE DELIGHTED—"

Brown. "WELL, NO—IT IS NOT EXACTLY THAT; BUT I WANT YOU TO BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LEND ME YOUR NAME, AS I HAVE THREE STRANGERS DINING WITH ME."

waggon further on, and, as he still has some lingering misgivings on this subject, he is anxious to have them removed.

Fifth Orator. Some of you may ask me, "What about Ulster?" (Derisive laughter.) Well, I'm going to tell ye what my opinion about Ulster is. I've no opinion of Ulster at all. As for Orangeism, the only Orangeism that's of any importance is the Orangeism of the old women who sell that delicious vegetable in the streets. (Cheers and laughter.) I tell ye what they are up in Belfast—a set of bitter, persecuting bigots—that's what they are! Why, they won't appoint a man there—even to the lowest office they have—if he happens to be a Catholic. Now we've none of that in the South. Some years ago, under Mr. BALFOUR (booming)—ah, don't hiss 'um now, he's not worth it—under Mr. BALFOUR, I got three months' hard, and six months' soft after that—and all for what? Why, just for advising the Catholics down in the South to treat the Protestants there the same as they treated them up in the North! But, as I said, we've no ill-feeling against them whatever—we only want to live in love and brotherhood with them if we're allowed, and take our fair share in managing the industry and commerce of our common country, and, if Ulster presumes to resist the will of Parliament and the will of the People of England,—why, Ulster will have to be put down by main force—and there's an end of it!

[This convinces the L. L. that any internal discords are in the highest degree improbable, and, with a mind at ease, he moves on once more, and is fortunate enough to catch a scathing attack from a humorous Orator on various members of the Opposition, which covers them with well-deserved ridicule.]

Sixth Orator. As for JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, why, he's only trying, before he's made a juke of, to drive a few more Birmingham screws into the coffin of the Home-Rule Bill, so we need say no more about him. (The Audience observe that he "let JOE 'ave it, and

own—to-day—and are we to be told—? &c., &c. (This argument hits the L. L. very hard indeed, because he cannot help seeing, as a reasonable man, that if the Americans and Colonials prefer to entrust the conduct of their affairs to Irishmen, we must be safe in following their example.) Then there's the question of finance, and on that I say—treat us generously, and you'll find we shan't forget it. (His audience show a magnanimous willingness to waive all sordid considerations of expense, and the L. L. feels that since we are going to do the thing, we'd better do it handsomely.) Yes, we've fought your battles for you in the past, and we're ready to fight them for you in the future. You'll find we can be good friends—and (with a sudden change to menace) d—d bad foes!

[Enthusiastic cheers from crowd, amidst which the L. L. leaves for the next platform, with a conviction that it is hopeless to think of maintaining the Union any longer after that. The next Orator is discussing the Ninth Clause, concerning which the L. L. vaguely remembers having heard there is some little difference of opinion.]

Fourth Orator. Well, now, about this Ninth Clause. What we say is this:—We'd rather be quietly at home in our own country, managing our affairs our own way. But—if England wants us, or if Mr. GLADSTONE wants us, or if JOHN MORLEY wants us,—why, we're perfectly willing to stay on at Westminster and help you to manage yours. What more do you want of us?

[The L. L. feels that nothing can be fairer, and that this disposes of the whole difficulty. But here his attention is attracted by the name of Uster from a Speaker in a



no mistake, that time," and the L. L. is reluctantly compelled to agree with them.) Then there's GOSCHEN—it's a pity some of you can't lend him a new voice, for he's none of his own left by this time! (*Roars of laughter at this deadly political thrust.*) And TOMMY B.—"BOLUS," I call 'um—well, his party 'll never come and sing to him—"Oh, TOMMY, we have missed you!"

[*His hearers are more convulsed than ever, and remark that, "Talk about reg'lar wit, they've heard nothing to come up to this chap, that they haven't!" But the L. L., though he shares their admiration, is unable to remain longer, as he can hear a neighbouring Orator dealing with the possibility of the Bill being rejected by the Upper House; and he is rather anxious to know what will happen then.*

*Seventh Orator.* Some talk of the House of Lords daring to throw out the Bill, and obstruct the will of Parliament, and the wishes of the People of England. Well, I only hope they will—for that 'll be the end of them. What do you want with a House of Lords over you at all? They get along very well without a House of Lords over in America—aye, and in the Colonies too. The fact is, you Englishmen go around saying, "Britons never will be Slaves," and all the time you're the biggest slaves upon the face of the earth! (*Frantic applause from the crowd at this complimentary description of themselves.*) As for Lord SALISBURY, all I can say is—it would have been a good thing for England if his mother had taken and drowned him in a pail of water the minute he was born! (*His hearers enthusiastically endorse this crushing estimate of Lord SALISBURY's career and services.*) The Tories hate the Irish—that's where it is; they'd like to emigrate 'em—migrate 'em, hang 'em, shoot 'em down in the last ditch, if they could—but, in spite of Tory animosity, and Tory obstruction, and the bitter hatred of the Clubs and the Classes, Irishmen and Englishmen are going to be brothers at last, and clasp hands warmly for all time in a true union of hearts!

[*And so on, until the resolution is put and carried; and the L. L. leaves the Park, so favourably impressed by these various arguments as almost to make up his mind that—if he ever takes the trouble to get himself put on the register—he would as soon vote for Home-Rule as not, after all. Which proves that these Demonstrations produce more effect than some people imagine.*

### AMONG THE SAVOYARDS.

To the regular play-goer *Jane Annie* ought to revive some pleasant memories of situation, plot, and tune. To any Cantab, who years ago was a member of the A. D. C., the song and dance of the Proctor and the two Bull-dogs will awaken pleasant reminiscences. The photograph of the three who took part in a similar trio being, to this day, on view in the rooms of the Club. The Proctor was played by AUGUSTUS GUEST, in strictly correct costume, not as Mr. BARRINGTON is attired; the part of the tall Bull-dog was taken by one of the HAMBROS, and that of the short one, if I remember aright, was played by a slight undergraduate named PARTRIDGE. Their song and dance was one of the principal features in the burlesque of

*Alonzo the Brave*; and now at the Savoy the song and dance of the "Bull-dogs," and the dance of the Proctor and Bull-dogs, are the two "hits"—and the only ones—of this otherwise tame burletta.



Proctor and Dancing Bull-dogs.

The page-boy recalls a similar part in *The Boarding School*, to the plot of which old piece that of this very "new and original" burletta bears a certain resemblance. That the composer had unconsciously the air of "*Trifle not with Love*" in his memory when he wrote the song for Miss BRANDRAM, in Act II., must be evident to all who heard *La Cigale*. Perhaps the composer was hypnotised, as is the Governess in this piece, when she writes letters to different persons; only that the composer penned notes instead, and the commencing combination of these notes is not absolutely new.

The dialogue is attempted on the Gilbertian-Savoy model, which the inventor understands, but which imitators do not. The consequence is, that while everything is done in the way of scenery, costume, singing, and acting, to make the piece "go," it won't stir a peg. Who chose it? Who was so pleased with the libretto that he would have it set? And who chose the composer? O Savoy management! Say *voy* did you do it? However, "a time will come," and a tune too, and when the temporarily disunited Savoyamese Twins, "S. AND G.," who, elsewhere, individually and separately, have not been so very successful in their work, are once more united, they will have a better chance than ever, of which they ought to do their best to make the most.

### THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

WEIRD machine of  
strange design,  
I must yield to  
thine embrace;  
Unto thee must I  
resign  
All my fortunes  
for a space.

Upwards, helplessly  
I glide,  
Backwards now my  
head is reeling;  
And I'm told to  
"open wide,"  
While I'm gazing  
at the ceiling.

Frantically thine  
arms I seize,  
Unknown horrors I await;



In the gruesome Dentist's Chair.

Thou art heedless  
of my squeeze,  
Thou art careless  
of my fate.

More of this I can't  
endure,  
All my pain and an-  
guish's vanished;  
Thou hast worked a  
perfect cure,  
Thanks to thee,  
my toothache's  
banished.

Stretch me rather  
on the rack.  
Throw me in a lion's  
lair; [back  
Not again will I lie

### THE DIRGE OF THE DINER-OUT.

(*A Plaint with which multitudes will sympathise.*)

My dinner's spoiled and my digestion's marred  
By torrid Tory's and by raving Rad's tone.  
I'm hungry and hate politics! 'Tis hard;  
I ask for bread and they give me a (Glad)  
stone!  
That awful sound, strife-breeding, poisonous,  
septic! [peptic.  
It drives all my friends mad—and me dys-  
Talk of First Night, Last Murder, Latest  
Winner!  
But bar the G. O. M.—at least at dinner!

"FAIR AND SOFTLY."

DR. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA says he deals out fair and equal measure to all his patients, no matter what their rank and station in life may be. He says to them all, "Just wait." And isn't just weight a perfectly fair measure?

SECOND TITLE FOR THE PLAY AT THE  
HAYMARKET.—*A Woman of No Importance*;  
or, *It's a Wise Child that Knows  
its Own Father.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S TIME OF LIFE.—"*Premier(e) Jeunesse.*"

THE LADY VISITOR.—Canon AINGER did well to be annoyed with the Lady Visitor who came touting at lunch time. Hers was not an Angel's visit, but his temper was Aingerical. Did she seek the bubble reputation even in the Cannon's mouth? An inopportune moment as the Canon's mouth was full. This Canon was not to be rifled. *A propos*, a correspondent sends us the following riddle:—"Why did Canon AINGER object to the Lady Book-Canvasser?" "Because her conduct was on-Canon-I-call." He signs himself "JESTING PILOT," and dates from Holmby Catch.





### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

*The Professor (to Hostess).* "THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR A MOST DELIGHTFUL EVENING! I SHALL INDEED GO TO BED WITH PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS,—AND YOU WILL BE THE VERY LAST PERSON I SHALL THINK OF!"

### THE DERBY "SWEEP;" OR, THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

*An Epsom Eclogue, set somewhat to the strain of "Lochiel's Warning."*

[*"I am assured that Mr. GLADSTONE himself has at this moment not the slightest chance of being returned again for Midlothian."*

*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham]*

SCENE—*The Course on the Derby-Day. Venerable Parliamentary Chief, GRANDOLMAN, in holiday attire, is greatly enjoying himself. The Picnic provender is peculiarly good, and he has just d'awn the Favourite (in his opinion) in a "Derby Sweep." To him enters the shrewd, but somewhat sinister-looking GIPSY JOSEFA, offering vernal vaticinations.*

*Grandolman (impatiently).*

OH bother! Get out! Don't you see I am busy?  
(*Aside.* Doesn't dress for the part half as well as did DIZZY!)  
You tell me my fortune? Oh well, that will keep.  
What I want to know now is—my chance in the "Sweep."  
Eh? "Home Rule?" That is luck! I feel sure of my tin,  
For I fancy the Favourite will just about win.

*Gipsy Josefa (viciously).*

GRANDOLMAN, GRANDOLMAN! Beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array!  
For a field of defeat rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Midlothian are scattered in fight.  
As I told the good Brums, you won't have half a chance,  
When next Scottish warriors against you advance.  
They rally, they fight for the Kingdom and Crown;  
Woe, woe to the Chief who would trample them down!  
But hark! Through the fast-flashing lightning of war  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
'Tis thine, oh GRANDOLMAN! Hibernia shall wait  
With a love-lighted watch-fire all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there!  
They who backed that old crook are reduced to despair.

ERIN weeps, to Coercion's captivity led  
By the foolish false friends who *would* give you your head.  
For a general "Get out!" over England shall wave,  
And PAT, SANDY, and TAFFY, in vain try to save!

*Grandolman (disdainfully).*

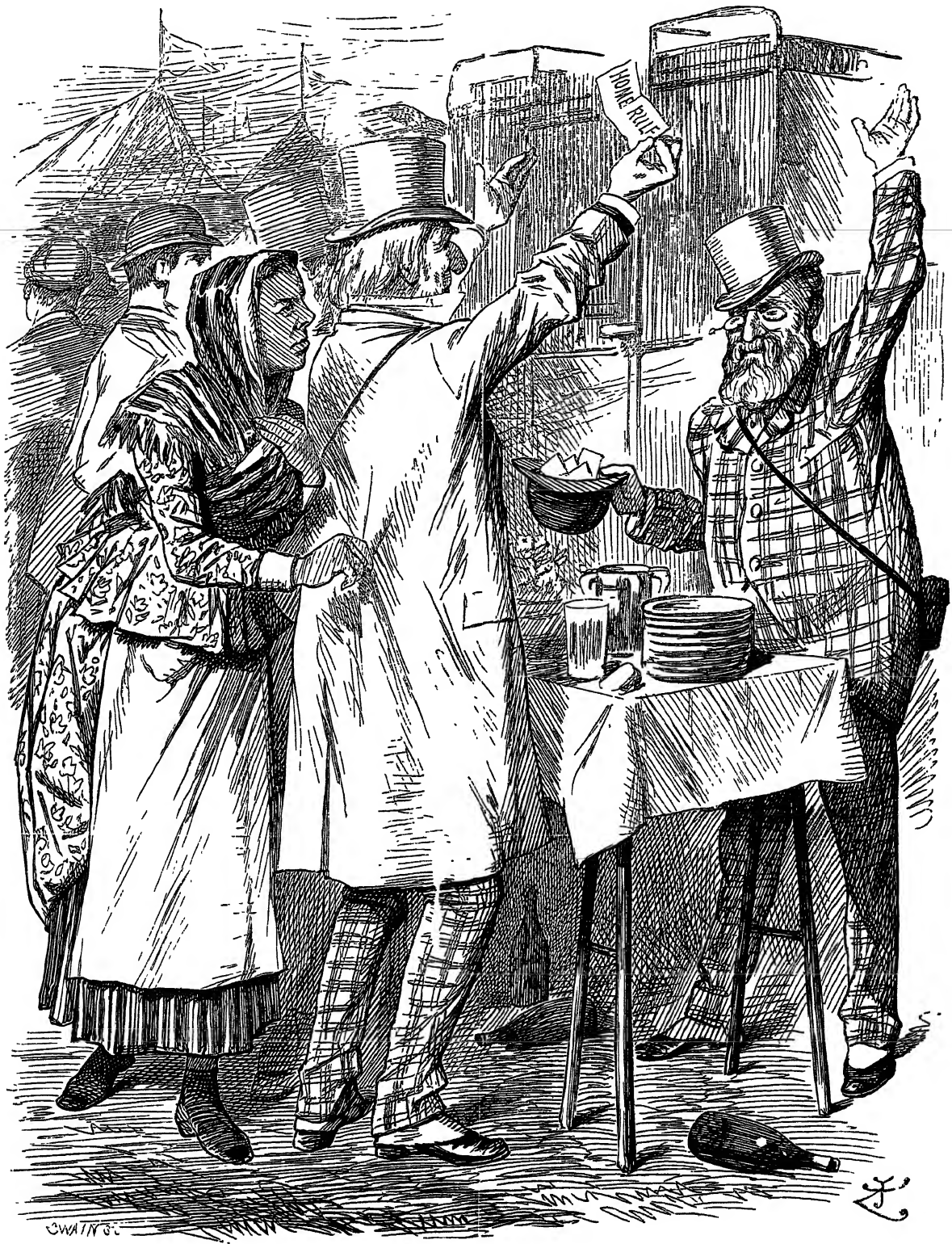
Oh come, look you here, you're a nuisance, my girl!  
(*Aside.*—Ah! those are not dear Dizzy's dark eyes and smart curl!)  
Go, preach to the coward, you doom-dealing seer,  
My horse you won't get at, my book you won't queer!  
"Draw, Chief!" cried MCCARTHY. And what is my horse?  
"Home Rule," as you see! A good omen—of course!

*Gipsy Josefa (gloomily).*

Ha! GRANDOLMAN, thou laughest my vision to scorn!  
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn.  
When next the Old Eagle sails valiantly forth  
To the fight 'midst the dark-rolling clouds of the North,  
By the fire shower of ruin the Bird shall be driven  
From his eyrie, his home near the dark Scottish heaven.  
White-crested GRANDOLMAN, the peerless in fight,  
You'll find the derided JOSEFA was right.  
With silver she knows you will not cross her palm,  
But—she'll tell you *your* fortune for nothing! 'Tis balm  
To the oft-flouted gipsy to picture your fate,  
She was too proud to feed on the scraps from your plate!  
But the Romany's deep revenge comes—she can wait—  
And the Romany's warning you'll heed—when too late!

*Grandolman (defiantly).*

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;  
The three hundred and sixty will fight like one man;  
They'll be true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be SALISBURY's steed to the shock!  
If he dash on like foam, he shall find me a rock.  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When GRANDOLMAN his claymore indignantly draws;



## THE DERBY "SWEEP;" OR, THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

MR. G. (*jubilantly to Mr. J. ST-N MCC-RTHY*). "HOME RULE, BY JOVE! THAT IS LUCK!!"

GIPSY JOSEFA. "LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN!!"

—

■

When his bonneted Chieftains to Victory crowd,  
ROSEBERRY the dauntless, and MORLEY the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their battle array—

*Gipsy Josefa (venomously).*

— GRANDOLMAN, GRANDOLMAN! beware of the day!  
Yourself, and your horse, and your followers shall fail—

*Grandolman (viciously).*

Oh, shut up, false tipster! I trust not your tale.  
Go vaticinate, in your own verjuice style,  
To Bookies and Brummies! At bogies I smile.  
GRANDOLMAN, untainted by flight or by chains,  
Whilst the kindling of life in this old breast remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!  
But that's peroration, not Derby-day chat,  
The Oracle's fair—though 'tis only a hat;  
I've drawn a good chance; I'm in holiday mood,  
And this lobster salad's remarkably good,  
So why, my JOSEFA, your teeth sourly crunch?  
Do shut up, and let me get on with my lunch!

[Turns thereto with fresh appetite.

### OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday, May 25.—Special Night. Attendance in State—usual state (after short dinner)



Signorina Vibrata.

the mortal coil, will pirouette on one leg and say to *Romeo* and *Juliet*, "Bless you, my children!" and all will end happily. Crammed house. Opera going strong!

THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY (*Suggested by a recent lecture full of Treeisms*).—If a man be by profession an actor and cannot act, this should not tell against him with an imaginative public. Granted an imaginative public, that is a public which when it sees a thin man playing the part of a fat man imagines that the thin man is a fat man, then when it sees an actor acting who can't act (a contradiction only in terms), let them imagine that this actor can act, and such a public is satisfied. Carry imagination further, let the manager imagine that a failure is a success, that an empty house is full; and let the actor imagine that he is in receipt of fifty pounds per week, when, as a matter of fact he is being paid only five. What pleasure all round! (*To be probably introduced into the next lecture by Mr. BIRCHBROOM TWIG on "Various Branches of Dramatic Art."*)

RAIN IN FASHION.—During the Season, whenever there is a fashionable function going on, the Society papers notify the fact of the presence of several "smart people." Last Tuesday fortnight, when the rain put in its welcome appearance,—it just "dropped in" for half an hour,—the papers generally referred to it as a "smart shower in London."

SOMETHING IN A NAME—BUT "NOT MUCH."—The *St. James's Gazette* tells us that the subscription to the Shelley Memorial Library will have to be abandoned if the funds do not speedily and considerably increase. Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary and his name is—"LITTLE."

### DERBY DREAMS UP TO DATE.

THE Archbishop of —, on awakening from a recent *siesta*, asked, "What had become of the Giraffe?" On further inquiry, it appeared that His Grace had seen, in a vision, one of those scarce animals at the Zoo offering him some jelly. Upon the strength of this omen the Archbishop's Examining Chaplain immediately backed *Isinglass* for a place in the forthcoming race at Epsom.

A certain Prime Minister the other day dreamed that he was standing in front of a mirror, while humming his favourite melody, "*The Wearing of the Green*." His youngest son, noticing the glass, and hearing his father exclaim "I sing," added "glass" to it, and has since put the pot on the favourite heavily.

A noted Golfer, who has a commanding position on the Conservative side of the House, dreamed the other day that he saw a maiden being frozen to death on the links at Felixstowe. It immediately occurred to him that the lass was being iced, in fact, that the cold weather was icing lass. Since then a letter containing bank notes to a large amount has been despatched to a Turf Commissioner resident in Boulogne.

A well-known Temperance Lecturer had a vision the other day that he was pursued by the Drink Demon. He tried to catch it, and looked for it everywhere. Suddenly he heard a voice saying, "is in glass." He noticed that the spirit had indeed taken refuge in a tumbler. Since then the gallant Baronet has backed Mr. McCALMONT's horse for any amount.

The sequel to these interesting dreams will be known on Epsom Downs at about 4 P.M. on Wednesday, May 31. Until then, the Dreamers can rest in peace. After that date these dreams may prove themselves to have been not dreams of winning horses, but, simply, night-mares.



### BALLADE OF AN OXONIAN.

I DEBATE with a logical calm,  
A cool, imperturbable ease,  
My opponents succumb in alarm  
As their points I relentlessly seize,  
And whistle them all down the breeze.  
Among actors I'm quite in the van,  
My style's rather better than  
TREER's,  
I'm a talented Oxford Young Man.

My volume of Verses, *Aux Dames*,  
With the "Lines to the Lovely  
Marquise"—

A fragment of singular charm—  
Neither CHATTO nor UNWIN could  
please.

And yet, when at afternoon teas  
I recite them as only I can,  
On this each old lady agrees,  
I'm a talented Oxford Young  
Man.



SPOHR and MENDELSSOHN soothe  
me like balm;  
By ear I can play, in all keys,  
Any air from a jig to a psalm,  
And funeral marches and glees.  
I dabble in colours; sweet peas  
I sketch on AMELIA's fan, [these,  
And show her, by actions like  
I'm a talented Oxford Young Man.

*L'Envoi.*

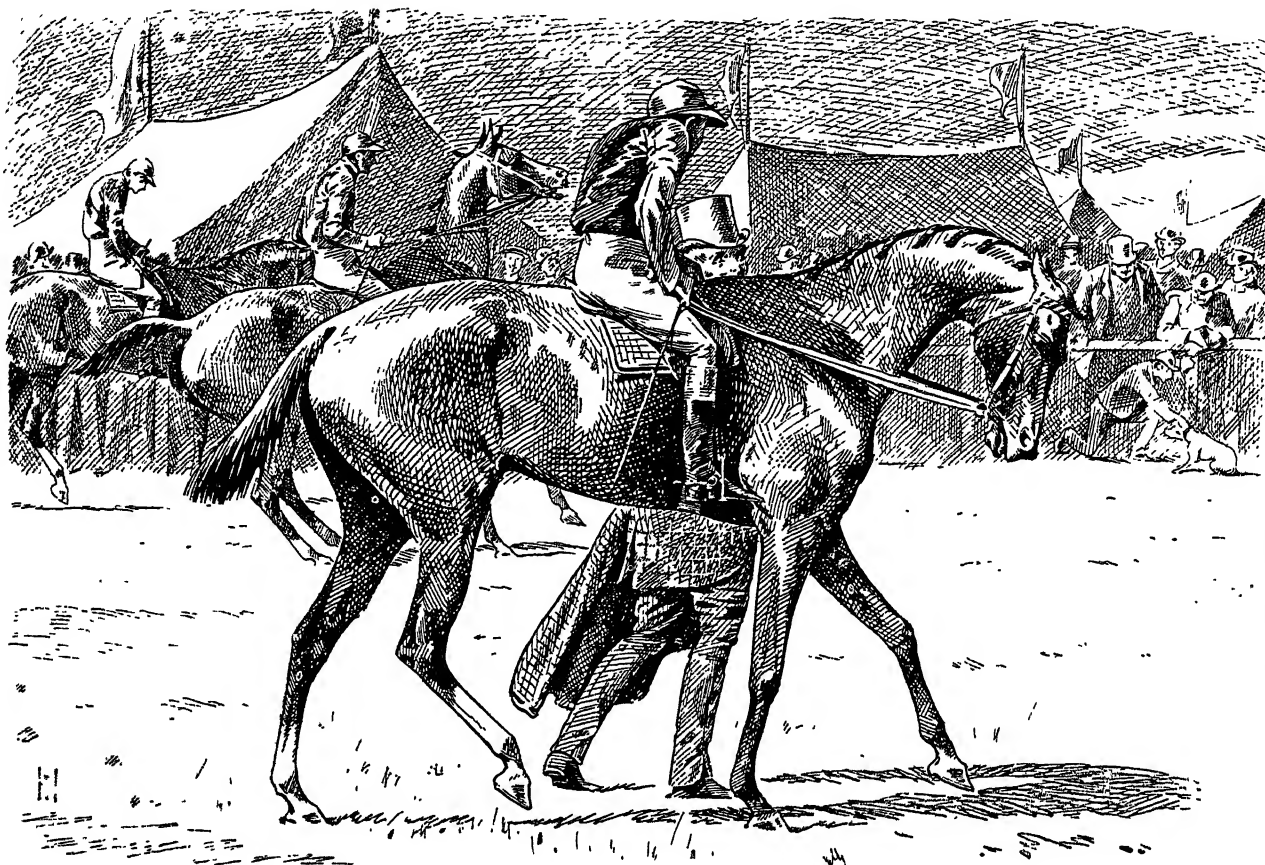
Again I am ploughed. Take your  
fees,  
Accursed Examining clan!  
But—why should I care for  
degrees—  
I'm a talented Oxford Young  
Man.

MORE PLUMS FOR MASTER J-HENNY L. T-LE.—Mr. ELLIOT STOCK, a note in the *St. James's Gazette* informs us, has just published an edition of *Walker's Siege of Londonderry*. Another chance of advertisement for the lucky comedian, J. L. T-LE. Of course he'll go on tour—a Pedestrian or Walker tour—and will add Derry to London. When at Londonderry the theatre will be besieged by the public anxious to see *Walker*.

"THE Royal Couple in Tirnova," read out Mrs. R.'s nephew. "Well!" exclaimed the good lady; "I never! I suppose we shall next hear of the Emperor and Empress going in a roundabout swing at a fair!" They'd better 'turn over' a new leaf," added Mrs. R., smiling satisfaction at her little joke.

DESCRIPTIVE OF A PHRENOLOGIST.—A Bumptious Person.





### FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

*Trainer (to Stable Lad, who has been put up to ride Outsider of wicked reputation and considerable powers in the way of bucking his Jockeys off). "Now, TIM, IT'S PRECIOUS FEW BOYS 'AVE SUCH A CHANCE AS YOURS. YOU 'VE GOT A MOUNT FOR THE DERBY, AND A GOOD 'UN, TOO! NOW ALL YOU 'VE TO DO IS TO SIT ON HIS BACK AS STILL AS A MOUSE, AND DO YER BEST TO PRETEND YOU AIN'T THERE!"*

*Tim (from the Emerald Isle). "NOT THERE? FAITH, SIRR, I'M THINKIN' MAYBE HE 'LL BE MAKIN' THE DECEPTION AISY! SURE THE TROUBLE 'S LIKE TO COME IN IF I PRETEND THAT I AM THERE!"*

### TARTARIN À LONDRES.

THERE is reason to believe that M. ALPHONSE DAUDET, after his approaching visit to London, will publish another volume of the adventures of TARTARIN, in which the following will probably appear:—

#### CHASSE AU LION.

C'était un grand désert sauvage, orné de quelques plantes de la Société Métropolitaine des *Plagrouns*, grandes comme le baobab dans le pot de réséda. Sous le jour discret du brouillard, on les voyait à peine. Vous savez qu'à Londres le ciel est toujours brun. À droite, une masse confuse et lourde, une montagne peut-être! ... À gauche, un bruit sourd, probablement la mer qui roulait. ... Un vrai gîte à tenter les fauves. ...

Quittant la gare de *Cherincrosse*, un fusil dans les mains, TARTARIN avançait lentement. ... Tout à coup, à quelques pas devant lui, quelque chose de noir et de gigantesque! ... C'était un lion couchant, un lion énorme. à n'en pas douter! ... TARTARIN se hissa sur un mur à côté. ... En joue! feu! pan! pan! Au coup de feu le Tarasconnais, renversé, tomba du petit mur. ... Bah! ... Pouah! C'était de l'eau! La Tamise ou la mer?

"*Now then, commout!*"

TARTARIN saisit une grosse main qui sortit du brouillard, et se leva péniblement.

"Pouah! Qués aco?" fit-il.

Le tueur de lions, stupéfait, se frotta les yeux ... Lui qui se croyait en plein désert! ... Savez-vous où il était ... ? Sur un pavé sale entre deux hommes en habits bleus.

Son Sahara avait des *polissmans*! C'était la Place de Trafalgar. À droite la *National Gallery*, monument superbe de l'architecture anglaise! À gauche le *Vite Al*, et ses omnibus, qui roulaient sourdement.

Et les lions? ... Au moment de quitter la Place, pour se rendre

avec les *polissmans* au *Scotch Landyard*, il les vit de nouveau, grands, calmes, se couchant au pied d'une colonne, dont on ne voyait que la base, évidemment un phare. Mais toutes les lumières du monde ne pourraient éclairer ces ténèbres d'enfer! ... Et l'eau? ... Ce n'était ni la Tamise, ni les vagues dominées par Britannia. C'était le liquide sale et boueux des petits jets d'eau, qui prêtent au "plus beau site de l'Europe," centre de la capitale de l'empire britannique, la beauté magnifique, la sublimité grandiose, et la splendeur éclatante d'une seringue de jardinier.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

That *Gray Lady Jane*, by FLORENCE WARDEN, who wrote *The House on the Marsh*, should attract the Baron's attention, is not wonderful, but that so original and sensational an authoress should have given us such a disappointing story as is this of the *Gray Lady*, is marvellous. It begins well, and goes on well, up to p. 60, end of Chapter V., which is about the half-way house, and then there is only one surprise to come, and that is the surprise all FLORENCE WARDEN's admirers must experience on arriving at the finish of the story of this shilling heroine of one hundred-and-two pages. The title is catching, as it suggests something new about that historically interesting personage, Lady JANE GREY. The only resemblance between her and the heroine of the novel being, that this Lady JANE frequently loses her head, and the other Lady JANE lost her head only once and never recovered it. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

**THEATRICAL WEATHER INTELLIGENCE.**—The frost has been so prevalent and severe lately in London playhouses, that it is believed many of these places of entertainment will be immediately converted into skating-rinks for the unemployed. If the Theatres still remain open, and the aforesaid "frost" continues, the actors will be paid on a sliding-scale.



THE POLITICAL WATER-SHOW.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A FIVE-O'CLOCK KETTLEDRUM. (*VIXI PUELLIS.*)

LADIES, farewell to ye! I,  
that illustrious  
Beau of Apollo, that stormer  
industrious  
Of hearts and the sex's  
attraction,  
Render my sword and re-  
tire from action.

Here, where your "Drum"  
bids a strategist, wary at  
Meeting Mammals, to a cheap  
commissariat,  
To muffins, to—coquetry's  
blighter—  
Tea, and the Five-o'clock-  
tea Reciter.

Here, where you tame the  
professed lady-killer, I  
Doff my accoutrements, yield  
my artillery,  
Smiles, ogle, society prattle  
—All that once thrilled  
with delight the battle,

When through the rout I  
careered, a NAPOLEON—  
Goddess of gallantry, grant me, now  
wholly on



Half-payment, this meed of my mettle—  
One in the eye for the Drum and Kettle.

## A COMPLAINT.

(*By the Westminster Sunshine Recorder.*)

PITY the woes of an over-worked instrument!  
I have been much too exhausted to speak;  
Forecasts of sunshine (which all have come  
since true) meant  
That, for two months, rest in vain I should  
seek.

Once I considered my work was a sinecure;  
Now Aix or Homburg would not mend my  
state,  
Useless to try water, grape, milk, or piney  
cure,  
Sunstroke at Westminster—that was my  
fate.

Eight hours day, indeed! Folks philanthro-  
pical  
Overlook me, but the miners survey,  
Their work is sunless, but I, in a tropical  
Blaze, worked at least twelve long hours a  
day.

Though I have rested a little, it's truly an  
Effort to write even what I have done,  
And if grey skies turn to blue so cerulean,  
I shall again be recording the sun.

Hang such fine weather, with sun so infernally  
Bright, and with sky so unchangeably blue!  
Think of me, worn out, working eternally!  
Think of the rain-gauge with nothing to do!  
Think what high times for the upstart ther-  
mometer!

I must toil on, no one asks what I like;  
I should rise boldly, were I a barometer.  
Were I a clock, I should speedily strike.

ADVICE GRATIS.—From among the Adver-  
tisements in the Times:—

COOK.—English and foreign cooking, ices, French  
bread, dinners, ball suppers, garden parties.  
Job preferred. Disengaged.

A most accomplished Cook is this! She  
cooks everything, from "ices" to "garden  
parties." She is "disengaged," but "Job"  
has her preference. JOB, whoever he be, is a  
lucky man. By all means let "Job preferred"  
make disengaged Cook his better half, and  
his domestic happiness is assured.

## LURED FROM LUNCH;

OR, A NEW INDUSTRY FOR LADIES.

(*A Serio-Comic Tragedy, in any number of Acts.*)

SCENE—The Judge's Room attached to a  
Court of Law. Enter Aged Ecclesiastic  
and Young Widow, ushered in by Official,  
who places chairs, and bows.

Official. His Lordship is now summing up,  
but he will be glad to see you after lunch.

Young Wid. And now, my aged, my nearly  
only friend, I think it will be better if I see  
the Judge alone. A woman's tongue is often  
more powerful than a soldier's sword.

Aged Ecclesiastic (with old-fashioned  
courtesy). Or a parson's homily. My dear  
young friend, I will be within call. Raise  
but your voice in anger, and you will find no  
firmer friend, no braver defender, than the  
Venerable ARTHUR TURNIPTOP, Archdeacon  
of Beanshire. [Hides beneath a table.]

Young Wid. (with her hand to her heart).  
How my arm trembles. Have I the courage  
to show him the portfolio? Ah, here it is!  
(Produces large paper parcel.) Will he look  
upon it? Will he forgive this intrusion?  
Soft, he comes. I must dissemble.

[Retires behind a desk.]

Enter Mr. Justice EASTERLY briskly; he casts  
aside his official robes, and pulls off his wig.

Mr. J. E. And now I shall have just time  
for my chop and nicely browned potatoes. I  
ran it rather close, but I was forced to refer  
to that last point. And to quote to me  
SHELLEY's case! A man who is a mere lad—  
why, he only took silk a dozen years ago.  
And he to quote to me the case of SHELLEY!  
However, let me cast off all thoughts of care,  
and turn to food. My chop awaits me! (He  
is about to leave the room when his progress is  
barred by Young Widow.) Hem! a lady,  
and comely, too!

Young Wid. (sinking on her knees). Oh,  
forgive me, my Lord, if I have been guilty  
of contempt of court. Pardon this intrusion.

Mr. J. E. (courteously). Nay, rise fair lady.  
You have done no harm. I presume you are  
a ward of court. I am no doubt your legal  
guardian—you wish to consult me? What is  
it? Is it anything to do with a mortgage?

Young Wid. (aside). His goodness brings  
the tears to my eyes. (Aloud, but nervously.)  
Well, my Lord, it was scarcely about a  
mortgage that I wished to consult you. The  
fact is—(she opens her bundle)—a firm of  
eminent chocolate-makers are introducing  
into the market a new kind of tea. See—  
(takes out a packet)—we can let you have this  
at one-and-fourpence-halfpenny the pound.  
Can I tempt you?

Mr. J. E. (after a struggle to repress his  
rage). Begone! No, do not argue with me.  
I say, begone! Away, false one!

Young Wid. (raising her voice). You treat  
me unfairly! Would that I had some one to  
defend me!

Aged Ecc. (emerging from under the table).  
You have! I am weak, but every drop of  
my blood is at your service.

Mr. J. E. (haughtily). And who are you,  
Sir?

Aged Ecc. (solemnly). I am the defender  
of the weak. Yes, proud representative of  
the majesty of the law I scorn ye!

Mr. J. E. Why? What have I done to  
merit your reproaches?

Aged Ecc. By refusing to take this lady's  
tea. Do you not know that she receives a  
commission for every ounce she sells, and yet  
you will not buy one pound!

Mr. J. E. (with deep feeling). Archdeacon,  
you have conquered! I feel that I am wrong.  
I should encourage thrift, and a noble effort  
to make both ends meet. Madam, I do not  
know your name, but will you put mine down  
for ten pounds of tea? You will charge the  
commission, and share it with me—will you  
not?

Aged Ecc. Of course. This lady is not  
only in straightened circumstances, but a  
thorough woman of business.

Mr. J. E. (who has been summoned by an  
Official). And now farewell. I go to adminis-  
ter justice. I leave with you my benediction.

Aged Ecc. Bless you! (He sinks upon his  
knees, and his example is followed by Young  
Widow.) Good bye, we shall meet again.

Mr. J. E. I hope so. (To Young Widow.)  
You will not forget the tea. Good bye! [Exit.]

Aged Ecc. (to Young Widow). Nay smile.  
Do not grieve. And now for another attempt.  
We will call upon the Archbishop!

[Curtain closes in upon the tableau.]

## A CIT TO SIR JOHN.

[SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., has presented some of  
his pictures to the Corporation of London.]

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo!"

JOHN GILBERT, good Art Knight, JOHN,  
When first I knew your fist, ,  
I was a boy, who in my books,  
Your "go" could ne'er resist.  
And now my crown is bald, JOHN  
(As yours may be, also.)  
But blessings on your dashing brush,  
For still 'tis full of "go"!

JOHN GILBERT (Knight). my jo, JOHN,  
Your pictures, grouped to-  
gether,  
Will brighten many a day, JOHN,  
For cits, in gloomy weather.  
Much modern art seems tame, JOHN,  
But canvasses all glow,  
When bold J. G. is signed at foot,  
JOHN GILBERT (Knight) my jo!

"THE MISSING LINK."—Few things more  
annoying, if you possess only one set, than,  
at the last moment, when you are already  
late for your dinner-party, to be unable to  
find the companion link for your shirt-cuff.  
Let this occur on Bank Holiday, when all  
shops are closed, and discomfort for the  
evening will be that man's portion.

## A SKETCH AFTER THE ITALIAN.

SCENE—The Stalls at a West End Theatre during the performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Enthusiast seated beside party of ladies who have come to see Signora DUSE. The Curtain rises, showing the customary operatic scene among the customary operatic accessories.

Enthusiast. Isn't that charming? So natural. The Gendarme is looking into the police station. And that's the old mother. Excellent.

Young Lady (who has been consulting a brochure). This book of the words does not give much of the dialogue.

Enthusiast. Quite unnecessary. You see the Italian action is so explanatory.

[Enter a woman wearing a white shawl—she converses with her mother—she seems to be much distressed.]

Young Lady. Who is that?

Enthusiast. I don't quite know. One of her friends, I fancy. Isn't it very good?

Young Lady. Excellent. But are we not to have any of the music?

Enthusiast. Oh, no. It would spoil it. The Italian language is so essentially melodious that orchestral accompaniment would be superfluous.

An Actor (throwing his left hand over his shoulder). Mio povento nona l'ascrama de potato! [Or something that sounds like it.]

Enthusiast. Capital!

Young Lady. What does that mean?

Enthusiast (telling the truth). I can't exactly translate it, but it is wonderfully characteristic.

[The Italian part of the audience roar at some joke or other. The action proceeds. The Soldier flirts with the coquette, and quarrels with his betrothed.]

Young Lady (making a discovery). Why, that must be Signora DUSE—the lady in the white shawl!

Enthusiast. Of course. They call her in Italy La DUSE. Isn't she marvellous!

Young Lady. I dare say. But you didn't recognise her at first?

Enthusiast. Didn't I? Well, one gets so carried away by the poetry of the thing. So good. There, you see he has bitten his ear, and they are going to fight. Capital!

Young Lady. But they have missed out the intermezzo. Surely they might have given us that!

Enthusiast. Well, I don't know. It would have impeded the action of the piece—it's so wonderfully realistic. There, you see, they are ringing the bells. That's because it is Easter Sunday.

[General commotion. A woman rushes on, screaming. Tableau and Curtain.]

Young Lady. Why, it's all over. And we didn't see much of Signora DUSE, did we?

Enthusiast. But she was so good. Wasn't that a wonderful bit of by-play when she put her white shawl over her head?

Young Lady. Yes. But I really think I prefer it with the music.

Enthusiast (in a tone of surprise). Do you? Well, it's a matter of taste.

[After a pause, an act of "GOLDONI'S sparkling comedy, 'La Locandiera,' is played. The actors reproduce the movements of



"SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

Foreign Owner (very proud of his Stab's and his Sporting English—to Nervous Friend). "IF YOU HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO, PRAY, SIR, COME AND SEE MY CRACKERS."

Friend. "OH, THANK YOU, VERY MUCH; BUT THE FACT IS—I'M RATHER AFRAID OF FIREWORKS!"

the far-famed Italian Marionettes. La Signora DUSE plays archly, and frequently addresses the Audience. At the end of the Act the Curtain falls, amidst much applause.

Young Lady. As so many people are laughing, it must be very good. But I don't quite understand the fun.

Enthusiast. Oh, didn't you? Why, it's full of good things. Excellent. And now I must say good-bye.

Young Lady. You are not going?

Enthusiast. So sorry. But I have an appointment to keep. The rest of the play is admirable, every bit as good as the First Act.

[He leaves the theatre, and meets a Friend outside.]

Friend. What are you off?

Enthusiast. Yes, such a pity. Splendid performance, my dear boy. Splendid! You ought to see it.

Friend. I am going to. I have got two stalls for the next performance of the same programme. You shall have one of them, and then you can see it all through from beginning to end.

Enthusiast. I am so sorry, but leaving town. (Bids adieu to his friend, and then murmurs to himself in Anglo-Italian:) Notse eef I knows eet!

[Exit in search of other amusement. Curtain.]

ADAPTATION CRICKET PROPHECY FOR 1893. —Nothing succeeds like "Sussex"!—(Monday, May 29th.)

## ARS LONGISSIMA.

[One of the pictures in the Paris Salon is about forty feet in length.]

THIS is art! *Ça saute aux yeux.* Not en DÉTAILLE, but en gros; Quite unlike the work of feu MEISSONIER; it is de trop.

Such a noble spread of paint! Such a mighty work to send! Why, it almost makes one faint Just to walk from end to end!

A la longue—"long run" indeed! Panoramas five yards high Rolling mechanism need, We should sit while they pass by.

What? *Chaise roulante*? That might do, But the wall space soon will cease; Future works must split in two, If their sizes still increase.

Scaled by furlongs, not by feet! We may see in future show, On some chef-d'œuvre, "*Voir la suite Dans le prochain numéro.*"

TWO ROUTES TO HOLLAND FROM HARWICH.—One the new one to the Hook of Holland, which saves making the two or more hours *circumbendibus* of the Maas up to Rotterdam. The *Pa's*, out for a holiday, *en garçon*, would choose this way in order to avoid the *Ma's*. Travellers can now go to Holland by Hook or by Crook. Hook preferred.

ON A SIGNATURE.—One day last week a letter appeared in the *Times* headed, "A New Street Danger," and signed by "TOM BIRD." The London birds are uncommonly sly, and the only danger to a simple Tom Bird would be from a crafty Tom Cat. But stay, is there a real TOM BIRD (some relation, perhaps, to JACK DAW?) or is this only a *Nom de Plume*?

"GOING," BUT NOT "GONE."

"THIS Mansion in St. James's Place,"

So spake the Auctioneer, "As meeting-ground of wits and Lords, Is quite without a Peer!

"What offers? FOX and WELLINGTON, And heaps of famous sodgers, Here talked with BYRON and with MOORE When breakfasting with ROGERS.

"SYDNEY SMITH joked, MACAULAY prosed, LAMB bleated—with a stammer; And now this home of witty 'Saws' Of course 'goes to the Hammer.'

"Two thou.!"—Your liver, Sir, is wrong; Try Karlsbad or Ben Rhydding! 'Three thousand!'—In a bid so low There's something quite forbidding!

"This lot is such a dismal 'frost,' It's really hard to thaw it; And, since its past is not a draw, At present I withdraw it!"

AFTER THE FOURTH OF JUNE BOATS' BANQUET ON THE BANK. (By an overcome Etonian.)—It's a very old school. Old as ADAM. Yes, he was in the Garden of Eton.



## FAIR PLAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(As Mrs. Columbia-Squeers seems to see it.)



Mrs. Columbia-Squeers. OPEN YOUR MOUTHS, AND SHUT YOUR EYES  
AND SEE WHAT I WILL SEND YOU!"

["The dissatisfaction felt with the system proposed by the Bureau of Awards for awarding medals, &c., to the Exhibitors at the Chicago World's Fair has resulted in the Commissioners of the following countries withdrawing their exhibits from competition for awards:—Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Siam, Sweden, and Switzerland."—*The Times*.]

MR. PUNCH reads (in *Nicholas Nickleby*) the following passage:—

"Mrs. SQUEERS stood at the desk, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession; using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some

gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably; they all being obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp."

Laying down his DICKENS, Mr. Punch museth:—

Humph! Singularly appropriate! Prevision of Genius again. For wonderful adaptability to diverse circumstances, Boz surely stands next to the Divine WILLIAM himself.

So Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS stands at the desk (or bureau), presiding in solitary, self-sufficient singleness, over the distribution of a "delicious compound," let us say.

"I don't know her equal" (said Squeers). "That woman is



## JUST OUT.

Jack (in reply to question about his Mount). "No, SHE'S NEVER EVEN SEEN HOUNDS; ONLY JUST OUT O' THE BREAKER'S HANDS, IN FACT. THOUGHT IF I GAVE HER A SEASON IN TOWN SHE'D GET A BIT USED TO COMPANY."

Cousin Maud. "AH! 'A SEASON IN TOWN.' WELL—THAT'S ONLY WHAT EVERY DÉBUTANTE EXPECTS."

Uncle Ben (who is dreadful with his Chaff). "BY JOVE! JACK MY BOY, YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT HER INTO DOUBLE HARNESS NEXT,—FOR, HANG ME, IF THEY DON'T ALL OF 'EM EXPECT THAT TOO!"

always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creeter that you see her now."

Exactly! Limned to the life my Boz. An up-to-date American Note—for General Circulation.

"She is more than a mother to them; ten times more. She does things for them boys, NICKLEBY, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

Right again, to a nicety! Unfortunately, however, even "her own sons" (like Mrs. SQUEERS's "young noblemen") seem rather to disrelish the dose she is intent upon administering, and the way in which she desires to "dab it into 'em." The *Tribune's* correspondent at Chicago telegraphs as follows: "The sentiment among American exhibitors in opposition to the non-competitive plan of the Bureau of Awards is growing, and if the rebellion continues to spread, the expert Judges will find few exhibits to examine, and the Jury of Awards will have 34,000 medals, and a lot of pretty diplomas, on their hands when the summer is gone."

Poor Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS! With a lot of "expensive flower of brimstone and molasses" on hand, and no "boys" willing to be dosed by her energetic hands!

"Open your mouths, and shut your eyes,  
And see what I will send you!"

cries the liberal Lady. And the boys—her own boys, the French, German, British, Italian, Russian, and Japanese, and other boys—ought to echo Mr. SQUEERS's pious "grace after—brimstone," and cry, "For what we have received may the Award-Bureau find us truly thankful." And they don't,—the ungrateful ungracious urchins rebel, and protest, and actually propose to do their own Awarding in the old-fashioned way, and simply ignore Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS and her Brimstone-basin, we mean her "Bureau of Awards."

"The Commissioners of the foreign countries represented have decided to enter into a competition among themselves, to establish a Board of Jurors, independent of those in the American section, and issue diplomas in disregard of Mr. THATCHER's work."

Now this is sad! Bad weather (which is bad luck) and big charges (which are poor policy) are quite sufficient sets-off against what *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes will be, all the same, a Big Success. Therefore, he sympathetically submits that Mrs. COLUMBIA (dropping the SQUEERS) should throw over Mr. THATCHER (the obdurate President of the bumptious Bureau of Awards), drop that "common wooden spoon," pitch away the autocratic arbitrary Brimstone-and-Treacle style of diploma-distributing, and so make things fair and pleasant for the "Boys" all round.

'Tis clear that the obdurate THATCHER  
Of trouble all round has proved hatcher.  
But, having dismissed him,  
And that "Single-Judge System,"  
Of success you may yet be a snatcher.

So mote it be, says *Mr. Punch* heartily.

APPROPRIATE.—At the recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, among the medals distributed was one called "The Gill Memorial Medal," which was presented to Mr. FORBES for his explorations in "the Chatham Islands." Bravo, Mr. FORBES, whose name, in connection with Chatham preceded by "London" and followed by "and Dover," is known to all the travelling world! Though, by the way, by what bye-law, sanctioned in committee, Chatham has been converted into "islands" we are not told. But perhaps the matter is explained by reference to the initials of the prize-medallist, which are "H. O.," and not "J. S."

MRS. R. AS AN INTERPRETER.—Mrs. R. knows her French. Her nephew read an extract from a French newspaper, in which it was said that a French ambassador in England "*doit parler ferme*." "Quite so," interrupted the excellent lady, eager to exhibit her intimate acquaintance with the language. "England is an agricultural country, and a foreign minister who comes here ought to be able to "*parler ferme*," that is, talk about farms and so forth."

## ROUND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN GALLERY NO. I.

*Miss Pemmican* (of *Minerva House*, Peckham, entering with her two favourite pupils, *Miss ELLA PORTER* and *Miss LAURA PERCH*). Now, my dear girls, I hope you both understand that I shall expect you to show me that my indulgence in giving you this little treat has not been thrown away—

*Miss Porter and Miss Perch*. I'm sure we're awf—very much obliged to you for bringing us, *Miss PEMMICAN*!

*Miss Pemm*. (calmly concluding her sentence). By writing out, during the recreation-hour this evening, a full description of all the pictures that have attracted your attention, with any reflections that may suggest themselves to you.

*Miss Porter*. (to *MISS PERCH*, behind their Preceptress's back). There—didn't I tell you she meant to be a Pig!

*Miss Perch* (sotto voce). If she thinks we're going to describe all the pictures, and find our own reflections, she's mistaken! I mean to crib all mine out of the *Illustrated*, and you can get yours from the *Graphic*; you know.

*Miss Pemm*. (with satisfaction). You will find it an invaluable exercise in English composition and style.

*Mr. Spreadtail* (a true-born Briton, to *M. MACHIN*, an Intelligent-Foreigner, whom he has obligingly taken in tow). Here we are, M'soo! This is only one of the rooms; but still it gives you some idea of the enormous extent to which Art is carried on in this country. (*M. MACHIN assents politely*.) I take it, now, you've no Exhibition in Paris to be compared to this.

*M. Machin*. To compare—no. Ve've only now two Salons, in ze Champs Elysées and ze Champs de Mars.

*Mr. Spr*. Only two? We've got dozens of small shows, if that's all; but here you get the pick of the basket, y' know.

*M. Mach*. (to himself). Sapristi! Est-il embêtant avec sa pîoche! (Aloud.) I am 'appy to get a peek yiz you. Already I ave ze pleasure to be'old a portrait of SARGENT—magnifique, zis "*Miladi Agnev*," hein! C'est ravissante, ça!

*Mr. Spr*. Ah—clever enough, in its way, I daresay, but too French for My tastes. We like more finish in our portraits, M'soo. There's a picture up there, I see, that seems to be a subject from *King Lear*. (He refers to his catalogue.) Ah, I thought I wasn't mistaken—SHAKESPEARE, our great National Poet, y' know. I suppose you know something of him?

*M. Mach*. Mais oui—parfaitement. I've read 'im—but, for me, vous savez, he is a poet vary deeficult to compre'end.

*Mr. Spr*. Never found him so myself, M'soo. I like to dip into him—occasionally, when I've nothing else to do, y' know.

*M. Mach*. (to himself). How he is astonishing, this man, with his "peeks" and his "deeps"! Decidedly I am not in my proper place here.

*A Critical Matron* (before "*The Girlhood of St. Theresa*"). Too much expression in the girl's face, my dear; and I don't consider all that heavy embroidery at all suitable to a child of her age—do you? [*Her companion thinks it "peculiar," but commends the orange in the boy's hand.*]

*A Phlegmatic Man* (to his wife). Er—I rather like that.

*His Wife* (indifferently). Which? Oh, that one. (*She allows her eye to rest on it for about a second.*) No, I don't think I care for it much.

*The Phlegm. Man*. Well, of course it's—

[*He finds it too much trouble to select an adjective, and leaves his sentence suggestively incomplete.*]

IN GALLERY NO. II.

*First Practical Person* (before "*The New Will*"). It's a stupid subject—but the room's nice—old-fashioned, though.

*Second P. P.* I expect that's intended—from the dresses, you know.

*First P. P.* I daresay—but he's put the lawyer's chair too near the fire—much too hot for him in winter-time.

*A Sportsman* (before "*The King's Libation*"). H'm—half-a-dozen lions—not a bad bag with one bow and arrows!

*His Friend*. Not if he killed 'em all himself; but depend upon it those chaps behind with the javelins did the business, and he gets all the credit of the shoot.

*Miss Pemm*. (arriving with her charges). This is a picture, girls, which you will on no account omit to mention in your theses. It represents an Assyrian Monarch thanking the Gods—(she consults her catalogue)—Nin (or Ninip) and Nergal, on his return from a lion-hunt.

*Miss Perch*. I don't see Nip and Gurgle in the picture, though, *Miss PEMMICAN*.

*Miss Pemm*. Because they are very properly left to the spectator's imagination, my dear.

*Miss Porter* (relieved). Oh, then we needn't describe them—only the king and the dead lions? But why should he spill wine over them, poor things?

*Miss Pemm*. It was a libation, my dear ELLA—a ceremony among the ancients on such occasions, the precise significance of which is not apparent in these more enlightened days.

*Miss Perch*. I should think not. Fancy Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL making all that fuss over a few lions!

*Miss Pemm*. (severely). *Miss PERCH*, oblige me by suppressing any flippant observations of that kind in future!

*Miss Perch*. I thought you wished us to make our own reflections, *Miss PEMMICAN*.

*Miss Pemm*. By all means, if they are intelligent—which yours was not.

*Miss Perch*. (sotto voce to *Miss PORTER*). Go on—it's your turn to make one next time. I'll back you up!

[*Miss PORTER intimates that she does not feel equal to the effort.*]

*The Phlgm. Wife* (to her Husband). That's not badly done!

*Her Husband*. Think not? It—er—seems to me the King is rather—

[*He forgets what he considered the King was rather, and evades the difficulty by moving on as before.*]

IN GALLERY NO. III.

*Miss Pemm*. (before "*The Funeral of a Viking*"). You see what the subject is—it illustrates in a highly impressive form the

practice of burying deceased warriors in—er—that period; the body, you see, attired in the dead man's richest armour, was placed on board his ship, and then, having previously set fire to it, they, &c., &c.

*Miss Perch*. ELLA has a reflection, *Miss PEMMICAN*—a really intelligent one! (*Miss PORTER denies the impeachment.*) You know you have, ELLA, only you don't like to say it out loud.

*Miss Pemm*. I shall be happy to hear it, my dear, whatever it is.

*Miss Perch*. ELLA thinks that burning a ship whenever they wanted to bury a man was rather like the old Chinese way of doing things. [*ELLA looks as learned as possible at such short notice.*]

*Miss Pemm*. A very thoughtful comparison, ELLA—but why Chinese? [*ELLA makes despairing signals to her friend.*]

*Miss Perch*. Why, you know how they used to burn down their house in order to get roast pig—it reminded her of that, didn't it, ELLA? [*Mute indignation and reproach on Miss PORTER's part.*]

*Miss Pemm*. If I hear any more such frivolous comparisons, *Miss PORTER*, you will write out your essay in French!

*Miss Perch* (to *Miss PORTER*, soothingly). Never mind, dear, you can make a reflection for me. I don't care how idiotic it is!

*First P. P.* What's that green affair up there, 228, with a girl, and something like a ghost leaning over her?

*Second P. P.* (referring to Catalogue). "Thereto the Silent Voice replied."





First P. P. That must be bosh. How the deuce can a Silent Voice reply?

Second P. P. Well, that's what they've got it down as.

#### IN GALLERY No. IV.

Miss Perch (before "The Child Handel"). I wish people objected to my getting up early to practice. They wouldn't have to hide the piano away in the attic for me!

#### IN GALLERY No. V.

First P. P. "The Sleep of the Gods;" chosen a nice damp place for it, seemingly. They'll all wake up with rheumatism, Gods or no Gods!

Second P. P. (reading from Catalogue). "Evohe! ah! Evohe! Ah! Pan is dead." The brown one's Pan, I suppose, though he don't look particularly dead, but which of 'em's Evohe?

[They give it up.

Miss Pemm. (hastily). Yes, my dears, yes—a mythological subject—we've no time to look at it now. There's a picture up there of a nurse pouring out tea for a sick child, which I particularly wish you to observe.

#### IN GALLERY No. VI.

A Philosophic Visitor (before "A Glass of Wine with Cæsar Borgia"). Yes, he knows the particular bin that came from—and he'd like to get out of it if he could. Pity he didn't join the Blue Ribbon before dining out with a family of that sort—but there, I daresay they'd have doctored his ginger-beer, then! They did their guests well, those Borgias!

The Person (who always goes wrong if there's half a chance). I suppose that's the picture there's been so much talk about—"Your Health." They're all portraits of well-known people, my dear—but I don't seem to recognise any of them. That can't be IRVING as Cardinal Wolsey, can it?

Mr. Spr. (to M. MACHIN (before a domestic subject). Now here's one of our characteristic subjects—just a quiet English family at home—that's one of the things you haven't got in France, M'soo, no home life, you know. I'm right there, eh?

Mr. Machin (who is getting restive). You are alwiz raight, my dear. In France ve 'ave no mozzer, no vife, no 'ome—nossing at all! (To himself.) Hast thou finished making a head, old TARTUFE?

Mr. Spr. Bless my soul, I'd no idea it was as bad as that. It's a wonder you're no worse than you are!

#### ON THE STAIRCASE.

I call it quite up to the average—such perfectly delightful puppies and kittens!... Not a good Academy this year; the only wedding I saw was a Silver one, and not more than two funerals, and one of them was a Viking's!... Miss PERCH, you will be good enough to write one half of your essay in French, and the other in German, and be kept in for the rest of the week. And you, Miss PORTER, will write out, "It is irreverent and unladylike to giggle at solemn subjects" fifty times, in your neatest handwriting, before breakfast. And I shall not take you to have afternoon tea at a confectioner's as I fully intended.... Bother the beastly old Academy! I wish it was burnt, I do!

### OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 29.—*Lohengrin*. Who would be the manager of an opera? To manage a theatre is a fairish trial for ordinary mortals, but to have the responsibility of an opera, where the attraction of the evening is seriously endangered by the absence of one single individual, is enough to turn the hair prematurely grey. No wonder that Madame GHERLSEN seemed nervous when called upon to sing MELBA's part of *Elsa*. GIULIA RAVOGLI—always "something about GIULIA so very peculiar"—is a first-rate dramatic, as well as excellent operatic. *Ortruda*. Signor VIGNAS and the rest good as before. House choke full,—white choker full.

Tuesday.—Those who did not hear Madame CALVÉ as *Carmen* lost a real treat, musically and dramatically. This is one of the successes of the season; at present the greatest success. An operatic actress who gives us the perfect ideal of *Santuzza* and *Carmen* is indeed a *rara avis*. Mlle. ARNOLDSON sang sweetly as *Michaëla* ("Mickie Ellar" some people pronounce it, as if she were Irish), and, with Madame CALVÉ, was summoned in front of the curtain to share in the general tribute of praise. House crowded, and thoroughly appreciative. *Salve Calvé!*



Good Knight.

Wednesday.—"Happy Thought" of Sir DRURIOLANUS for Derby Night—"Give The Favourite." Sir DRURIOLANUS changed his mind and substituted *Philemon et Baucis*. Title with a special flavour of *Punch* in it, as MARK LEMON (not PHIL LEMON) was Mr. P.'s first Premier, and the primest of his Prime Ministers.

Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson-Baucis charming; and Messieurs Bonnard-Philemon, Castelmarty-Vulcan, and Jupiter-Plançon make up an exceptionally good cast. Well, if it is not *La Favorita*, as was expected, at all events it gives us two favourites, the opera itself, and Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON. After which LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. This grows upon the audience. It must not be compared with *Cavalleria*. Let them be considered apart. *Pagliacci* has jumped into favour at once, through the music, but especially through the acting and singing, of Signor ANCONA as *Tonio*, and of Signor DE LUCIA as *Canio*. Most powerfully dramatic opera, and who has not seen ANCONA and DR LUCIA in this, and DUFRICHE, VIGNAS, and CALVÉ in Mascagni's *Cavalleria*, and CALVÉ in *Carmen*, has yet three great dramatic and operatic treats in store for him.



"La Favorita."

Thursday.—*La Juive*. "A Grand Opera in four Acts." SCRIBE's libretto; tragic story; HALÉVY's music. Somewhat conventional. Book well worth the money; very amusing on account of the English libretto, which is, as almanacks have it, "Old style." First appearance of Mlle. VASQUEZ as *Rachele*. Not much chance for her in this, but so far so good. Funny make up of Signor GIANNINI as *Eleazar* the Jew, with a couple of side curls, just for all the world as if he were wearing an old-fashioned frump's false front. Regret artist not here to sketch him. Sometimes he reminds me of Mrs. Gamp, in that immortal scene where she is pledging *Betsy Prig*, and sometimes he reminds me of the latter lady. These curls do it. Why shouldn't he make *Eleazar* dignified? at all events, as dignified as *Shylock*? Between GIANNINI and PLANÇON, as Cardinal, honours easy. SIGRID ARNOLDSON nice as *Principessa Eudossia*, but character hardly in her line. Somehow *La Juive* more popular abroad than here. However, Sir DRURIOLANUS gives it, as he gives everything, his very best care and attention. Wonderful man Sir DRURIOLANUS! German Company, French Company, Italian Opera, Palace Theatre, Provincial Companies, and a few other things besides, all on at once. "How do you do it?" I ask. He smiles warily. "*L'Etat c'est moi*," says Sir DRURIOLANUS, COVENT-GARDENSIS. "It's all done by kindness," he adds pleasantly, as he bids me "good night," being button-holed by an Ambassador, a musical Peer, a French critic, an Italian agent, and a suggesting subscriber, all at once.

Saturday.—CALVÉ excellent in *Pêcheurs des Perles*, and admirable in *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

### TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

"Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you are a fellow."

YE Admirals, who brave for us the battle and the breeze,

What meaneth all this hitching of your trousers?

Why are timbers to be shivered, what makes you ill at ease,

Ye briny, tarry, glim-destroying dousters?

Has Britain lost an ironclad; that makes you pipe your eye?

Have reefs been found improperly projecting?

Has a hundred-tonner burst and blown a company sky-high,

Whose remains will take a week in the collecting?

Has France destroyed our commerce? Has Russia burnt our towns,

That ye rage in all this nautical commotion?

Has a Dutchman, curse his broomstick, gone and anchored in the Downs?

Has a Yankee fleet outfought us on the ocean?

Then an Admiral made answer, and gloomy was his face,

And his voice was like the booming of a cello,

"Awest there with your fooling; there's a lady in the case,

A lady whom they want to make a Fellow.

"A lady an explorer? a traveller in skirts?

The notion's just a trifle too seraphic:

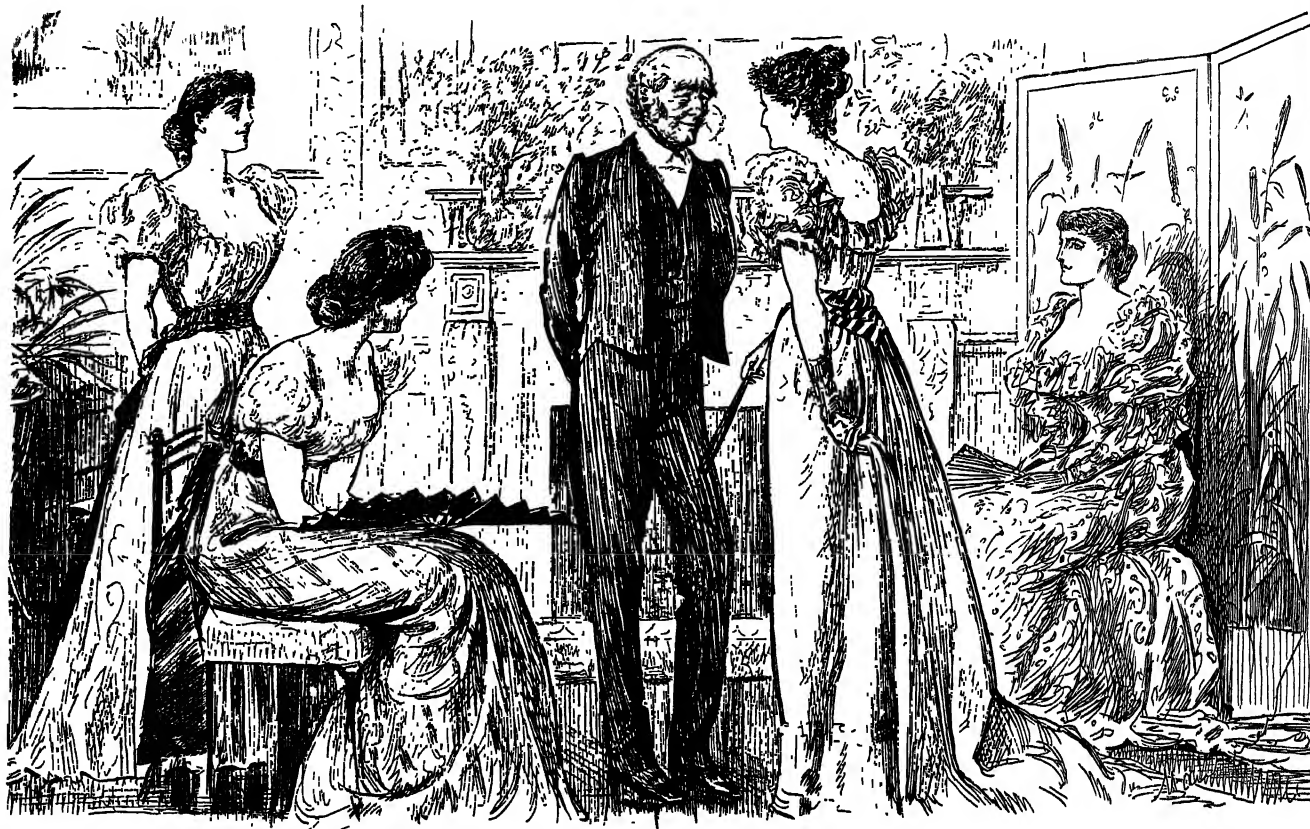
Let them stay and mind the babies, or hem our ragged shirts;

But they mustn't, can't, and shan't be geographic."

And still the salts are fuming, and still the ladies sit, Though their presence makes these tars, who women trounce, ill.

For no woman, bless her petticoats, will ever budge a bit, Having once been made a Fellow by the Council.





## ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS.

"I MUST WARN YOU, VICAR—YOU'RE THE ONLY GENTLEMAN—AND YOU LL HAVE TO TAKE US ALL FOUR IN TO DINNER!"  
 "FOREWARNED IS FOUR-ARMED, MY DEAR MRS. MASHAM!"

## AT THE WESTMINSTER "TOURNAMENT."

SWORD V. BAYONET.

It draws—like a big moral magnet,  
 This long and sensational duel.  
 Will sword really spifficate "bagnet,"  
 Or "bagnet" give swordsman his gruel?  
 So everyone asks as he gazes,  
 Eyes eager, attention ne'er nodding,  
 At Sword's flashing silvery mazes,  
 At Bayonet's pitiless prodding.

They go it like regular demons!—  
 Minor champions try at Tent-pegging,  
 "Heads and Pests," or the Slicing of  
 Lemons;  
 But these for applause may go begging.  
 Burly HARCOURT may cross his long lance  
 With BALFOUR's light blade, keen as  
 razor;  
 Men scarcely vouchsafe them a glance,  
 But *this* fight absorbs every gazer.

There is not a swordsman like WILL,  
 Has not been since old days of DIZZY;  
 The foe who would baffle his skill,  
 Will have to look sharp, and be busy.  
 But JOE with his bayonet-prods  
 Is a most unmistakable "snorter";  
 He's willing to fight against odds,  
 And he neither gives in, nor gives quarter.

There's hardly a man woman-born  
 Can stand that redoubtable shock of his.  
 Moreover jimp JOSEPH has sworn [his]  
 To have WILLIAM off that "old crock" of  
 He hates the Old Man, his Old Horse,  
 His old-fashioned, punctilious fighting.  
 JOE trusts to shrewd pitiless force,  
 The old rules of chivalry slighting.

No LANCELOT scruples in JOE!

But JOE is a strong, clever fellow.  
 Good judges declare they scarce know  
 How these rivals will end their duello.  
 Meanwhile 'tis a rattling good fight  
 (No mere up-and-down, hugger-mugger)  
 'Twixt the Old Man with soul of a Knight,  
 And the Young Man, with style of a  
 "Slugger."

"ANGLING."—Says the *Times*, in a note  
 under the foregoing heading, "*The coarse  
 fish-anglers will be able to resume sport on  
 June 16.*" Shade of Old IZAAK! Can the  
 line of "Gentle anglers" be so degenerated  
 that it has come at last to be "Coarse fish  
 anglers?" "Fish" is unnecessary, as no  
 one "angles" for anything but fish, except  
 at billiards. But, as KIPPERED HERRING  
 says, "this is another story."

## THAT CASSOWARY'S COMPLAINT.

(Private and Confidential.)

PUNCH! I am that Cassowary,  
 On the plains of Timbuctoo;  
 I did bolt that missionary,  
 Hat, and boots, and hymn-book too.

But did querying quidnunc follow  
 (Such do THACKERAY's doggerel quote),  
 Him I'm sure I could not swallow;  
 He would stick in my poor throat!

Ask the ostrich or the emu,  
 Ask the cormorant or the shrike;  
 Ask the osprey, ask the sea-mew,  
 If such morsel tough *they* like.

Tenpenny nails, Tibet Mahatmas,  
 I could swallow at a pinch;  
 Bony black papas and fat mas,  
 I would bolt and never flinch.

Send me out an Astral Body,  
 A sea-serpent or a spook;  
 A Salvationist in shoddy,  
 Weird BLAVATZSKY's wildest book:

ASHMEAD BARTLETT's last oration,  
 The next "play" of OSCAR WILDE;  
 TYNDALL's thumpingest jobation,  
 RANDOLPH's rhetoric when most riled;

The MACULLUM MORE on Whiggery,  
 Proofs of four-dimensioned space;  
 Or that Mongoldom and Niggery  
 Must absorb the Human Race.

OLCOTT's Karma, IBSEN's Troll-dom,  
 BESANT's dismal "Devachan"!  
 Mystic theories of Soul-dom,  
 Monstrous avatars of Man!—

*Anything* that's heavy, hollow,  
 Nauseous, tough, or indigestible;  
 And I'll undertake to swallow  
 It as a mere light comestible.

But the man with a new "variant"  
 Of TITMARSH's quaint quatrain?  
 No; the hungriest Cassowary aint  
 Equal to *that* peptic strain!

"CONSPICUOUS BY ABSENCE."—Monday,  
 May 29th, was a "Collar Day" Levée at  
 St. James's Palace. Mr. GLADSTONE was  
 not present! Why? No Collars home  
 from the wash in time? Too bad!



THE PARLIAMENTARY "TOURNAMENT."



## QUITE THE FIRST MRS. TANQUERAY.

THE *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is Mr. PINERO's latest, and far and away his best piece. The plot is simple, and intensely interesting; the characters marked, clearly drawn, and distinct; the situations natural and powerful; the dialogue appropriate, and spontaneously witty. Thus in construction and dialogue it is a model play. There is no waste of words, there are no sharp-sounding but pointless attempts at epigram dragged in neck and crop anyhow, no re-setting of old saws, no crackling of thorns to keep the pot a-boiling, no furbishing up of old Jo Millers, no attempt at passing off paste for diamonds. A bold author is Mr. PINERO, being an English dramatist, to conceive such a play, still bolder to write it; and bolder still was the manager who, with all the audacity of youth, has dared to produce what I venture to think would not, some years since, and not so very long ago either, have passed the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Dramatic Licensing Office.

The story is of how a kindly-natured, somewhat eccentric widower, of between forty and fifty years of age, with an unsatisfactory experience of wedded life, becomes so enamoured of a courtesan, one of the upper *demi-monde*, that he determines to "make an honest woman of her," by marrying her. That is all; and enough too. She is not a French *Manon Lescaut*, nor a conveniently-consumptive Italian *Violetta*. No; she is "English, you know," a thorough, right-down Londoner, no matter where she was born and bred; and of her parentage, whether gentle or simple, there is scarcely a hint in the play. What was she? What was her bringing up? What ought by right to have been her position in life? Was she a waif and stray from the commencement? One allusion to her early youth gives her pause—so natural a pause, too! the perfection of art!—for a moment, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, she dismisses the recollection. She has learnt the piano, that is evident; she has a refined taste, oddly enough, in music; she is loving, she is vulgar; she can purr, she can spit; she is gentle, she is violent; she has good impulses, and she is a fiend incarnate; she is affectionate, she is malicious; generous and trusting, selfish and suspicious; she is all heart and no soul; she is a Peri at the Gates of Paradise; she is a *bête fauve* that should be under lock and key.

And not SARA BERNHARDT herself, mistress of all feminine feline arts as she is, could play this part better than Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. It is a wonderful performance, most striking, most convincing, from the utter absence in it of all apparent consciousness of the effects she is producing. She is to be most sincerely congratulated; so is Mr. PINERO, most heartily, as indeed may he be to be on the entire representation from every point of view. Mr. ALEXANDER has never been better, indeed has never been so thoroughly and entirely good. One word of friendly warning; the telling effect of his pauses is endangered by their being unreasonably prolonged. On the stage a second's pause, "as well he knows it," seems a good five minutes to an audience, and that five minutes "wait" is fraught with danger to all; it is here "*momentum unde pendet eternitas*." On the other hand, his great scene with his wife, where the action is rapid and impulsive, when at last the truth will out, and where he dominates her by his suddenly uncontrollable violence, is very fine, both for him and for her.

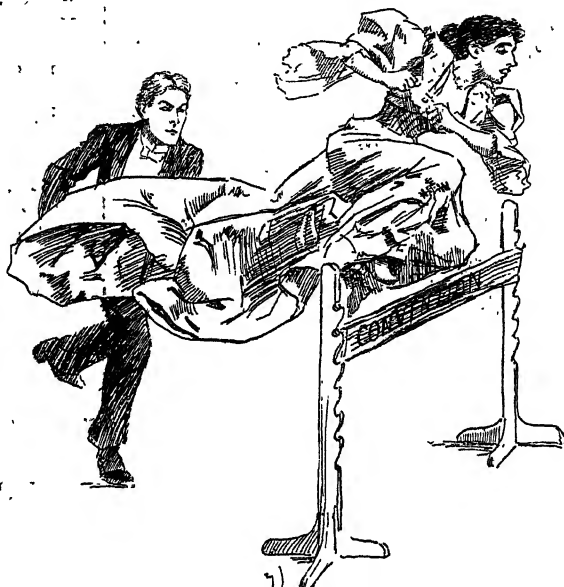
Is there a moral to this wretched history? Why should there be? Why should there be any moral except for those who contemplate taking such a step as did *Aubrey Tanqueray* in this play, and to them the advice is summed up in Mr. Punch's immortal advice to "persons about to marry," i.e. "Don't."

I cannot say that the title is an attractive one; perhaps, in its original form, it occurred to Mr. ARTHUR PINERO as "*The Second-hand Mrs. Tanqueray*." The names of his *dramatis personæ* are

not happy—*Tanqueray* is a peculiar, but far from unfamiliar, name, associated chiefly, I fancy, with the wine trade. *Sir George Orreyed, Bart.*—pronounced "*Orriä*"—speaks for itself; the part of the sodden fool is capably played by Mr. VANE-TEMPERST; the name of *Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P.*, is a sort of compound of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.; *Gordon Jayne, M.D.*, is not very far off what it rhymes with, yeleft QUAIN, M.D.; and *Cayley Drummie* suggests at once to all who remember *Great Expectations*, the name, but not the person, of *Bentley Drummie*, to whom Mr. Jagers took so great a fancy.

Curious to note that, though this is the first piece on any English

stage, within the last half century, in which a spade is most decidedly shown to be a spade, yet has Mr. PINERO been afraid to let his undisciplined heroine, who does not stick at a trifle and who will blurt out anything, that comes uppermost in her thoughts, — utter point-blank the most simple statement of fact either when she is making her confession to her husband, or when she is confronted with *Hugh Ardale* (a very difficult part, brusquely played by Mr. BEN WEBSTER), her former lover-in-chief. No doubt he permitted the woman to retain this shred of delicacy



Proceeding by leaps and bounds. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray a good first.



for the sake of actress and audience. But in such a play as this, the dramatist who compromises is lost.

*The Second Mrs. T.* marks an epoch in our dramatic annals. It is every inch a play. Whether this dramatic food is too strong for "the young person," and whether, on that account, the elder persons will not patronise it, remains to be seen. But for Mr. PINERO, for Mr. ALEXANDER, and for Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL this success is "a record." PRIVATE BOX.

"THE LIGHT DUES QUESTION," in which "quite another STOREY," M.P., is interested, is a matter of importance to a great number, but to a still greater number, in fact to everyone, the Heavy Dews Question, as to when they are coming, and specially the same question as to the Heavy Rain, is of the farthest-reaching interest. As *Macbeth*, even without an umbrella, observes of the rain, "Let it come down." But then he perhaps was on friendly terms with the Clan McINTOSH.

### Cracked!

(By a Cynic, after seeing a certain Play.)

"CRACKED lives to mend!" some cry. It sounds like mockery, For broken lives are unlike broken crockery. Society gives once shattered crocks no quarter; It votes that mended lives will not hold water: Though Charity's cement may do its best, Cracked characters, when rung, won't stand the social test!

MRS. R. ON A PROBABILITY.—Mrs. R. had heard that Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was to be made Her Majesty's "Master of the Musick." "Dear me!" exclaimed the worthy lady, "it seems rather hard that they can't find a better appointment for him, considering all he has done—(wasn't he on the stage, too, playing in SHAKESPEARE?)—to make him only a Music-Master! Of course he'll have to teach all the youngest Members of the Royal Families—but that will be hard work."

NOTE (on the objection of Mr. Hicks to the admission of Ladies as Members of the Royal Geographical Society).—"HICKS" objects to "Hæcs."

"A NON EST MAN."—Proverbial saying adapted to the case of Mr. J-B-Z S. B-LF-R. "Let us speak of a man as we don't find him."



## THE F.R.S.'S VADE MECUM.

**Question.** What is believed by many worthy people the greatest honour on earth?

**Answer.** To be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

**Q.** What are the qualifications for such an election?

**A.** To be fairly popular with a narrow clique.

**Q.** If a candidate does not possess this popularity, what may he expect?

**A.** A hostile circular suggesting, in lieu of his own reception, the election of someone else.

**Q.** What is considered a disqualification for the honour?

**A.** To have contributed to the newspapers.

**Q.** Is there no exception to this rule?

**A.** Yes. A scientist may write letters to the press upon general subjects if he is careful to put his name in full, with initials of his degrees complete.

**Q.** How long does it take a man of science, of a retiring temperament, to become a Fellow of the Royal Society?

**A.** About a quarter of a century.

**Q.** Cannot an energetic scientist obtain the distinction in a shorter period?

**A.** Certainly; in about a twentieth of the time.

**Q.** Does the election of an energetic scientist impede the promotion of outsiders?

**A.** Unquestionably, because the energetic scientist, feeling that his own election has been too expeditious, attempts, by preventing the election of other candidates, to maintain the proper average.

**Q.** Does there exist any power



THE NEW DEAN.

"'E WOULDN'T STOP A PIG IN AN ENTRY! COULD 'E, JIM?"

outside the Society to respond to the claims of justice?

**A.** Yes; the Press, when invoked, possesses the necessary authority.

**Q.** Is this fortunate?

**A.** Certainly; for did not the Press possess the wholesome power, the letters F.R.S. would stand for farce!

## WETTER-INARY TREATMENT.

—Mr. WYNDHAM, in his advertisement of the play now attracting its crowds to the Criterion Theatre, has this novel information:—"Doors open at 8; on wet nights 7'30." A very good idea. Why not annex to the Box Office an extra stall for the sale of waterproofs and umbrellas? Also, why not carry the idea further, and say, on very wet nights doors open at 7, and on the wettest possible nights at 6'30? Then the Criterion Restaurant, being under the same roof, might obtain a special keeping-open license for such exceptional weather, and some convivial spirits could take advantage of this to have "a very wet night of it," occasionally.

**How to Fix 'Em.**—There is some evident distinction between an actor and a music-hall singer. Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER was good as both, but specially good as a music-hall comedian. His imitations are not ALBERT, they are "All-but" CHEVALIER. A theatre actor has a marked manner; the other has a music-hall-marked manner.

**So SIMPLE.**—When is a fish like a streak of light? When it is a Lamp-rey.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 29.*—New Members growing quite accustomed to see their elders conversing with Chairman of Committee seated and wearing their hats. This custom in accordance with one of oldest, most important traditions that buttress foundations of British Empire. In circumstances of ordinary debate Member so conducting himself would be set upon with howls for "Order!" If he persisted, would be named and walled-in in Clock Tower. But it is ordered that when House has been cleared for Division, Member desiring to address Chair must so comport himself. Thus BARTLEY to-night found himself opening *tête-à-tête* conversation with unwilling Chairman. Had just been closed by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who threw into performance of public duty unmistakable gusto. BARTLEY having something to say, and not permitted to utter his thoughts upstanding and bareheaded, resolved to accomplish it otherwise. So kept his seat, pressed hat firmly o'er his manly brow, and observed, "Mr. MELLOR, Sir—" But he got no forrader. Like

Him who left half told

The story of CAMBUSCAN bold,

BARTLEY was at this point stumped. MELLOR snuffed him out with what Committee would like to regard as beginning of formation of habit of regularity and despatch. Everyone perceives this happy effect merely result of accident.

Had BARTLEY worn ordinary head-gear, he might have spent a few minutes in amicable conversation. But Committee in its mildest mood will not stand Member arguing with Chairman in a white hat, more particularly when hat is adorned with black band. Chairman, encouraged by roar of excretion which greeted apparition of the hat, interrupted BARTLEY by putting question, and, before he quite knew where he was, Committee was dividing.

*Business done.*—Vote on Account through Committee.

*Wednesday, 1 A.M.*—House still sitting. Report of Supply exempt from Twelve-o'clock Rule; so House may, an' it please, sit all night. Am glad of opportunity for quiet meditation whilst DICKY TEMPLE and ACLAND discuss accommodation in schools and playgrounds. Fact is, WEIR just made maiden speech. House throbbing with delighted emotion. WEIR is its own peculiar possession, untranslatable, inexplicable, incommunicable. People who read Parliamentary reports, finding WEIR's rising to put question hailed with "cheers," every remark he makes echoed by "loud laughter," wonder where fun comes in? He says nothing beyond veriest commonplace; his inquiries are as trivial as they are frequent. Why should he delight six hundred gentlemen, forming in themselves microcosm of English society? Ah! you should see WEIR—our WEIR, the Only WEIR—when he rises to confound CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN with conundrum about cordite powder, or further whiten TREVELYAN's once raven locks with problem about the pathway at Pennicuik or Pitlochrie.

From below Gangway there slowly rises tall figure with tawny beard fringing a face of infinite solemnity. House knows it well; hilariously cheers; the face, slowly turning, regards with expression of far-away wonder the boisterous throng. How in a world so sad as this, with telegrams delayed on their way to fishmongers' shops, with irregularities in steam-boat communication in the Highlands, with rifles fouled by use of cordite powder, with Members wasting time by asking unnecessary questions—how can responsible human beings smile, much less laugh? All this WEIR dumbly says as he looks round on the merry throng. Whilst he does this he is not wasting precious time; is rummaging in recesses of his waistcoat for *pince-nez*; having found it, he slowly withdraws it, and, bringing it round with majestic gesture, raps it on his nose. Sometimes it won't affix itself; he pauses to wrestle with it; till it is in proper position no sound issues from his closed lips. When the strain is becoming too much for ordinary humanity, he, with slow movement, brings the question paper into



THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

focus, holding it in his left hand, whilst with his right he secures the wanton *prince-nez* throned on his haughty nose. Then through the hushed House rolls a voice the like of which was never heard on sea or land; solemn, reverberating, like the sea swinging at rest after a storm round Sanda, Stronsa and Westra, Isles of Orkney.



Sir R-ch-rd W-bet-r à la Française (on his return from his long sojourn in Paris).

"How many cartridges, loaded with cordite powder and nickel-covered bullets, can be fired from the Metford regulation '303 barrel, before the same becomes worn, and unfit for accurate shooting?"

Looked at next morning, it seems to partake rather of character of conundrum; expect to find appended particulars of prize for successful guesser. This fresh testimony to magnetic influence of WEIR's personality; an influence to be felt in order to be appreciated. The supremest comic character on any stage; unique, but—alas! for those who never hear him—indestructible.

*Business done.*—Vote on Account passed Report stage. J. GALLO-WAY WEIR makes maiden speech.

*Saturday Morning.*—Member for Sark turned up last night. Haven't seen him lately; regret tempered by consideration that he is occasionally a little compromising. Blurts out things which others

"I beg to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, Ques-ti-on No. 33."

Simple words these; repeated, with slight variation, by a hundred Members in a sitting. No one conceives of what import they are capable till he hears them rolled forth in stern, sonorous voice, issuing from this tall figure, portentously upright, below the Gangway. A man fresh from witnessing a murder in the Lobby might come in and make brief announcement of the tragedy without thrilling the audience as WEIR does when he recites this prosaic formula. In capacity for making the human flesh creep, *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick* not in it with the elect of Ross and Cromarty.

Members, with premonitory shudder, turn to paper, to see what the question addressed to the hapless, perhaps sinning, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR may be. To the overstrained mind, Question 33 seems to stand out from prosaic list in letters of blood.



T. H. B-l-t-n, with his Family of Twelve Little Amendments.

may think, but judiciously leave unsaid. "I suppose you know, TOBY," he remarked just now, "who is the most dangerous opponent of progress with the Home-Rule Bill?"

"Certainly. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN."

"Wrong you are. It's Mr. G. Seems odd, I know, but it's the fact. JOEY C., I admit, is formidable adversary. He is the head and front, the inspiration and execution of deadliest opposition to the Bill. But his right hand man is Mr. G. He with charming innocency plays their game, which everyone else can see through half-closed eyes. Look what happens night after night, and hour after hour through the night. Some more or less inconsiderable person rises to move amendment undisguisedly obstructive. As RISEBY occasionally tersely puts it, 'either the provision proposed is already included in the Bill, or, if inserted, it would be impracticable.' That is a thing which SOLICITOR-GENERAL or CHIEF SECRETARY might be left to say. Possibly silence were the most perfect answer; but courtesy requires some notice taken from Treasury Bench when amendment, however ridiculous, is moved to Government Bill. Is Mr. G; content with having such answer made? Not he. He's on his feet like a catapult; divides the subject into three courses, and sails eagerly up and down each, as if the fate of the Ministry were at issue. Inevitable consequence follows. Interposition of PRIME MINISTER raises standard of debate to his own level. PRINCE ARTHUR follows; JOEY C. generally joins in; JOEYIM may have a word to say; and HENRY JAMES peradventure untaps the flood of legal and constitutional erudition. A mouse is born and lo! Mr. G. insists on treating it as if it were a lion. You remember what GOLDSMITH once said to JOHNSON—'If you were to make little fishes speak, they would talk like whales.' There is an analogy in Mr. G.'s dealings with the opposition to this Bill. He treats every trumpety amendment as if it were an organised and official vote of censure. He is a great man, but not a supreme General, since he lacks the faculty of devolution. He insists upon doing all the fighting himself, which, in addition to being unfair to his captains and lieutenants, will wear him out. He should hold himself in reserve, directing the fight rather than bearing all its burden on his back. I've been away, you know; brought back by these abominable Black Lists; but understood it was arranged that Mr. G. should take only a fair share of the work, remaining up to the dinner-hour, and thereafter leaving Bill in

competent hands of JOHN MORLEY, with the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD at hand, in case of need. It will have to come to that in the end, TOBY, dear boy, and, if the end of all things is to be postponed, the sooner it is done the better."

*Business done.*—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill.

### (NOT) HAND IN GLOVE.

[It is said that it is now becoming the fashion for ladies not to wear gloves at the theatre.]

SING a song of fickle Fashion,  
Women following like sheep,  
Theirs an all-consuming passion  
All its foolish rules to keep.  
But woman now—what degradation!—  
Deserts the fashion that she loves,  
And in the fight for admiration  
She fights to-day without the gloves!

UNHAPPY PAIRS.—The parliamentary ones who, on the latest "Black List" system, got wigged by the *Times* and the *Daily News*, &c., for their Whitsun wanderings.

"DIPLOMACY."—Mr. JOHN HARE very wisely, decided not to wear his Prince of WALES's scarf-pin to the Derby. The pin he actually wore was stolen, but it is reported that the thief was very angry at finding he had taken only an ordinary HARE-pin. This will now become a "HARE-loom" in the family.

CUI BONO?—To those who are querying why Lord SALISBURY spent his Whitsun holiday orating in Ifeländ, it has been suggestively (if vaguely) answered that "he doubtless did it with Ulterior objects."

A DÉBUTANTE.—Last week the Dowager Duchess of SUTHERLAND "came out."

### Lithpings from High Latitudeth.

Noble Lord loquitur:—

A VOTE on account for two month?  
Bah! BALFOUR mutht be a big dunth!  
GLADSTONIAN gang are thuch rum unth,  
They ought to be kept on short Commoth.  
One comfort the thubject affordth:  
They won't be kept long in the Lordth!

SUMMARY OF A LONG SPEECH BY A NOBLE LORD (From the Gladstonian point of View).  
—Large cry and little WOLMER!

A FIRST LESSON IN BOOK-KEEPING.—Never lend one.



## BIOGRAPHY À LA MODE.

(By our own Hee-Haw-eist.)

AND Dr. ÆSCULAPIUS turned and left the room, and I never saw him alive again.

If only we knew!

It is true our friends come and go. And they try to hold us to them, and we turn our backs upon them! And oh, how sad it is to think we have seen them for the last time! And they tried to secure our company, and we were proud and haughty, and we would not stay. We were cruel, and their memories now oppress us. Let me make a confession. It will be good for the soul, and it will also serve as a means of cataloguing my friends, and my faithful friends, and my good and grateful friends.

The last time I saw Sir ALFRED APOLLO, and he said "are you going?" as though he had said, "Will you stay no longer?" and I went. And oh, had I but stayed with him! And how pleased he would have been! And I might have read him some of my poetry! As IBSEN would say, "think of that!"

And the last time I met Field-Marshal Sir MORICE MARS, and he was walking in Queen Anne's Street, on the opposite side of the road, and saluted me, and I never crossed over to speak to him! And if I had, how delighted he would have been! My button-holing him might have saved his life! And oh, the pity of it!

And the last time I met Admiral NEPTUNE, I never went up to him to say good-bye! And the last time I took Lady JUNO down to dinner, I never took the trouble to call upon her in the morning! And if I had seen NEPTUNE and JUNO



## "WHITE MAGIC."

He. "I OFTEN THINK—AT LEAST I SOMETIMES WONDER—I MEAN I WISH I KNEW IF YOU CARED FOR ME, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

She. "OH, BUT THEY'VE GOT A CLAIRVOYANTE IN THE NEXT ROOM. COULDN'T YOU FIND OUT?"

before they departed from earth, how pleased they would have been! And it is still a mystery to me how they exist in Olympus without me. And poor things! they must find it very dull!

And the last time I saw MERCURY, the great Explorer, was just before he started for the North Pole; and, although he was to leave by the Penny Steam-boat, I never went to Pimlico Pier to see him off. And oh, if I had only known! I would have accompanied him on his way, and shared his labours with him as far as Vauxhall!

And the last time I saw Lord Chief Justice PRUTO he was standing on damp grass. And I thought I would expostulate, but no—I allowed him to catch cold! And when he left us I felt that I had neglected his last invitation. I had somewhere else to go. And I was crowded with all sorts and conditions of other invitations, but he passed away, and I had never gone!

And the last time I met JUPITER, he took me to the threshold of Olympus, and did not ask me to return. And I never did. And IXION gave me a lift on his wheel, and we have never gone back. And what a sad thing! And I remember once again that ÆSCULAPIUS called me into his room—it was my last chance—and I refused! How fain I would have been to accept my last chance! And how long and lingering would I have talked with my friend! And how loth would I have been to go! And yes, what a bore! what a bore!

**AUTOMATIC APHORISM.** (By Penny - in - the - Slot.)—One millionaire can build six mansions, but six millionaires cannot build a tree.

## PRODIGIOUS!

[Another musical prodigy is announced.]

Prodigies here, prodigies there,  
Prodigies, prodigies everywhere.  
Neat little nimble prodigy-girls,  
Short frocks, stockings, and corkscrew curls.  
Pert little priggish prodigy-boys,  
Long hair, "knickers," and lots of noise.  
Prodigy concerts at half-past eight;  
Prodigies stop up far too late.  
Prodigies taking by storm the town,  
Sketching an octave up and down.  
Swelling fugues with a massive bass,  
Fingers all in their proper place.  
Firework fantasies, oh, so smart!  
CHOPIN, SCHUBERT, and old MOZART.  
Some with BEETHOVEN making free,  
WAGNER as easy as A B C.  
Prodigy A. deserves a medal  
For skill in the use of the softer pedal.  
Prodigy B. should have a prize  
For her manner of using her hazel eyes.  
Prodigies playing quick or slow,  
Piano, FORTE, FORTISSIMO.  
Little females and tiny males  
All of them thumping out their scales.  
Little HALLES in socks and shorts,  
Beating their BROADWOOD piano-fortes.  
Little VERUDAS in frill and frock,  
Scraping away like one o'clock.  
Little PIATTS—but why proceed?  
Basta, basta! agreed, agreed!  
Prodigy-hearing's an awful bore; [more.  
We've enough, and too many, and don't want

## THE COMING CAR.

*At the Booking-Office.*—I want a Third-Class Circular Tourist People's Palace Carticket to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, and round to Glasgow by the Kyles of Bute, please, at your new reduced fare of eighteen shillings and sixpence for the round.

I believe this ticket allows me to stay at any town or village *en route* for any time up to ten years? Yes? Thank you!

What do you say? That merely taking the ticket acts as an Insurance of £2,000 a year to my relatives in case of a fatal accident, with £1,000 a year to myself if in any way disabled? Really, that is a most liberal arrangement.

*In the Third-Class Dining-Saloon.*—It certainly does seem surprising that the Company should be able to supply a dinner comprising turtle soup, lobster salad, ris de veau, cotelettes de volaille, ice pudding, and the best dry champagne, at two-and-sixpence a head, with the Band of the Grenadier Guards performing in the adjoining luggage-van during the meal.

The provision of free Turkish and other baths for the use of third-class passengers makes a long railway journey quite a "Travellers' Rest."

I hear that the Great East-Northern Company, in order to draw custom, is now offering gratuitous medical attendance for a year, a box at the Opera once a week during the season,

and a three-guinea subscription to MUDIE'S, to every passenger who takes a couple of third-class tickets to Scotland and back.

*In a Third-Class Sleeping-Car Cubicle.*—MAPLE seems to have furnished this elegant sleeping chamber regardless of expense. We are landed (or perhaps it would be more correct to say Midlanded) in luxury!

Every passenger, it appears, is now entitled to one of these apartments for the night, with use of brass bedstead, eider-down quilt, feather mattress in winter, and unlimited hot water in the morning, without any extra payment. This is a distinct improvement on the old "Truck System" of five persons on each side, courting sleep bolt upright through a stuffy summer's night, and attempting to dispose of ten pairs of legs in a space intended by nature to hold two.

Go to bed singing—"Car of the Evening, Beautiful Car!" and wake up at Perth for my early cup of tea and buttered scene.

**FROM THE UPPER DOMESTIC CIRCLE.**—What is the special duty of the "Groom of the Chambers"? He has to take charge of the towel-horses, and pay particular attention to any valuable stud that may be committed to his keeping.

**VERY DISCOURTEOUS.**—Mrs. R. read in the *Times*—"Sir E. CLARKE was opening the plaintiff's case when the Court rose." "Well," observed Mrs. R., "I did think the Court would have been more polite."



## FIGARO IN EGYPT; OR, THE FRENCH BALAAM AND THE BRITISH LION.

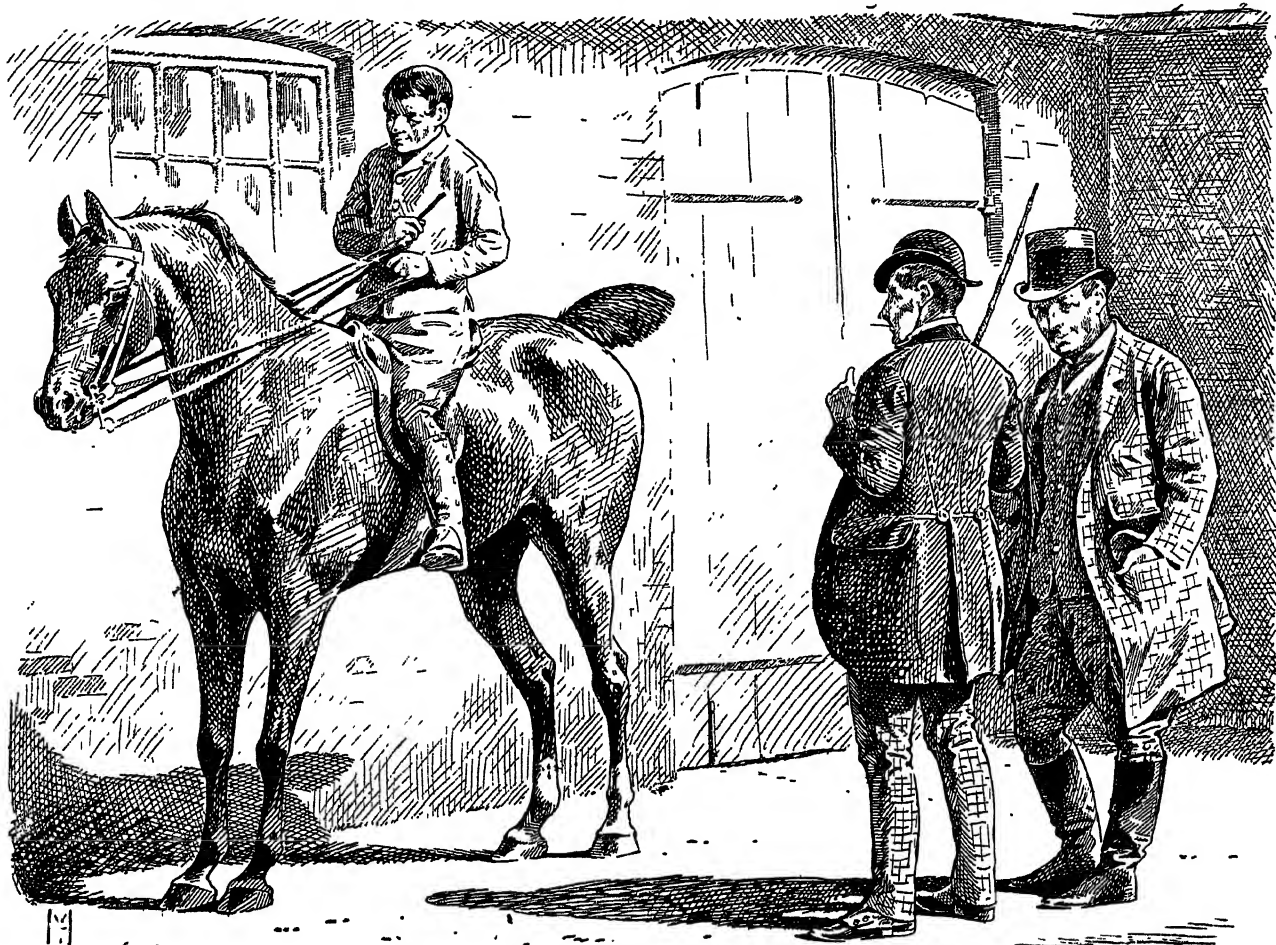
[The Paris *Figaro* (says the *Times*) sent a member of its editorial staff (M. DUBOIS) on a special mission to Egypt to see for himself what is the real character of the British occupation. Though he says he fully expected to return with an indictment, and provided himself with a particularly roomy portmanteau to contain incriminatory documents, he frankly confesses his terrible portmanteau is empty, and he has nothing but approval to report.]



*Figaro.* "AH, MON AMI, I CAME TO DENOUNCE YOUR OCCUPATION, BUT I'M BOUND TO SAY IT SEEMS BOTH A PLEASANT AND USEFUL ONE—TO ALL PARTIES!"

*Figaro, loquitur: Largo al factotum!* That's you, good friend LEO! |  
You're bossing this show, as the Yankee would say,

And to everyone's 'vantage. I find even *we* owe  
Much good to your—purely provisional—stay.



## PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

*Dealer (to the Duke's Stud-Groom).* "NOW THET MARE 'AD OUGHT TO BE IN THE DOOK'S STABLE!—SHE'S A THREE-HUNDERD-GUINEA MARE, SHE IS. LOR' HOW THEM GENTS DOES LIKE TO PAY IN GUINEAS! NOW THEM ODD SHILLIN'S IS ALUS KIND O' TROUBLESOME TO ME. YER SEE, IF THE DOOK BUYS HER, THERE 'LL BE A LITTLE MATTER O' THREE HUNDERD SHILLIN'S AS I 'LL HAVE TO GIVE TO SOME CHERITABLE INSTITUTION, JIST TO GET RID O' THE 'ARRIS ON 'EM." (*Insinuatingly.*) "NOW, AS SOON AS I GITS HIS GRACE'S CHECK FOR THEM THREE HUNDERD GUINEAS, YOU AND ME 'LL JIST HAVE A BIT O' TALK ABOUT THET THEER CHERITABLE INSTITUTION!"

I came, much like BALAAM, for sharp—comination  
Of all you have done; but I frankly confess  
That, so far as I see, your prolonged Occupation  
Has proved, on the whole, a decided success.  
Like BALAAM I bless where my mission was cursing  
("I make haste to laugh lest results make me cry,")  
The poor Coptic child you are tenderly nursing,  
Perchance it will yet run alone—by-and-by!  
Meanwhile it seems nowise averse to your dandling,  
(Though LEO as NANA seems funny at first.)  
I cannot find any great fault with your handling,  
Nor such Occupation condemn as accurst.  
With approving Reports I must pack the portmanteau  
Intended for documents dead against you;  
In fine, I could pipe LEO's praise in a canto,  
But that's not my business at all—so adieu!

*Leo, loquitur:—*

Farewell, my dear "FIGARO!" Malice belittles.  
But you are too fair for that task. Tell your Franks  
My business here is "not all beer and skittles."  
But some day I hope to earn even *their* thanks!

LEGAL QUERY. (*From an Earnest Inquirer.*)—"Sir, I have often heard of 'The Will of the Wisp.' Was this will ever proved? Who was 'the Wisp'? Why so called? Because he was a man of straw? Wisper your answer to me, and oblige yours,  
COLNEY HATCHER, E. I."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is only one word that will fittingly describe *A Cathedral Courtship*, which Mistress KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN writes, and HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. publish. It is delightful. My Baronite took it up gingerly, remembering *Timothy's Quest*, by the same Author, and fearing to be disillusioned of the charm of that work. The new effort is, in its way (quite a different way), equally good. We have a charming background of English Cathedrals and *Aunt Celia*, whilst through the quiet closes winds the golden thread of an idyllic love story, over which *Aunt Celia* blinks unconscious. Its one fault is that it is too short; but then gems are rarely large. One is vexed, a third of the way through the volume, to find the Cathedral courtship brought to an end by the prosaic device of marriage. The rest of the volume describes *Penelope's English Experiences*, upon a study of which one enters with the prejudice born of disappointment. But this too is excellent; picturesque and full of shrewd observations on man and woman—especially woman. Since the Author is enamoured of brevity, she might begin with her own name. KATE DOUGLAS is ample and pretty. Why WIGGIN?  
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

So LIKE HER.—Mrs. R. was struck by a heading in the *Times* one day last week. It was "*The Bishop of Chester's Liquor Bill.*" She exclaimed, "Disgraceful! the idea of making such a thing public! If the Bishop did have a bill of this sort and couldn't settle it, it might have been done by private subscription, and no one been a bit the wiser."

## THRILLING ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE!

(A Sketch in "Old Paris.")

SCENE—The Great Hall of the Bastille. The Audience have been seated for a quarter of an hour or so, and the Curtain has not yet risen. The Orchestra have already played two waltzes, and are beginning a third, which is resented by the Public, who intimate, by umbrella-thumps, that they have come there to be harrowed, and consider it quite time the process began. Presently a polite Manager comes before the Curtain, with an injured expression, and explains that the delay is solely due to his consideration for the Audience; the conclusion of the performance, representing LA TUDE's escape, necessarily takes place outside, and, as it is raining in torrents, he thought that, by giving the weather time to improve, he should enable them to view that portion of the entertainment with greater comfort and satisfaction to themselves. The Orchestra was merely playing to fill up the time until it was possible to begin. Loud and remorseful applause, amidst which the Orchestra heap coals of fire upon the spectators' heads by magnanimously striking up once more.

A Party of Three Ladies (to an Elderly Gentleman, who is escorting them). Uncle, aren't those two Chinese gentlemen in front Mr. FUNG and Mr. WANG? You were introduced to Mr. FUNG the other evening, you know—don't you think you ought to go and speak to him?

The Eld. Gent. (modestly). Oh, I don't suppose he'd recollect me, my dear—quite unnecessary!

His Eldest Niece. He's turning round now—see, he's smiling—he does recognise you. (Mr. FUNG rises with much ceremony, and shakes hands with the E. G. and all his party across the chairs, after which he smiles at them in bland and benevolent silence. Mr. WANG rises too, and smiles, out of pure sympathy. No one has a remark worthy of the occasion, so the Chinese gentlemen sit down again, beaming.) Uncle, you might have said something to them—I'm sure they expected it!

The Eld. Gent. Couldn't think of anything at the time, my love—but—(here he suddenly discovers that he might have asked them if this was their first visit to Earl's Court)—perhaps I had better go and have a chat with them.

[He rises, and makes his way, with infinite difficulty, to a vacant chair next to Mr. FUNG's, who receives him with a réchauffé of his original smile; Mr. WANG bends forward, and smiles too. The unfortunate Old Gentleman, conscious that his nieces behind are expecting him to rise to the occasion, finds himself reduced to smiling once more, having entirely forgotten what he meant to observe. Mr. FUNG and Mr. WANG continue to smile expectantly, and the E. G. fears that his grin is becoming more imbecile each moment, until his embarrassment is happily relieved by the rising of the Curtain. We give the dialogue of the Drama from imperfect recollection, and do not guarantee its absolute accuracy.]

## THE DRAMA.

SCENE—A dungeon in the Bastille. M. DE LA TUDE discovered in a very loose yellow shirt and brown knee-breeches. Melancholy music.

La Tude (gloomily). For years I have been a close prisoner in this dismal place, shut out from the world, from the fresh air and the

cheerful light of the sun. The stately marble columns and costly hangings on either side of my wretched dungeon only torture me the more by their mocking incongruity. 'Twas the Pompadour's refined malice that placed them here. I sometimes think I am going mad. (He sits on a table and swings his legs.) Fortunately, I am not without a friend in this gloomy place. When I say a friend, I do not refer to the intimacies I have notoriously formed with tame rats and spiders, for although I was to have had a scene with a clockwork mouse and a metal spider, it was cut out at rehearsal by the cruelty of my captors. No, my friend is MARIE, the Gaoler's daughter, who is aware of my fixed intention to escape, and has sent me a message which some might consider cryptic. "When MARIE is sick with the face-ache, know then that the hour is come!" Only how am I to know, with my limited opportunities for acquiring information, when she is affected with that troublesome complaint? And how will her face-ache assist my plans? Ha! I hear GRIMEAU, my Gaoler.

[A formidable jingling and clanking of keys, bolts, and bars, is heard outside.]

Grimeau (entering with food). I have brought you two small fishes and a bottle of Château Bastille. You see your dinner. The wine is our own growth, we cultivate it on the chimney pots, and it is recommended by the faculty as possessing a strong ferruginous flavour—ha, ha!

La Tude (perfunctorily). Ha, ha! I should know the vintage, my good GRIMEAU!

Grim. To-morrow your dinner will be—what do you think?—a nice piece of good succulent horseflesh! (He rubs his stomach and smacks his lips). Eh, eh! am I not a funny old dog?

La Tude (resignedly). You are. The authorities, with relentless malignity, have seen fit to afflict me with a comic Gaoler. But they cannot break my spirit. I will not smile at your low comedy! How is Mlle. MARIE?

Grim. Ill—very ill.

La Tude (excitedly). Ill? Can it be the signal—at last! With what? Speak, man!

Grim. (evasively).

A cyclone is advancing from America, and, should it reach our coasts, some further atmospherical disturbances may probably be expected.

La Tude. Answer my question. I have a motive, I tell you, for asking. What ails Mlle. MARIE?

Grim. (as before). It is understood that if the Opposition persist in their present tactics, the Government are prepared to take a course which—

La Tude. Enough of comic relief. You have made two Chinese gentlemen in front smile at your fooleries—let that suffice you. I ask you once more—What is the matter with MARIE?

Grim. (sullenly). You don't give my humour a chance! MARIE has the face-ache, then. Awful! Oh, lor! poor girl!

La Tude. The face-ache? Joy—joy! Then I may set about escaping at once. I have heard all I wanted to know. Leave me.

Grim. Not until I have sung to you; it is the Pompadour's orders.

La Tude. How that woman hates me! I would you were a swan, my good GRIMEAU, for then, after you had sung, you would—die!

Grim. Who's trying to be funny now? But my song is more likely to be the end of you than me—listen.

[He sings to LA TUDE, who writhes in agony; GRIMEAU departs with elaborate bolting and barring of the door.]

La Tude. Once more I am alone! (The door opens with a slight click.) Confusion! another visitor! (Annoyed.) These constant interruptions rob a prison of all its boasted seclusion. What, MARIE?



"He sings to La Tude, who writhes in agony."



*Marie (entering, with a shawl round her head).* Yes, MARIE. As the Gaoler's daughter, I have the woman's privilege of entering the prisoners' cells at pleasure, without any ridiculous fuss with bolts and locks. I leave all that to Papa.

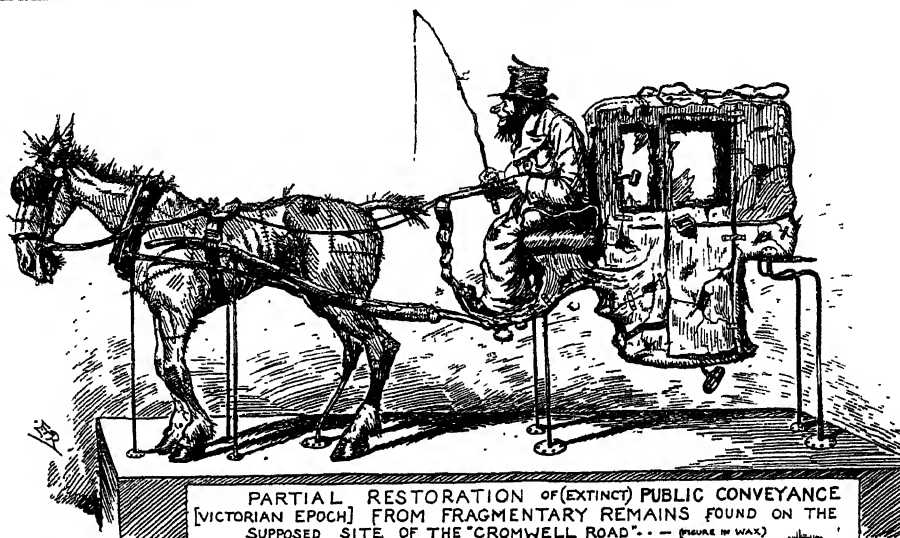
*La Tude.* Who overdoes it. But I understood you were laid up with the face-ache?

*Marie (archly).* Nay; only on the left. All is prepared for your escape, but I could not let you depart without bidding you a last farewell. Oh, M. LA TUDE, promise me that you will carry out your desperate resolve with as little recklessness as possible! For my sake, be wary!

*La Tude (taking her in his arms).* Have no fears for me, dear one. To regain my liberty once more I would cheerfully brave every danger; but, as a French gentleman in the acrobatic profession has been specially engaged to do the outside portion of my escape, my personal risk is almost infinitesimal. So leave me to accomplish the preliminaries of my daring task, and—hem!—oblige me by closing the door after you. (*MARIE obeys.*) Now to remove the massive masonry and grating which would impede my progress up the chimney! (*He puts his hand up the fireplace; the masonry falls down à la Jericho with a bang.*) Ha, all now is easy! and, provided the Acrobat Gentleman does the rest of the business, I shall be free, free at last! [*He disappears up the chimney as the Curtain descends.*]

#### THE FINALE.

The Finale—as might have been expected—is a *fiasco*. M. LA TUDE's acrobatic understudy makes, we regret to observe, a complete mess of the whole business. He wastes precious time in trailing himself picturesquely over the tiles, and then stops to play Bo-peep



IN THE "RESTORED ANTIQUITIES" DEPARTMENT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. A.D. 2500.

with a sentinel behind chimney-pots, after which, riddled with blank cartridge, he bolts back into an upper window, and is ignominiously captured in a doorway, to the intense amusement of the spectators. Our advice to M. LA TUDE is that, if he is really bent on escaping, he must do the entire business *himself*; to entrust the completion of it to an acrobat, however talented, is a proceeding that is doomed to inevitable disappointment. For even if the latter gentleman should get away by any chance, we can't, for the life of us, see how M. LA TUDE is to benefit by it. However, no doubt he will know better another evening.

#### PUNCH TO MR. BERRETT.

[At Bow Street Police Court, the other day, Police Constable BERRETT was rewarded for having, on May 13th, jumped from a bridge over the Regent's Canal into twenty feet of water, and rescued a labouring man.]

GOOD luck to you, BERRETT! *Punch* greets with a cheer

A hero in blue, and salutes him as "pal,"

Who, heedless of danger, undaunted by fear.

Sprang to rescue a life from the Regent's Canal.

Good luck, my good-plucked one! Your name rhymes with merit,  
On the bead-roll of fame, Mr. Constable BERRETT.

#### THE MANTLE OF MANY SINS.

SCENE—A Fancy Bazaar. Lady Stall-keepers, standing behind counters, fearfully bored, and regarding each other's dresses with polite contempt. A few 'ARRIES, having found themselves fish out of water, are on the point of leaving. Enter an Average Man. The Stall-keepers make a dash at him, and tempt him to purchase a number of useless articles.

*Average Man.* Thanks so much; but I have really spent all my money.

*First Stall-keeper (imploringly).* But do have this rose—it is only three-and-six. You must buy it.

*Av. Man.* I really can't afford it. I have already six button-holes. I have no more money.

*Second Stall-keeper (of uncertain age).* But you must take this cigar. And see I will bite the end of it off for you. So cheap too. Only half-a-crown. And if you have no money, you can pay me when we next meet.

*Av. Man (with cold politeness).* Thanks, no. (*He finds himself near Third Stall-keeper.*) What, you here?

*Third Stall-keeper.* Oh, I am only a *locum tenens*. The people who brought me got bored, and went off. (*The other Stall-keepers return listlessly to their counters, finding their expected prey apparently hooked.*) I came, because I thought it would be rather fun!

*Average Man.* Is it?

*Third Stall-keeper.* Well, not exactly. You see there are such a lot of queer people who come in on the shilling days. However, even that is better than the dear days, when no one comes at all. It is dull then.

*Av. Man.* Then why on earth do you do it?

*Third Stall-keeper.* Oh, I don't know. I suppose because every-one else does; only we all say we hate it—and I think we really

do. This season, dressing-up has gone out, and that makes things a trifle better. It was so fearfully stupid when one got up in costume, and all that sort of thing.

*Av. Man.* I dare say. But, after all, it is very good of you to take all this trouble to benefit some charity.

*Third Stall-keeper.* But the Bazaars seldom or ever pay their expenses. I am sure, for instance, that this one won't cover the cost.

*Av. Man.* However, the intention is the thing. Now whom do you propose to benefit on this occasion? What is the name of the charity?

*Third Stall-keeper.* I haven't the faintest idea! You can find out for yourself by looking on the programme. But you may be sure of one thing—it's certain to be something horrid!

[Scene closes in upon the strange situation.]

"I HAVE AN OATH."—Sketch, in its W. H. POLLOCK interview, says that W. H. P.'s drama of *St. Roman's Well*, "in conjunction with that past-master in drama, Mr. RICHARD DAVEY, is on the eve of production." That it must be produced is certain—perhaps before this note appears, for has not W. H. POLLOCK taken his DAVEY to do it?

A GENUINE APPEAL.—The Reverend P-TR-CK M-G-RE, P.P., of B-ll-r-sh. County Down, wrote to the Squire asking him for a subscription. The Reverend gentleman pleaded for help in this form. "I hope you'll contrive to send me a good lump sum, as I'll have to spend a heap of money in taking off the roof in order to prevent the rain coming in."

ABOUT SCHOPENHAUER.—Some people are fanatics for SCHOPENHAUER. Others are commencing an "Anti-SCHOPENHAUER Crusade." Tradesmen who have adopted, or who are about to adopt the Saturday Half-holiday arrangement, would willingly give their support to an "Anti-Shopping-Hour" movement.

"WHERE, AND O WHERE?"—Years ago somebody sang, "I'd crowns resign, To call her mine—The Lass of Richmond Hill." Exists she now? Probably to be found among the Old Dears in the Old Deer Park.

NEW HIBERNIAN READING AND TRANSLATION.—"Simper Eadem," a girl that's always smiling.





### THE LAST FROM CHICAGO.

*Little Sir Algy (who is so refined),* YES, IT'S A MOST ADMIRABLY-MANAGED EXHIBITION; BUT—A—CAN SO VAST A BUILDING POSSIBLY PAY, IF YOU WILL FORGIVE THE EXPRESSION?"

*Chicago Belle.* "WELL—GUESS WE 'VE OUT OFF A BIGGER CHUNK THAN WE CAN CHEW!"

### IN A TIGHT PLACE.

*Mate (moodily).*

I SAY, Skipper, look ye here! Things are shaping precious queer. We are floe'd around and hummocked up no end, Sir! If we don't soon find a track through this thick and plunging "pack,"

We shall be stove in and sunk! Now, as a friend, Sir, May I venture to remark this is getting past a lark?

We of common whalers' perils make no bones, Sir. But, unless we are perviding 'gainst continival colliding, We shall precious soon hob-nob with Davy Jones, Sir!

*Skipper (cheerily).*

Humph! I'm "looking for a lead" of clear water. I'll succeed, If you fellows will be patient and not funky. Though I'm bound, JOHN, to admit, that it passes human wit, To steer straight amidst these ice-blocks big and chunky. Steady, JOHNNY, steady, steady! Keep your boathook ever ready! Don't get flurried. You are blowing like a grampus! Fend 'em off, divert, dislodge them. If we're careful, we may dodge them; But, if not, they'll smash our bulwarks in and swamp us!

*Mate (doubtfully).*

Ah! that's mighty fine—at present. You're so patient and so pleasant,

But these ice-chunks don't reciprocate your kindness. They mean squelching of yer—cruel! And when you have got your gruel,

We'll be rounded on for "hoptimistic" blindness. Oh! I hear a lot, I tell yer. Some as flatter yer would sell yer, And would chortle if they see our boat go under. To run a-muck, won't do, Sir; but I think, if I was you, Sir, I'd work out of this, and pull aboard like thunder!

*Skipper (musingly, with an eye to windward).*

Ah! my boys! An ancient skipper knows its "right-whale" to a kipper, That hurry, in the ice-pack, won't mean headway; And steering through the floe, JOHN, as I think you ought to know, JOHN, Ain't like navigating on the Thames, or Medway. Still I own it's getting nasty. Though we mustn't be too hasty, A way *must* be discovered to get out of it. Skipper who drives or slummocks, as he steers amidst ice-hummocks, Will go down to Davy Jones—there's little doubt of it!

[Left "looking for a lead."

### QUEER QUERIES.

ENCOURAGING BRITISH FEELING.—I am delighted to see that a Member of Parliament has suggested that the "Union Jack" should be hoisted on the Parliament Buildings during the Session. But what I want to know is, why we should not have more flags everywhere? Lord MEATH has started them in Board Schools, and I should like to see them in Workhouses, Public Libraries, Railway Stations, Lunatic Asylums, and, in fact, in all public Institutions. NELSON waving a "Union Jack" would add greatly to the effect of the Monument in Trafalgar Square, and might even have a good influence on meetings of Anarchists and others underneath, especially if the Lions' manes were also wrapped round with the national emblem; then musical-boxes might be inserted in their bodies, which would be wound up so as to play "*Rule Britannia!*" at intervals during the day. When the Fountains weren't playing, the Lions might, and *vice versa*. Then the lightning-conductor coming out of the Duke of York's head on his column would make an excellent flag-pole. I may say that I know what I am talking of, as I am in the flag-trade myself, and it is rather depressed at present. Would it be believed that, when—solely in order to promote Patriotism—I recently hoisted a Flag which combined the national colours with an announcement of my own business, the tyrannical County Council ordered it to be hauled down as a "sky-sign"! Comment is needless.



“IN A TIGHT PLACE!”

JOHN MORREY. “LOOK HERE, SKIPPER!—IF WE DON'T GET THROUGH THIS SOMEHOW, WE SHALL BE SMASHED!”



## THE ADMIRALS' DOOM.

*A Song of the Royal Geographical Society.*

["The Admirals are routed, and the ladies remain Fellows of the Geographical Society."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

AIR—"The Admiral's Broom."



OH, there were three Admirals brave and bold,  
All Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society.  
And they cried, "Fal-lal!"  
And likewise "Fiddle-de-dee!"

In the stentor-style of the quarter-deck.

The question was, to decide

If female F.R.G.S.'s could turn out true successes;

And they shook their fists and cried—  
"We are doomed, if they stop!" cried the three.

"Let 'em darn socks, boil 'taters,' or make But out from us they go! What can she-creatures know

Of the science of Ge-o-gra-phae?"

Now MAYO was a champion true as gold—

A lover of the sex was he;  
And when he was told of those Admirals bold,  
A scornful laugh laughed he.

He cried, "Ho! ho! this is a pretty go!

Come along, JOHNNY LUBBOCK with me,  
And we'll let those hectoring Admirals know  
Science slays not chiv-al-ree!

They fancy they'll get their way,

But the Twenty-two shall stay.

When they swear they'll sweep out the ladies—like black sheep,

'Tis a game more than three can play!"

Then he blazed away at those Admirals gay,  
'Till he made their jibs to fall;  
Then he hoisted the flag of the women (a "Red Rag"),

And cried to his merry Fellows all—

"This vote is a proof," cried he,

"That science from poor prejudice is free,  
And that women who do know, and globe-trotting bravely go,

Are fit 'Fellows' for you and for me!"

*Chorus of chivalrous F.R.G.S.'s:—*

For she's a jolly good Fellow,  
And so say most of us!

## MON COCHER.

HAIL friend, in shiny, varnished hat,  
My eyes have gazed entranced on that,  
When in your *fiacre* I have sat,  
*Mon Cocher!*

Alas, plain black or white its sheen,  
That verdant hue no more is seen!  
We loved your "wearing of the green,"  
*Mon Cocher!*

Your driving's somewhat wild, I know,  
At corners sharply turned your "Ho!"  
Just saves pedestrians from woe,  
*Mon Cocher!*

You love the Boulevards, stately, wide,  
Your fare is not compelled to ride  
Through slums and alleys, turned aside,  
*Mon Cocher!*

You show our Cabby he is wrong—  
His vile short cuts are often long,  
When stuck in slums amidst a throng—  
*Mon Cocher!*

If we are generous, then you  
Are civil, even grateful too,  
In just proportions—smile for *sou*,  
*Mon Cocher!*

The extra sixpence scarce disarms'  
The frown which Cabby's fare alarms,  
Here *ten sous pour boire* simply charms  
*Mon Cocher!*

## "VOX POP."

REPLYING to the toast of "Her Majesty's Judges," at the Lord Mayor's banquet, the LORD CHANCELLOR, speaking about legal expenses, fees of Counsel, and so forth, observed that there were "numberless Counsel" to be had at very reasonable prices, and then, by way of illustration, he added,

"Men complained of paying one hundred shillings a dozen for champagne, but they could remedy the matter very simply by drinking bottled beer or cheap champagne."

Very happy idea, my LORD CHANCELLOR, or my Lord Champagnecellar. Let the following attractive advertisements be hung out on the Outer Temple walls, and on those of the other Inns and Outs of Courts, as thus:—

"Try our old Q.C. Chancery Division! *Extra Sec.*! Many years in bottle!! Always well up, with some little fees on!"

"Common Law Pop! A light sparkling wine, quite free from acidity, quiddity, or any other iddity. Highly recommended, at low prices!"

QUERY.—They've made a Peer of a "HUSSEY." Oughtn't it to have been a Peeress?



## OPERATIC NOTES.

*Tuesday, June 6.*—First appearance this season of Brother EDWARD DE RESZKE as *Mephistopheles*. Great success, of course. Encores "offered and taken." Quite a jovial embodiment of the part, played, of course, with great spirit; but if this *Mephistopheles* is a fair specimen of the diabolical chief, then some one, not generally mentioned in ears polite, has hitherto met with very unfair treatment. Brother EDWARD represents the Gentlemanly Friend, as, so to speak, as literally a "d—d good fellow." But stay—after all, isn't this reading right? If the arch deceiver is to deceive anybody, oughtn't he to be an uncommonly pleasant-spoken, good-natured, easy-going person? Why, certainly. As to horns and tail, why those *Mephistopheles* has already discarded. Horns be blowed!—(in the Orchestra, of course)—and as to tail—why he doesn't even wear a coat with a tail to it—though, were he a modern gentleman about town, for "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," this, in the shape of a tail-coat, he would wear of an evening, so as not to be out of the fashion. So, on second thoughts, we approve of Brother EDWARD's reading of *Mephistopheles*, only he mustn't make him too broadly comic. The new Portuguese tenor, an instalment of a new Portuguese loan, was at a discount in Covent Garden. Miss CRYSTAL PALLISER took *Marguerite's* part at short notice, *vice* MELBA. "Midst Pleasures and Pallisers," as the song of "*Home, Sweet Home*" has it, or something like it, we spent the evening, and then returned, rejoicing. Very full house.

*Wednesday.*—Delight of everybody at *rentrée* of ALBANI, as *Elisabeth*, in *Tannhäuser*. "Oh, LISA, dear E'LISA!" as ALBERT CHEVALIER sings, not particularly meaning WAGNER's heroine. Great reception of ALBANI as *Lisa*. Floral compliments in the shape of bouquets and baskets. Herr WIEGAND, the German, sings well as *King Herman*. Mlle. GHERLSEN a nice Venus; but so much

is expected of Venus. Second to our *Lisa*, meaning ALBANI, comes Signor ANCONA, as *Wolfram*, who is a true artist. Great thing for a vocal artist to be "true." Fine drum effects: quite a little holiday for the Drum-Major in orchestra, whose motto is, "only let me have my whack,"—and he gives it. "*Très bang!*" says he, as he comes out strong and blesses WAGNER. The Big Drummer in orchestra is like *Jupiter* in the Opera of *Philemon et Baucis*, he swears by the *Sticks*.

*Friday.*—Dined at la D'O'LYE CARTE at the Savoy Hotel—excellent menu with Pommery '84—simple dinner at simple price, quite the gay French-capital style, at perhaps just a trifle over Café Anglais prices; but what of that to the invited, irresponsible guest? Dined early, intending to be at Covent Garden in time for beginning of new opera, its *première* in London. Not finished repast till nine. Arrived late, but found evening bill changed. Due notice had been given, but advertisements escaped otherwise watchful eye of yours truly. No matter. Came in for nearly the whole of GOUNOD's *Philemon et Baucis*, la petite SIGRID ARNOLDSON looking lovely, and singing her best as the guileless *Little Bo-Peep Baucis*, who is just one too many for the amorous *Jupiter-Plançon*. How prettily she entraps *Jupiter Amans*! Never was such a simple 'itty sing as *Sigrid-Baucis*. After which *Pagliacci*. Great performance of DE LUCIA as *Canio*, and ANCONA as *Tonio*. House full. No one regretting non-performance of New Opera, announced for Tuesday, 13th. A pleasure to come.

*Saturday.*—*La Favorita* backed for a place. Entered early (7'30), and made the running all the evening until 11. Then came the *Rustic Cavalry*, carrying all before them—a way they have in the Italian Army. First appearance of Mme. ARMAND. "Another raison," as Mr. O'WAG observed, "for such a good house." *Leonora* quite a favourite part with the *débutante*, but she will make more out of the *Prophet*. So chirrupped the critics when they returned to their hearths and homes. Pass-word (unchanging) for the Royal Opera, "All's Well!"



Edouard de Mephistopheles.  
A very full-bodied Spirit.





## BLASÉ.

"DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE NICE IF WE ALL WENT ABROAD THIS YEAR, WILLY?"  
 "OH, BOTHER ABROAD! I'VE BEEN THERE!"

## SHOOTING THE "CHUTES."

O JANE, my gem and jewel bright,  
 When you proposed that we should go  
 To Captain BORROR's Water Show  
 I laughed aloud in wild delight!—  
 For you are fair—which may explain  
 Why loving cousins find it sweet  
 To take you somewhere for a treat,  
 And blow expenses, pretty JANE!

I robed myself in gallant style—  
 A new frock-coat I bravely donned,  
 A waistcoat white (of which I'm fond),  
 A glossy and convincing tile:  
 With trousers grey and gloves of suede,  
 With silken scarf of azure blue,  
 And buttonhole of crimson hue—  
 The picture was complete, dear maid.

That Water Show, beyond dispute,  
 Was worthy Captain BORROR's fame;  
 We laughed and cheered as boatloads came  
 Careering madly down the "Chute"—  
 But oh! what demon prompted you  
 In merry moment to suggest  
 That we—arrayed in Sunday best—  
 Should make that headlong journey too?

I smiled assent for your dear sake,  
 And took my seat by side of you—  
 Then held my breath as down we flew  
 Towards that cold and cruel lake!  
 Oh, JANE, we rued our conduct rash,  
 For endless Time will not expunge  
 The horror of that awful plunge—  
 The woe of that colossal splash!

The blinding, beating, drenching spray,  
 That took the joy from coat and hat—  
 That laid my collar limp and flat,  
 Drowned Hope itself that fatal day;  
 For when we reached the asphalte shore—  
 All dripping, draggled, wet, and worn—  
 You sought a cab with queenly scorn,  
 And drove away for evermore!

WHEN is a liberal M.P. like a runaway horse? When he's Bolton.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 5.*—Agreeable surprise in store. Members came down prepared for another Sitting in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Just when SPEAKER about to leave Chair, and MELLOR looking forward to thoroughly enjoying himself for seven or eighth ours, CHAMBERLAIN rose. Seems *Daily News* been "saying things" about him. Regards it as breach of privilege; asks House to decree it as such. Shudder of sympathy and apprehension quivered over crowded benches. Only last Saturday JOHN R. ROBINSON, our Jo JOHN, awoke to find all the world congratulating him on his Knighthood, worthily won in the field of journalism. Three days barely elapsed when there appears every prospect of his being brought to the Bar of the House, his knightly spurs hacked off, his sword broken, and he condemned to spend an indefinite time in the lowest dungeon beneath the clock-tower, with only the *Daily Chronicle* supplied as his morning paper.

Mr. G. probably had this in mind when he interposed and smoothed matters over. It all began with indignation of *Daily News* at scene last Thursday night, when Mr. G., attempting to deliver a speech, had it broken in upon by the monosyllabic marauders who sit under shadow of Gallery above Gangway, safe from eagle glance of MELLOR. Much indignation expressed at the moment. CHAMBERLAIN, perceiving damage accruing from such tactics, interposed with remark that Mr. G., evidently profoundly hurt, had misunderstood drift of interruption. Mr. G. now protested that he had been wholly unconscious of what had so deeply stirred onlookers. He had certainly declared himself deeply grieved, but it was at something else, not personal attack on himself.

House so charmed with this magnanimity that hatchets forthwith buried all round; motion withdrawn, and there an end of it. TAX PAX went for JOSEPH in truculent speech. That easy to bear compared with side-blow dealt by HUNTER. HUNTER discovered that

the article complained of by JOSEPH is a joke. So delighted with this discovery made by him, a Scotchman, when an average Englishman was blind to the point, that he positively bubbled with delight. In exuberance of moment disclosed acquaintance with another joke, which he said "appears weekly in *Punch*, under the name of TOBY, M.P.;" a remark which shows much discrimination. If HUNTER thinks the production of this historical record is a joke, he'd better try and write it. He'll find it is none.

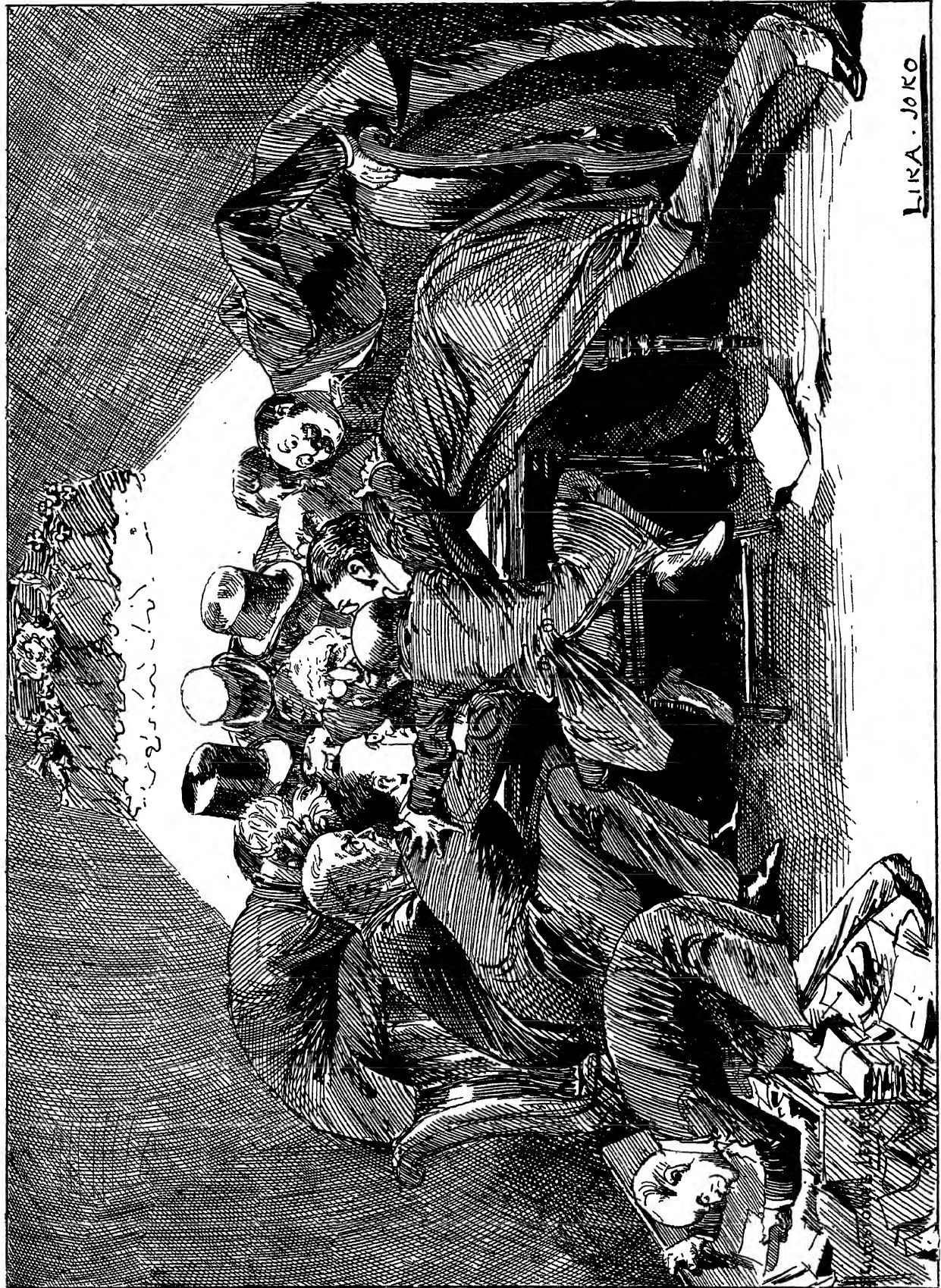
*Business done.*—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Haven't heard much of DON'T-KEIR HARDIE of late; seems to have expended all his Parliamentary vigour in coming down on opening day of Session in open "wan," accompanied by brass band. Is about House and Lobby pretty frequently, his tweed cap growing greasier in appearance, his trowsers more baggy at knee. Generally carries bundle of letters in his hand, other sections of his correspondence bulging out from various pockets. Thought, when he first put in appearance, he was going to take prominent part in performance; fizzled out, even before he flared up. Nothing like House of Commons for bringing a man to accurate knowledge of himself and his capacity. DON'T-KEIR HARDIE has learned his lesson, and, to do him justice, quietly applies it.

To-night breaks silence; wants to know about Nottingham election. Was it, as alleged, won by bribery? If so (or if not) will Government have charges publicly made fully investigated? ASQUITH in view of all the circumstances thinks not. SEXTON and TIM HEALY, apostles of law and order, want to know whether it is proper for such a question to be put in House, based upon nothing more substantial than newspaper article? SPEAKER says Member may or may not have ulterior motive, but he was in his right in putting question. Here subject dropped; strangers in Gallery much puzzled as to what it all meant.

*Business done.*—Dull night in Committee.

*Thursday.*—What we are to do with AMBROSE, Q.C., is becoming question that dwarfs even Home-Rule Bill. Nothing known in



LINA · JO KO

PUTTING THEIR CONSERVATIVE HEADS TOGETHER.

Parliamentary life equals the change wrought in this worthy man. Demoralisation, suddenly indicated few weeks ago, rapidly developing. To-night he broke out in really alarming style. Nobody thinking of him at moment. He had amendment on paper which Chairman ruled out of order. That no unusual thing. Happened at same time to two other Members, including the tiresome TOMLINSON. Nothing came of it at moment. It was PRINCE ARTHUR who dropped lighted match on barrel of unsuspected gunpowder.



"Going Nap" on Amendments.

Fancy Portrait of  
Napoleon Boltonparty, M.P.

It was here that Members, crowding in after dinner, became aware of a quiet-looking gentleman upstanding, with head thrown back, curiously regarding Chairman under half-closed eyelids. House, recognising AMBROSE, Q.C., shouted "Order!" AMBROSE, faintly smiling, began what promised to prove detailed history of genesis of his Amendment. Seems he had looked in on Chairman in friendly manner; apparently had cup of tea with him; addressed him at some length on subject of Amendment; had another cup of tea, and left under impression that it was all right. Now, when he had come down prepared to expound his Amendment to expectant Committee, Chairman ruled it out of order. "Not quite the thing, you know," said AMBROSE, shaking his head at MELLOR, rather in sorrow than anger.

That the last glimpse of this melting mood. Up-roar rose in intensity; AMBROSE uplifted his voice in unison; Chairman on his feet signalling Commander BETHELL to heave alongside and move his Amendment, which stood next in order. Commander hitched up his trysails and bore down. AMBROSE wildly waved him off. Little BETHELL, terrified at this tremendous energy, subsided; Chairman on his feet, apparently saying something; four hundred Members simultaneously shouting, Chairman's remarks not distinctly heard; AMBROSE also on his feet, opening and shutting of his mouth, indicating that he was continuing the narrative of the earlier history of his Amendment. At height of storm Mr. G., who had sat, sternly indignant, on Treasury Bench, interposed. Storm, for a moment, stilled; burst out again in enthusiastic cheering from Ministerialists when Mr. G. suggested that Chairman should "name" AMBROSE. This threat would have subdued Member ordinarily of more aggressive manner than AMBROSE. Upon him had effect of oil on flames. Seemed as if he had, through long and blameless life, been storing up electrical forces for this occasion. On his feet the moment Mr. G. sat down; greeted with deafening

burst of howls; finding it impossible to get in a word amid storm, fell upon a process of semaphore signalling; whether form of communication unfamiliar to House, or because of too violent flinging about of the arms, message was unintelligible. For fully five minutes the storm raged; sometimes Chairman on his legs; sometimes PRINCE ARTHUR; now and then three or four Irish Members profoundly shocked at the disorder; once GRANDOLPH; but always AMBROSE, the semaphore signals growing more mad and less intelligible than ever. When the roar momentarily rose, he dropped into his seat as if literally blown over; but only for a moment. Up again, dauntlessly facing the storm.

"If," said Chairman in comparative lull, "the hon. and learned Member persists in his conduct, I will exercise the powers of the Standing Order."

Did AMBROSE blench before this fearsome threat, driven home with thunderous cheers? Not he. "You may, Mr. MELLOR," was his only articulate response, the rest of a long and apparently interesting observation continued, as before, through the semaphore signalling.

Storm ceased as suddenly and as inexplicably as it had burst. AMBROSE, after one more desperate stand against vociferating crowd on benches opposite and below the Gangway, abruptly resumed his seat. Commander BETHELL, who had been tacking off and on, moved to insert in Clause 3 the words "prize or booty of war." AMBROSE, parched and panting, left the House.

"And is nothing going to follow in consequence?" asked an innocent stranger in the Gallery, in the excitement of the moment raising his voice above a whisper. "May a Member defy the Chair, flout all rules of Debate, and then walk out, with nothing happening?"

Something *did* happen. The Messenger in charge of the Gallery promptly seized the offending Stranger who had broken the silence of the Gallery, and put him forth.

"We must keep order in this place, or where would we be?" said the Messenger, as he returned to his seat on guard by the doorway.

*Business done.*—AMBROSE, Q.C., goes on the Rampage.

*Friday.*—The MACGREGOR waiting moodily in watch-tower to right of SPEAKER'S Chair. Has promised at half-past six to move the Closure on Clause 3 of the Home-Rule Bill. House been engaged on Clause for nearly fortnight. Progress rather of the crustacean order; got through three or four Amendments in Sitting, but since four or five new ones are concurrently added to list, it will appear we are, on the balance, one to the bad. At quarter to seven The MACGREGOR, slowly rising, throwing his tartan well over his left



The Joke-Hunter. Toby, M.P., sings:—"The little Dog laughed to see such sport!"

shoulder, and drawing his claymore, moved the Closure. A fine scene, which MELLOR ruthlessly brought down to common-place level by declining to put question. So, for a while, we shall go on as before, steadily advancing backwards.

*Business done.*—Really none.

#### EN PHILOSOPHE.

*En philosophe* I love to pose,  
And bear with dignity my woes,  
To shut my door, and take my chair,  
And, making books my only care,  
Reck not of empires' overthrows.

Awile I worshipped at the toes  
Of MABEL, DOROTHY, and ROSE.  
Their loss right easily I bear  
*En philosophe.*

But when a chilling rumour grows  
Of "something wrong" at BLANK & Co.'s,

Wherein I have a trifling share,  
I turn as timid as a hare;  
And, somehow, to the dickens goes  
*"En philosophe."*

SUMMARISED RESULT OF PONTEFRACT  
ELECTION PETITION.—Reckitt Wrecked.



## NEW BARDS AND OLD.

THE poet in the ancient days,  
Or so at least we're told,  
Regarded neither blame nor  
praise,  
And looked with scorn on  
gold;  
The man—how foolish!—lived  
for art  
And cared for nought beside,  
And lastly, with a broken  
heart,  
Artistically died.

But modern bards, it's under-  
stood,

Are very different men,  
They dine, they form a  
Brotherhood,  
They quarrel with the pen;  
And if a publisher should pay  
Too little for their rhymes,  
They write in wrath without  
delay  
Epistles to the *Times*!

The bard of old, we gather,  
sought  
For inspiration long,  
And waited till some noble  
thought  
Should rouse him into song;  
Our more astute practitioner  
Will deal with all events,  
And write in praise, as you  
prefer,  
Of love, or Three-per-Cents.!

Well, let us all our joy express  
That, in these cultured days,  
The poet strives for some  
success

More lucrative than bays;  
This fact with pride we look  
upon,—

However Art declines,  
Parnassus now is managed on  
The soundest business lines!



## OUR TA-RA-RA-BOOM-TA-RA-TRA-GE-DIAN JAPANN'D.

"A GREAT JAPANESE ACTOR ON THE ART OF ACTING.—The greatest Japanese actor of modern times is ICHIKAWA DANJURO, . . . speaking of the part of a young lady of seventeen, which he is at present playing as an interlude, he said: 'I am attempting too much. . . Still a young lady is a young lady, and I can submit myself to this ordeal, and act and dance as a damsel would. . . It is not a dance to be attempted by a person much over thirty, and, being now fifty-six, I mean to abide by the announcement I made at the beginning, that this will be the last public exhibition I shall make of a dance of this kind.' . . . He was amused to be told that there was some resemblance between his features and those of MR. IRVING, and said he heard this for the first time."—*Times*, June 15.

UNDER LYNE'D OBSERVATIONS.—The Bishop of Manchester, at Ashton-under-Lyne—where everything, perhaps, is not *hors de la ligne*—gave his audience his opinions as to people enjoying themselves on Sunday. The rich got it hot (quite in keeping with the weather) for boating on that day, and the poor got it warm for indulging in "riotous amusement" on Sunday. But your Lordship, supposing these rich and poor alike have been to their "duties" on the Sunday morning, or supposing they've been, whether rich or poor working honestly and conscientiously all the week, isn't it time that "*Laborare est orare*," and so they may be allowed a little secular relaxation on Sunday? What does all work and no play do? Rest and be thankful for the one day's holiday, rich and poor alike; only let the rich consider the poor, and help them to their holiday.

DATA TO GO ON.—As to the *World's Age*. Not the age of *The World*, with a capital W—and a good capital too, *sub Jove Edmundo*—that's easily ascertained; but the age of the world we live in, which must have been very old even at the date of the flood, for NOAH was an Ark-ologist.

A NEW COACHING CLUB.—Pretty sight. Date not yet fixed. Meet of all the Principal University "Coaches," in full Academicals. Banquet at the "O. & C." Club.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday Night, June 13.—*Première of Djamilah*. First time in London; also probably last time. Omit the second letter, and you coin a word expressive of the case, a word which rhymes with family; that's very much how it was with BIZET's Opera of *Djamilah*. Wish composer had been too Bizzy to do it. Very heavy: warm night also. Eastern surroundings made not a few of us feel uncommonly drowsy. Messieurs BONNARD and COUTELLIER did their little best, as did also Mlle. GHERLSEN, but nothing would arouse the audience to any demonstration expressive of anything which within reasonable distance could be taken as resembling rapture. Signor RANDEGGER did his utmost in conducting, and orchestra their best; but "*non ite*," i.e., "No go." The ALMÉE, Mlle. RIGANTI, with other ALMÉES, executed a monotonous dance of Turkish delights. I say "executed" advisedly, as I sincerely hope it was killed out and out, never to be heard of or seen again. If not "executed," but only "scotched"—well, then in the latter case it may become a reel, and that, with bagpipes, may save it. After this everyone cheered up. Sleepers awoke, and exclaimed, "*Pagliacci*!" That is sufficient. MANCINELLI ascends to his seat: orchestra applaud him with friendly tap on the back—of their violins and violoncelli. MANCINELLI pleased, orchestra pleased, audience delighted. MANCINELLI's beaming smile fades away as he says to himself, "*La bisnissa e la bisnissa*," and, sternly regarding the men of his band, he seems to mutter, "Now no nonsense! a truce to compliments! On we go!" And on we do go with overture to *Pagliacci*, which is only interrupted by sudden appearance of *Tonio*, the clown, who, looking in as *Paolo Prio* was wont to do in that very old comedy written in choice cockney, says, "Ladies and Gents, I hope I don't intrude, but this is the sort of thing you're going to see, and for us and for our comedy, thus stooping to your clemency," etcetera, etcetera; and "on we goes again," bang, bang, bang, clash, clash; it's all cymbalism. "Just a going to begin," and begin does the story, every one being as good as ever, nay better, for Madame MELBA and RICARDO GREENO (very nearly like

POMMERY and GREENO, which might serve as a title of a short comic opera, such as is *Bozo e Cozo*) have distinctly improved in their acting; and so the sad story is sung and played, and all recollection of "*D. Jammy Lee*" (the preceding opera) is clean wiped out, as if it never had been, and we wish it never had.

Friday Night.—O so 'ot!! "Glass up to"—lips, ever so many times. Everything iced. Audience crammed in to hear *Mefistofele*, with CALVÉ as *Marguerite*. But CALVÉ couldn't, so programme changed. Transformation scene consisted of *Djamilah*, which going a little better than on its *première*, and had the salutary effect of cooling down enthusiasm. Very necessary operation "on such a night," as our old friend, WILLIE SHAKESPEARE, has it. CALVÉ being out of it, we couldn't have the *Cavalleria*, but, instead, Sir DRURIOLANUS gave us LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. "Lay on, CAVALLLO," says Sir O'LANUS. "*En iterum Crispinus*!" and once more Sir D. COVENT-GARDENENSIS quotes the Dramatic Poet, and says bravely, as he disappears down the lobby, "LE-ON CAVALLLO! and dumb'd be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'" Well, well, it's a merry heart that always rejoices, and the time will come when we shall all be h'old enough—just enough—to remember the exceptionally successful productions of *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci*.

GRATEFUL AND GRACEFUL.—When Sir CHARLES RUSSELL has quite finished the Behring Sea Case, the Government, in acknowledgment of his great services, will, on the first opportunity, elevate him to the Lord High Chancellorship, as Keeper of the Great Seal. In all State processions the direction will be that "Sir CHARLES is preceded by Usher, bearing Seal," in perpetual remembrance of his international "fishing interrogatory" services.

APPROPRIATE.—Why does not Mr. SEXTON get elected for an English Constituency? As Sexton, he could go to Bury.

SPIRITED REMARK.—"A small Irish Whiskey and Soda" is now called "The Nationalist Split."



## MR. PUNCH SALUTES THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF MOLIÈRE.

*(On the Occasion of the Visit of "Les Enfants de Molière" to London.)*

*Mr. Punch.* "SORRY YOU'RE GOING TO STAY WITH US ONLY FOR A MONTH; BUT I TRUST YOU WILL FIND YOURSELVES QUITE AT HOME."

## "TWAS MERRY IN (ST. JAMES'S) HALL."

OUR ever fresh "GEE GEE," yclept GEORGE GROSSMITH, came out strong last Monday at St. James's Hall. "Good entertainment for Man and GEE GEE." Question whether the American Girl

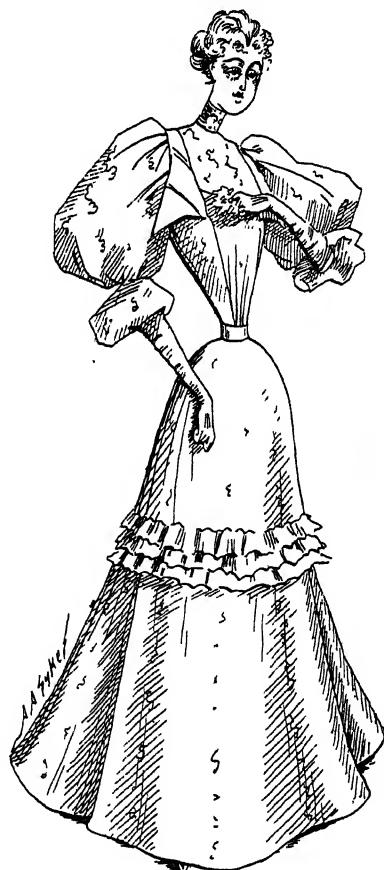
will quite relish her portrait, as painted by the facetious GEE GEE. However, when in the U. S., GEE GEE is perfectly welcome to say that is this the English Girl to the life. Hall was crammed, and GEE GEE "Kicking up behind and afore," in his final dance, with tambourine and piano accompaniment, is something of

beauty, and a joy for ever, which will be remembered by all who saw, heard, and applauded to the echo. But O how hot!! Can't St. James's Hall be ventilated better than it now is? And cannot the sounds of other shows that are going on be excluded? The birds outside, too, were having an entertainment of their own, and were enjoying it most chirpily. However, GEE GEE didn't seem to hear them, or to hear anything except the applause, which was occasionally deafening.

### TO A FASHION-PLATE BELLE (?)

(By a Country Querist.)

LADY, I've seen from week to week  
Your form in many a Fashion Journal—  
Are you a mad dress-maker's "freak,"  
Or else the "Feminine Eternal"?  
Oh, do the girls in London town  
(I wonder) take you for their model,  
And try, despite a bell-shaped gown,  
On microscopic feet to toddle?  
Pray, have they all got waists like yours,  
A thing of six or seven inches?  
Forgive me, if the question bores,  
But don't you find that girdle pinches?  
Why that unvarying arch of wrist,  
And curl of fore and little fingers?  
Is it prescribed by your *modiste*,  
Or have you cramp that ever lingers?



That collar, too, which clasps your throat—  
Should it not be some sizes bigger?  
(The angle of your neck, I note,  
Suggests a bent and limp lay-figure).  
Why wear that blank and futile face,  
Those gooseberry eyes and fatuous eyebrows?  
Does not your stereotyped grimace  
Too oft irrev'rent jest and gibe rouse?



### "READY, AYE READY!"

Young Lady. "OH, I DON'T SEE YOUR ARGUMENT AT ALL. BUT THEN, YOU KNOW,"—  
(with intention)—"I AM NEXT DOOR TO A FOOL!"

The Poet. "OH NO! YOU MUST BE BESIDE YOURSELF TO SAY SO!"

[Young Lady wishes she hadn't attempted the ancient witticism.]

If all Belgravian belles conclude  
That, copying you, they do their duty,  
I'll say (ev'n though it's somewhat rude),  
Give me the rustic style of beauty!

### RACES IN PARIS.

WHEN the *Grand Prix* comes you see  
Very well  
Races in the court of the  
Grand Hotel.

All the races of the world,  
Here they are;  
Eastern turban, deftly twirled,  
From afar.

English maiden, pretty, prim;  
"Don't you know."  
New York beauty, pale and slim;  
"That is so."

Dark-eyed lady, come from Spain—  
*Señora*.  
German *Hausfrau*, fat and plain;  
"Ja, ja, ja!"

Frenchmen dressed, à l'anglaise, well.  
*Sapristi!*  
*V'là c'qu'* YVETTE GUILBERT appelle  
"P'tits Verms."

Germans! See their widespread backs  
When they turn;  
They consider clothes like sacks  
*Wunderschön!*

English dressed in shooting suits,  
Shabby too.  
"Dashed if I can speak these brutes'  
*Parleyvoo!*"

Greek, Italian, Portuguese,  
*Hottentot*;  
On the *terrasse* here one sees  
All the lot.

HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY.—The G. Y. G., or Grand Young GARDNER, Minister of Agriculture, in answer to a deputation, said "he wished to stamp out swine-fever." How will he do it? It sounds like extra taxation. The G. Y. G. will have to consult the P. M. G. as to how many "stamps" he can send "out" for this particular purpose. Are they to be penny or halfpenny stamps?

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION (adapted to new rule as to Colonial titles).—"So are we all (when we visit the Mother Country), all Honourable Men."

## GOOD SIR JOHN!

(A New Song to an Old Tune for all Singers.)



## THE BLACK-AND-WHITE KNIGHT.

["Look, here comes good Sir JOHN!"—*Second part of King Henry the Fourth, Act III., Sc. 2.*

"JAKIDES, with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters (in Art); and Sir JOHN, with all Europe."—*Ditto, Act II., Sc. 2 (very slightly altered).*

"Sir JOHN, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs."—*Ditto, Act III., Sc. 2.]*

AIR—"Sir John Barleycorn."

I SING of a Knight all other Knights excelling,  
New-honoured is the name of Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
*Chorus (fortissimo).* Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
In high princely hall or in citizen's dwelling,  
Art knows no nobler friend than Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
Long at our Board may Punch with pride  
Sir JOHN see smiling at his side.  
Brave Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Forty year, and more, at the Table Round, we've boasted  
England's later LAUNCELOT in JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
*Chorus.* JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
Many a time and oft has the Table gaily toasted  
Art's pride (and ours) in true JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
Now that fresh honours bud with Spring,  
We stand and shout in loyal ring,  
Good Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

They've dubbed him Knight at last, who ne'er was aught  
but knightly,  
Fitting sounds the title of Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
*Chorus.* Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
Chivalrous spirits don the spurs calmly and politely,  
Honours easy sit on such as JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
But sitting round the "Mahogany Tree"  
His old Companions hail with glee,  
Kind Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!!! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!!!!

All know his Art, all kindred Art excelling,  
Where lives a "Cartoonist" like Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL?  
*Chorus.* Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
But comrades know the manly heart, the nature in him dwelling,  
So they echo SHAKESPEARE'S wish, Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!  
Heaven prosper your affairs!  
Keep you free, Good Knight, from cares!  
True Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

## THE BOW-WOW DAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Surely there ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Doing Done-to-Death Ditties into Dance Music! An S.P.D.D.D.D.M. would come in remarkably handy just now, for I notice—oh, a million horrors!—that someone has just committed "The Bow-Wow Polka."

The "Bow-Wow" having "caught on" at the Gaiety Theatre and the Music-halls, would it not be adding a sweet completeness to circumstances if the "Bow-Wow," or some Bow-Wow, "caught on" the composer of the polka? Perhaps TOBY would oblige?

Yours, &c., A WOULD-BE (but can't be, because the street-organs won't let me be) JOURNALIST.

P.S.—I don't think I shall complain if Daddy will not buy me a Bow-Wow Polka!

MRS. R. ON AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.—Mrs. RAM, who has been making a railway jaunt, is much struck by the appearance in many fields and pastures of large boards, on which stands boldly printed the legend, "Large Lighthouse Pills." "These poor farmers!" she says. "It shows how repressed agriculture is when they take to planting out pills. I suppose, by-and-by, if times don't mend, they'll be boring for Black Draughts."

LUCKY.—The CÆSAREWITCH is coming to England for the Royal Wedding. As all the Good Fairies are sure to be present, it is a happy omen that the only Witch is favourable.

## ALL ROUND THE "MAY" WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Obedient to the least hint of a command from his Master, your faithful slave and humble representative has been enjoying himself, and going it. If you didn't mean me to go it, you should have said so. At any rate you can't deny that you said "Go." My own intelligence supplied the rest; your bankers will, I hope, furnish the harmless necessary cash for the payment of the liabilities I have incurred in your service. Let me first correct a few misconceptions that seem to prevail with regard to Cambridge. I will tabulate them, and deal with them *seriatim*.

(1) That Cambridge is a place designed for studious pursuits. This is manifestly absurd. I did not hear a single lecture; and a young man, whom I asked about this, said, "There aren't any lectures now"; which leads me to believe that there may have been lectures fifty years ago, but that they have since been abolished. Besides, if Cambridge were a studious place, its inhabitants would be fond of Examinations. But they are not. The same young man of whom I have already spoken, used the most wicked and awful language about Examinations and Examiners. "By gum," he remarked, "I should like to feed my Examiners on corked champagne, tinned salmon, and dog-biscuits, for setting such beastly papers." Finally, I may state that, during the four or five days I spent in Cambridge, everybody spoke of dances, boat-races, cricket-matches, concerts, amateur theatricals, and so forth, as if there was nothing else to think about in Cambridge. At any rate I am sure nobody did think of anything else all the time I was there.

(2) That Cambridge Colleges are inhabited entirely by undergraduates and dons.

This is fantastic nonsense. I did see a considerable number of undergraduates, it is true; but they were all accompanied by sisters and cousins, who seemed to breakfast, lunch, and dine in college every day. This must be very distracting, though it is a pretty sight, I confess, on one of these bright June afternoons, to watch the slim figures and the dainty dresses of these charmers straying through the beautiful leafy avenues in the "backs," or hanging over the grey old bridges that span the slow stream of the Cam.

(3) That boys (at Cambridge) will be boys.

My dear Sir, they won't; they will be, and are, men—at least, they always speak of themselves as "men." My young host said to me on the morning of my arrival, "I've asked two or three fellows to meet you at lunch. There'll be THOMSON, and JACKSON, and BANHAM. BANHAM's one of the best men we've got." I expected, of course, to meet three fellows of the College. At half-past one there came a knock at the door, and there entered a boy just turned eighteen, I should say, with a modest manner and the complexion of a girl. This was BANHAM, and at Cambridge BANHAM, bless him, is a man. I could extend this list of fallacies, but I pause. The rest of my notes on the manners and customs of Cambridge will be found in the appended scraps of dialogue, which are taken, I may state, from the living voice.

## AT THE STATION.

A train from London has just arrived. The platform is crowded with undergraduates in straw hats and flannel suits, with fathers, mothers, sisters, &c., and with porters endeavouring to trundle immense loads of feminine luggage along.

Undergraduate (to his friend). There they are. The Mater's

waving her handkerchief to me. By Jove! that porter's just taken the Governor in the bend of the knee with a portmanteau. I must get at them. Now, JACK, you stop here, and I'll fetch 'em along.

[Struggles towards them.]

*His Mother (to a daughter).* There's TOM, MARY; doesn't he look handsome? I declare he's grown quite an inch! Now then, where's my basket with his new banner-screen that I've worked for him, and, oh MARY, where have you put my little bag? [And so forth.]

*The Father (who has just been "taken in the bend of the knee").* Do come along, SARAH. What on earth is the use of standing here all day? If you would only condescend to travel without ten thousand small parcels, we might get on—ow, ow! [Is "taken" again.]

*Porter.* By your leave, Sir.

*Father.* Infernally clumsy. [Undergraduate-Son arrives panting.]

*Under.* Well, here you are, by Jove! I am glad you've come. [Kisses them all round in public. N.B.—This is always done at the station.] Come along as quick as you can. We've got lots to do. Lunch in my rooms, then I'll trot you round the place, then to the boat-races, then dinner with PACKWELL. There he is, I'll introduce you. [Introductions. More collisions with porters and other men's people, apologies. Slow progress towards exit.] Then we'll go to the A. D. C., and after that there's a ball. Do you think you can stand it all, MARY?

*Sister.* Of course, TOM. What a silly question. I mean to go to all the dances, and all the boat-races, and all the concerts, and everything.

*Under.* The dickens you do. Come on then, we'd better make a start.

[They disappear, together with PACKWELL, who feels himself to be a fifth wheel to the coach, and is reduced to silence.]

#### AT THE BOAT-RACES.

*Ditton Corner.* Pleasure-boats packed together along the bank. On the meadow a parti-coloured crowd of Undergraduates and their "people" on foot, and in carriages. A bumping race has just started.

*A Sister.* Oh, I heard the gun so plainly. When, when will they be here? I'm so nervous. HARRY must make his bump just here. I'll never forgive him if he doesn't. There they come! No they don't. Oh, I wish they'd make haste. Can't you go and hurry them up, JACK? How slow they are! Now, JACK, tell me again which is First Trinity, and which is Third Trinity, and where is Second Trinity, and what does Lady MARGARET mean, and how do they arrange which is to bump which?

[Yells, rattles, and fog-horns—the boats approach.]

*A Brother.* Look there—we're right on top of them! [Screams frantically.] Well rowed, you men, well rowed! Keep it long, swing, swing! Now then! Great SCOTT! the cox has made a shot, and missed! [And so forth.]

*A Mother.* Why do they all row with bare legs? Oh, there's HARRY. His boat will collide with the other boat, I'm sure. [Shouts to HARRY.] Do take care, HARRY, there'll be a collision! Oh dear, oh dear, he can't hear me! There! I knew it would happen. Oh, HARRY, do put something round your neck, now that you've stopped.

*A Father (to another Father).* Ah, my boy, this is like old times, isn't it? Do you remember that year when you and I were rowing stroke and six of our crew? That was the best crew I ever saw. There's no rowing like that nowadays. Great time we had of it, too, at the bump-supper. I met TANFIELD, our old cox, this very morning in Trinity. He's a Parson somewhere in Essex; looked quite old, and as grey as a badger. I wonder if he remembers what he said to the Proctor that night? Well, well. [And so forth.]

#### AT THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

[The Undergraduates are acting an Operetta.]

*A Cousin (to her Undergraduate Cousin in the Stalls).* How well they sing!—and do you really mean to tell me that girl in the Alsatian dress is a man?

*Undergraduate.* Yes, he's a man right enough. Not badly made up, is he?

*Cousin.* Why she's quite lovely. Tom, it's not true, you're—

*Undergraduate.* Upon my honour, I'm not rotting. It is really a man. They're all men.

*Cousin.* Well, perhaps the hands are a little large.

*Undergraduate.* You'll meet him at lunch to-morrow, and then you can see for yourself.

*Cousin.* Who's that funny little man with a hooked nose? *Undergraduate.* It's the same chap who acted the Servant Girl in the first piece. He's a ripping good actor, isn't he?

*Cousin.* Tom, I'll never believe another word you say.

[And so on, with charming incredulity.]

#### IN THE SENATE HOUSE.

[During the ceremony of conferring honorary degrees.]

*The Public Orator (introducing a distinguished body of D.C.L.'s and Mus. Docs.).* Domine Cancellarie—

*Voice from the Gallery.* Now construe.

[Roars of laughter. Disturbance.]

*The Public Orator.*—*virum illustrissimum*—

*Voice from the Gallery.* SANDYS, you mustn't use a crib. [More roars.]

*The Public Orator.*—*artis musicae existimator quam subtilis existit.*

*Voice from the Gallery.* SANDYS, that's your tenth false quantity. [More roars.]

[The eminent Musicians, CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, MAX BRUCH, ARRIGO BOITO, and ILITISCH TSCHAIKOWSKY, are introduced.]

*A Mother (to her Son).* What very funny names.

*The Son.* Yes; I could do the whole in four sneezes.

*Mother.* What made them call him ARRIGO? I never heard such a name.

Now HARRY is a sensible name, but ARRIGO—well, there! [Words fail her.]

*Voice from the Gallery.* Good old SHAKEMOFFSKI. [Roars of laughter.]

There, Mr. Punch, are a few observations on Cambridge. You are at liberty to publish them.

Yours to a turn,

A VAGRANT.

#### JUST FOR THE FUN OF THE THING.

Who asks what's become of the Irishman's fun?

What's gone with Hibernian humour?

Sir BOYLE ROCHE & Co. are completely outdone

By the aid of Row, "Rot," and—say Ramour!

A mystery dark as the tenebrous veil

That covered the features of ISIS,

Is Hibernian fun. To make enemies rail

At the cruz of a National Crisis;

To hearten old foes, in the wheel put a spoke

Of new friends, after six years of struggle,

Would seem—to a Saxon—"too much of a joke,"

To the Celt 'tis a humorous juggle.

When things look a-squiff to ride rusty and tiff,

About—nothing that's valid or visible,

Is conduct a Briton would scout in a jiff;

To PAT 'tis a joke, vastly risible.

Withdraw, without reason? What fun, bhoys, in that,

After sessions deep drowned in fierce jaw all!!!

But Ooh! there's a far foiner joke, by St. PAT,

Which is—to withdraw your withdrawal!

No good end is served, and much mischief is done?

By the powers ye're right, bhoys! But—think of the Fun!!!

A NEW ARTHURIAN LEGEND.—Mr. Punch was very shocked to see on contents bill of morning paper, "Mr. BALFOUR on the Bust." Home-Rule Bill responsible for a good deal, but nothing quite so bad as this. Where had he been on the Bust? Had he tried to out-AMBROSE AMBROSE? Or what? Latest intelligence says that it has something to do with the W. H. SMITH Memorial!

MATHEMATICAL HONOURS AT CAMBRIDGE.—Learning does not make the student effeminate. The Senior Wrangler this year is MANLEY. Nor does extreme youth bar the way to honours, as the Twelfth Wrangler is a CHILD!

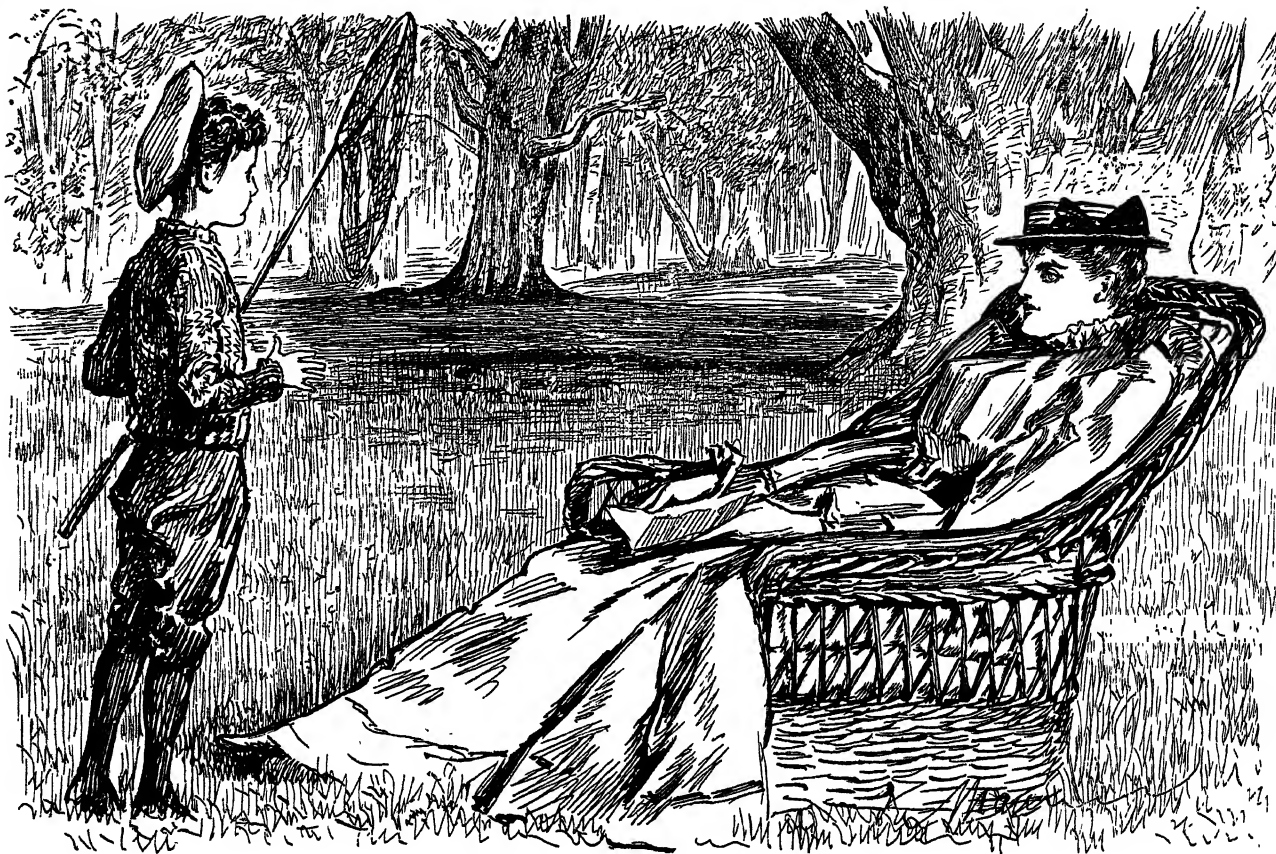
THE VIRTUE OF RESIGNATION.—Quite clear that the Member for Kerry wanted to resign because he thought that, with the Home-Rule Bill "going strong," there would be no need of a SEXTON.

RIVERSIDE RIDDLE.—When is a man likely to go to Richmond for dinner?—When he's in Kew.



Cantab. Undergrad. in Cap and Gown. "Artis Causa," A.D.C.





## NEWS FROM HOME.

*Aunt Mary.* "I'VE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM YOUR PAPA, GEOFFREY. HE SAYS YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE BROTHER, WHO 'LL BE A NICE COMPANION FOR YOU SOME DAY!"

*Geoffrey.* "OH!—DOES MUMMY KNOW?"

## AFTER THE BANQUETS ARE OVER.

TOMMY ATKINS'S TRIBUTE TO LORD ROBERTS.

(A New Barrack-room Ballad, with Apologies to Tommy's own Especial Poet-Laureate).

"I will only say that the main object of the various reforms which I have ventured to advocate is to make life in the Army more attractive, and to fill the ranks with men of good physique and character. This I would accomplish by abolishing restrictions, which I believe to be beneficial neither to the soldier nor to the State, and by making military life acceptable to the classes from which it is most advantageous that our recruits should be drawn."—*Lord Roberts of Candahar, V.C., at the Mansion House.*

AlE—"Tommy." TOMMY ATKINS sings:—

I WOSEN'T at the Munching 'Ouse to grub, nor yet to cheer;  
The Civic waiters might ha' said, "We don't sarve privits 'ere!"  
But TOMMY ain't behind the Toffs in welcoming Lord "Bobs"  
Back 'ome onst more to England from the toughest of tough jobs.  
O it's "ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, and TOMMY keep away;"  
But we read our penny papers, and we've read your little say;  
We've read your little say, my "BOBS," your clear, straight-spoken say,  
And it's "Thank you, 'BOBS,'" sez TOMMY, "for you know the soldiers' way!"

I was with you at Candahar, a middlin' spell ago,  
And I know the bloomin' Afghan, and 'e ain't a pleasant foe,  
But you crumpled of him small, Lord "BOBS," you crumpled of him small,

Though you ain't the sort of 'ero that they 'owl of at the 'All.  
For it's ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, from Cawnpore to Cabul,  
And now they're feedin' of you, and they well may feed you—full!  
If you aint our "Only Gen'ral," you aint fur from bein' our best.  
Long may you live, with many a chance to put that to the test!

For you're far too fine and large, Lord "BOBS," and far too brisk and young,  
For to shelve,—though done perlutely with your praise on every tongue.

We soldiers—axing pardon, "BOBS," for couplung high and low,—  
Come so 'andy when we're wanted; when we ain't—well we may go!  
It's TOMMY this and TOMMY that (as Mister KIPLING sings,)  
But when 'e "lags superfluous" they don't want 'im at the wings.  
The "weteran's" mighty useful to sing songs about, and such.  
But they ain't so spry at keeping heye on 'im and 'is "Old Dutch."

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes," as the Balladist remarks,  
But flesh and blood, wot wants our food, a 'ome, and cashual "larks";

To pile red-tape "Restrictions," as you pooty squarely 'int,  
Ain't the way to fill the ranks, "BOBS;" that's as plain—to you—as print.

O it's TOMMY this and TOMMY that; but TOMMY pipeclay'd smart,  
Waist-braced and shoulder-padded, has a stummick and a 'eart;  
And to "make the life acceptable" to "young recruits"—yus!—  
You've 'it the bull in once, Lord "BOBS," with neither fudge nor fuss!

So 'ere's wishin' of you luck, Lord "BOBS," long life, and a 'ome-billet

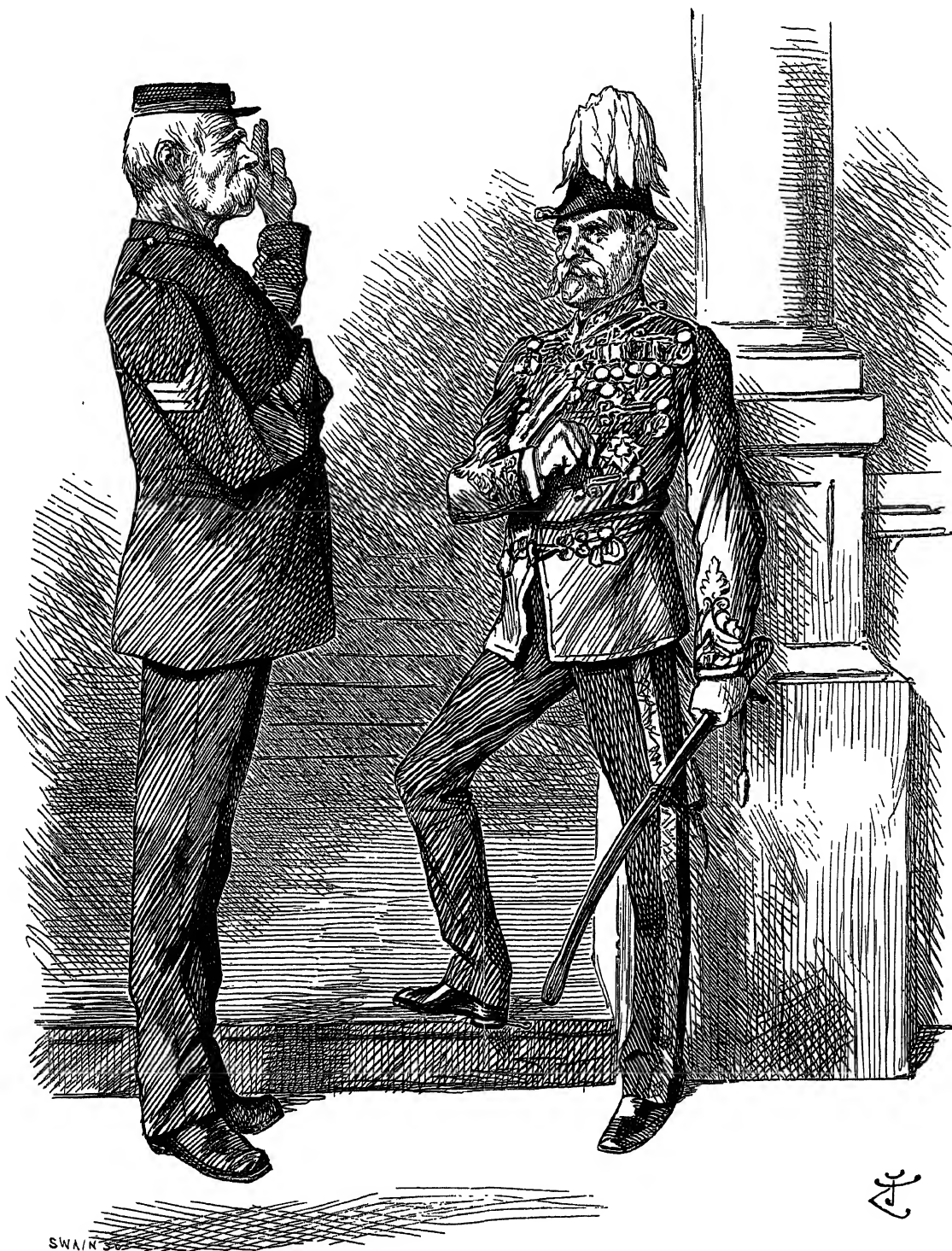
To do honour to the country, and the 'ero as will fill it.  
Arter the Banquets and the Big Bow-Wows are over, "BOBS,"  
That question's left; not 'ow to feed, but *fit us with square jobs!*

O, it's ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, all over the dashed shop;  
But that name, Sir, spells a great career, wich BULL won't want to stop;

An' it's TOMMY this, and TOMMY that; but *this*, TOMMY, dontcher see,  
Wants to drink the 'ealth of Gen'ral "BOBS"—with a rousing "Three times three!"

[In which, with Mr. ATKINS's permission, Mr. Punch most heartily joins.]

BLACK VIEWS OF LIFE.—These must be taken by explorers for coal—(awful bores!)—who are for ever in search of "the seamy side."



“AFTER THE BANQUETS ARE OVER—”?

LORD ROBERTS. “WELL, SERGEANT, THEY’VE FOUND A HOME-BILLET FOR YOU.”

TOMMY ATKINS (*Commissionaire*). „YES, GENERAL; AND I HOPE THEY’LL SOON FIND A FIRST-RATER FOR YOU!”



## LES ENFANTS DE MOLIERE À LONDRES.

THE Maison de MOLIERE being "à louer," its usual tenants have come over here on the invitation of Sir DRURIOLANUS and Messrs. GRAU and ABBEY (not Westminster Abbey, but another from New York) to give us a taste of their quality and quantity at the T. R. Drury Lane. From Paris to HARRIS. They were most heartily received by a crowded audience, whose extreme brilliancy (out of compliment to that of the French Company) was only equalled by its remarkable intelligence and perfect politeness, quite in accordance with the traditional *politesse de Louis Quinze*. Maybe in their heart of hearts not a few would have preferred witnessing the



"Bon Chat, Bon Ra —cine here.

Sir," in French, understood it as meaning "*Wee mouse 'ere*," and so just looked in for a little bit of mousing between the pieces.

At the end of the second piece, Mlle. REICHENBERG read M. CLARETIE's "*Salut à Londres*." In one verse the poet tells us how

"En vingt ans—oiseaux en voyage—"

(The "birds" are not those of ARISTOPHANES, but of the nest of MOLIERE.)

"Ont trois fois bravé le péril  
De réclamer votre suffrage. . . ."

The "*péril*" is presumably the *trajet entre Calais et Douvres*. Then it suddenly occurs to the poet that, after all, bad as the passage may be, it is not perhaps to be compared with a voyage to America or Australia, and, breaking off abruptly, he exclaims,

"Mais Londres n'est pas un exil!"

Beautiful! And with our very best compliments to the poet, I beg to say that not *trois fois*, but *cinquante fois* I, *moi qui parle*, have braved the péril from London to Paris and back, and it has never occurred to me to consider Paris as an *exil* even at the very earliest date when it was not a *pays de connaissance*. May the Sociétaires often, in the future, brave the péril of *La Manche*, and give us some of their excellent performances, which may include an occasional brief extract from MOLIERE, but which will exclude anything Shakspearian. Of course, when I say Shakspearian, I would not have them omit from their *répertoire* a play called *Hamlet*, written, as their playbill informs me, by Messrs. DUMAS and MEURICE, which has evidently nothing whatever to do with a play of SHAKSPEARE's that happens to bear the same title.

In the *intermède*, a burlesque by MOLIERE—yes, a burlesque, Ladies and Gentlemen—the children of MOLIERE go in for child's play, and for larks generally; though some of the younger ones on "the spindle side" do not seem to relish their share in the nonsense, of which the climax is reached when President Gor crams a doctor's cap over the eyes and nose of COQUELIN le Younger, which facetious ceremony brought down the Curtain to shouts of laughter and thunders of applause, testifying to the hearty English appreciation of the humours of the *Bons Enfants de la Maison de MOLIERE*.

I suppose the performance of *Le Malade Imaginaire* is governed entirely by tradition. Our English audience at Drury Lane enjoyed

it immensely; it occasionally smiled as it recognised certain well-known scenes "in use at schools," but it literally roared with laughter whenever there occurred such good old-fashioned farcical business as nowadays is not associated in our ideas with what High Comedy ought to be. The Clown chucking properties at the Policeman makes the whole world kin; and what in the English actor, and on the English stage, and in an English play, an English audience would have vociferously condemned, is, when done by a French actor on the stage of Drury Lane, welcomed with applause and shouts of laughter.

Perhaps this sort of "business"—of the old rough-and-tumble pantomime school—will be repeated in the French version of the Shakspearian farce of *Taming the Shrew*. We shall see. However, I suppose it was essential that the Children of the House of MOLIERE should start with one of their Great Parent's pieces, and that the "*jeu de scène*" should be mere "child's play." But the attraction of Monday night was the curious quaint *Cérémonie* which wound up the proceedings. This was most interesting. *Vive la Compagnie!* They were all on at once, grouped about the Stage, in a splendidly-lighted scene, and attired in the red robes and the ermine of Doctors of Law or Arts,—ladies and all,—the ladies looking charming. Then M. GOR led Mlle. REICHENBERG to the front, and she read an address in verse; read it quietly, clearly, and distinctly, without any action, or attempt at declamation. She seemed rather to hurry it through, after the manner of a young Etonian getting off a "saying lesson." Then followed mock speeches, in Dog-Latin, interspersed with an occasional refrain, sung about eight times in chorus, of which one line seemed to me to be "*Vive la loi et la cérémonie!*" But perhaps I am mistaken. It was "quaint," but palled on repetition. After about a quarter of an hour or so of this, down came the Curtain. All home, much contented, but hoping to see the Company in modern pieces which, if not worthier of their great artistic reputation, may at least represent their art in "this so-called Nineteenth Century."

E. LOGE PARTICULIER.



How's this for High Comedy? The *Pillows* of the House of Molieré.



## LOCAL VETO.

Guest (at Public Dinner, to Waiter, who has opened a bottle of soda-water in his left ear). "UGH, YOU SCOUNDREL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"  
Waiter. "SCOUNDREL! BEGORRA! IT'S DIVIL A DROP OF DRINK I'LL BE GIVING YOU TO-NIGHT!"  
[And he doesn't!]





## STUDIES IN HEREDITY.

TYPES OF MEN BELOVED BY WOMEN.

*Elder Son and Heir (who takes after his Pa).* "CONFOUND IT! ALL THE MOTHERS IN LONDON ARE AFTER ME. THERE'S NO REST!"

*His Younger Brother, the Detrimental (who takes after his Ma).* "YES, AND ALL THE DAUGHTERS AFTER ME, CONFOUND IT! WE DIVIDE THE WOMANKIND OF LONDON SOCIETY BETWEEN US!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, June 12.*—"And has it come to this?" said WEBSTER (not Sir RICHARD but ROBERT GRANT). He was standing below Gangway, looking with rueful countenance at row of hats set out on Bench where Irish Members sit, under genial leadership of JUSTIN MCCARTHY. "Am not suspected of undue partiality for them or their ways," he murmured, furtively mopping a manly tear. "But one cannot have lived with a section of his fellow-men, in close companionship in public work, without conceiving some regard for them. Heard about their differences; have retired, as usual, to Committee Room No. 15; been shut up together there since one o'clock this afternoon. Now, at the hour when the Terrace is crowded with frivolous persons drinking strong tea and eating damp strawberries, nothing is left of them but these—seven toppers and three billycooks, the softness of whose texture is, perchance, indicative of the less stern stuff of which their late owners were composed. Nor does this mark the full measure of memorable catastrophe. Full sixty Members, some in the prime of life, others not so, entered the fatal chamber; only ten hats have come out. 'Tis shocking; no words in my popular Dictionary, the studious work of early manhood, adequate to express my feelings. Fifty Irish Members, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a hat behind!"

A good fellow WEBSTER, but sometimes led away by extreme sensitiveness of nature. Might have spared himself this heart-rending scene. True, Irish Members absent through early portion of

## COLERIDGE ADAPTED TO A CURRENT CONTROVERSY.

(After reading *Lady Brooke's Article*, "What is Society?" in the *Pall-Mall Magazine* for June.)

CRITICS abound around who've found  
Spots on Society's sun:  
Then others answer back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Some "drop upon" "Sassiety,"  
Like—oh! like anything;  
Others retort, "You are not fair!"  
They seem to fill the summer air  
With their wild jargoning.

And now 'tis like wind instruments,  
And now like a cracked lute,  
Some may be right, some must be wrong—  
Oh that they'd all be mute!

It ceases not, they still go on:  
A pleasant summer boon,  
This noise, like that of a babbling BROOKE,  
In a magazine for June,  
That says Society's all right,  
Or little out of tune!

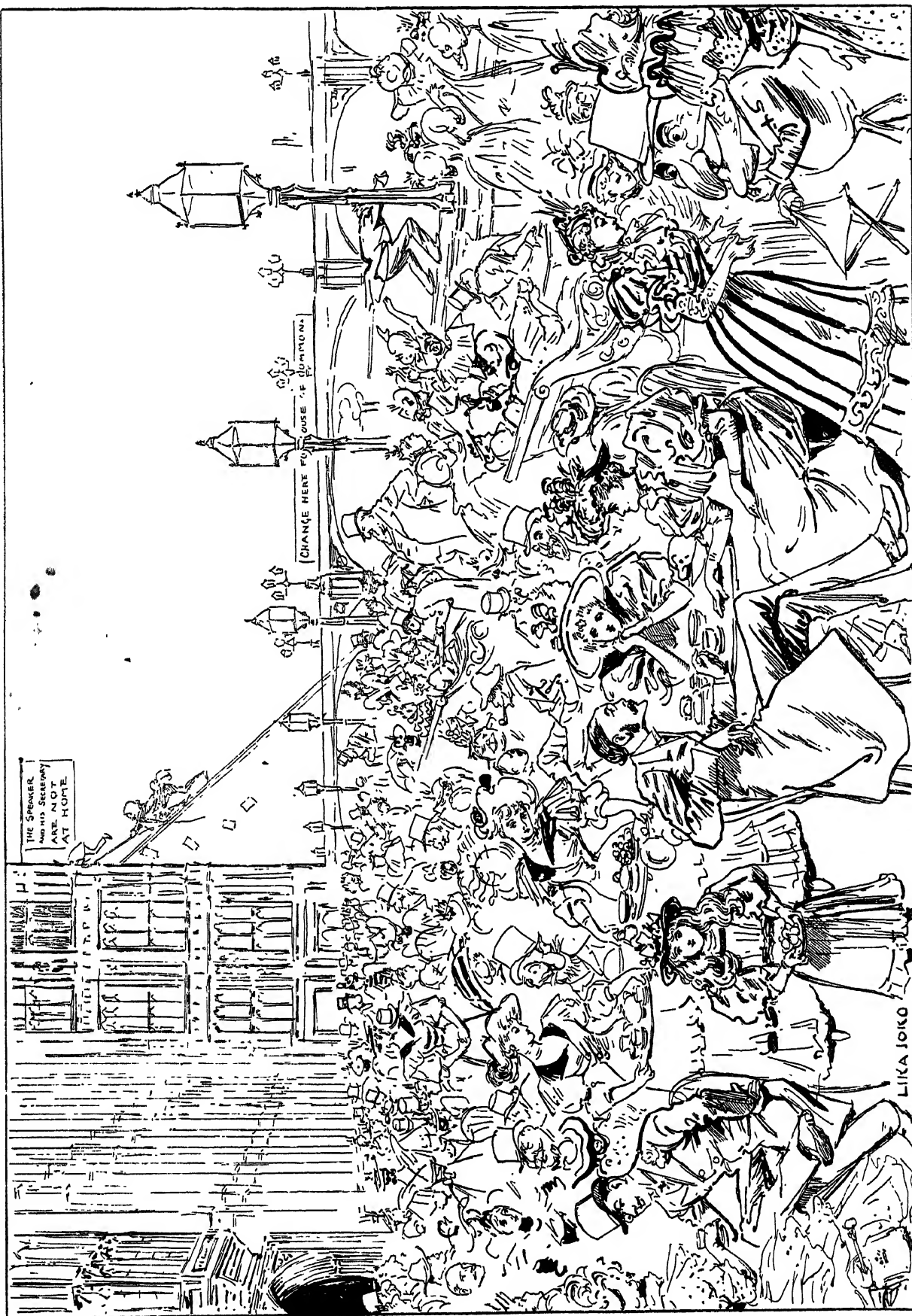
Next JEUNE, no doubt, will stay this  
BROOKE—  
Well, well, we've time to breathe!  
Slowly and steadily we'll—skip  
And let the squabble seethe!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—Always does the Baron de B.-W. read a work with the name of BARING-GOULD to it. Hence he took to *Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven*, but wearied of her before he reached Vol. III. He was annoyed with her personally, and heartily wished the second *Mrs. Curgenven* out of the way. But some of the other characters are delightful, especially the sort of Cornish *Madge Wildfire*, by name *Esther Morideg*. The out-door life is delightful, and the descriptions of the scenery, and of *Esther's al fresco*, and all frisky life, read in this hot weather, makes the Baron open the doors and windows, and finally decide to "carp the vital airs" in the garden, book in hand, under the shade of a broad-spreading umbrella tree. The Baron thoroughly appreciates the kindly *Mr. Percival*, who, after buying several illustrated papers, found he had no money, and surrendered all but *Punch*, and the heroine was happy.  
BARON DE B.-W.

sitting, some ten or dozen observing precaution of retaining their seats by ordinary expedient of reverentially placing hat on Bench before prayers. Spent afternoon in Committee room discussing latest internecine difficulty. Difference of opinion arisen on question of management of Dublin newspaper. Easiest thing in the world to manage a newspaper. As dear old JOHNNIE TOOLE occasionally remarks, "It's nothing; anyone can do it." If one man, taken off street or out of shop, could succeed to a certainty, how much more complete the success of half a score? Somehow—perhaps because scene laid in Dublin—unexpected difficulties present themselves in ordinarily simple problem. TIM HEALY thinks if JOHN DILLON would retire from the Board of Direction, all would be well. JOHN DILLON in favour of resignation, but thinks, slightly to alter a line endeared to infancy, "The first to go should be little Tim." To someone else comes the flash of common sense suggesting that the whole Board of amateur newspaper managers should be swept clear, and a shoemaker put in charge of the last.

This on point of being agreed to when SEXTON puts his finger in his mouth, and with tears rolling down his eloquent cheeks, declares he "Shan't play." Not to be pacified on any terms; pettishly declares he will obscure Parliamentary horizon by retiring from it; carefully hands application for Chiltern Hundreds to JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"What's MCCARTHY got to do with it?" asks the sombre Member for SARK. "If SEXTON meant business, he would have sent in his application direct to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, and made an end of it. A pretty patriotic performance this, with Home-Rule Bill drifting into direst straits; Opposition encouraged by success, unvaried since House went into Committee; only hope of defeating them to be found in united front of Ministerialists; Irish



RARE AVES IN TERRACE.

Members go and get up a petty brawl round a private commercial enterprise, and squabble through a June afternoon, leaving the Liberal Party, who have sacrificed everything for them, to bear the brunt of the unequal fight. 'Pon my soul, TOBY, if I were Mr. G., I'd chuck up the whole business, and get about the arrears of British work." *Business done.*—Home-Rule Bill in the doldrums.

*Thursday.*—CHARLES RUSSELL back from Paris, bringing with him latest fashions. Everyone glad to see him again; heartily cheered when he rose to take part in debate in Committee. "Glad to see you looking so well," I said, meeting him in Division Lobby.



"Here to-day, gone to-Morrogh."

"Just so," said Sir CHARLES, producing and waving the bandana, which the President of the Court of Arbitration mistook for the Union Jack, and half rose from his chair to salute. "I dare say; quite so; *exactement*; but, *vous comprenez*, I understand not your English. By-and-by, *tout à l'heure*, it will all come back, *retourner sur ses pas*; for the while it *m'embarrasse*. Will you lunch with me? or would you that we five o'clocker? I bring with me a few *escargots*. *Vous aimez les escargots*? Only six or dozen left. When I go to de tin box, what do I find? *Les escargots*? *Certainement non*. I ring de bell; my man coom; I shake my *mouchoir* dans son *visage*. I say at de top of mon *voix*, 'Mon Dieu! where dem *escargots*?' 'What cargo?' the *bête* say, looking round with anxiety amongst *mes valises*. I rattle de tin box at him. 'Oh,' says he, 'dem snails? I put dem in de bin de dust.' Snails! *sacré!* *Mes escargots des vignes* for which I pay five francs by dixaine, with de tin box thrown in. *Naturellement* I continue de course of de tin box. I trow de tin box at tête de mon *bête* of a man. *Que vous êtes insulaires* all you, mon TOBEE! But *qu'est-ce que ça fait*? You lunch with me. I give you braised leg of frog. Um?"

I think not; but dissemble with ATTORNEY-GENERAL. In ordinary times difficult to ruffle his temper. That little incident with the *escargots* seems to have done it.

*Business done.*—Very little in Committee on the Home-Rule Bill.

*Friday Night.*—Glad, on these fine Summer nights, to get out on Terrace, when the Duchesses and the rest have had their tea and gone away. Still pegging away in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Better down here; have Terrace all to myself it seems; walk to far end; find I'm mistaken; perceive outline of figure in corner by boundary wall, sitting down, with feet stretched on low wall overlooking gleaming river. Something familiar about it. Got a guitar too, which is scarcely Parliamentary. Twangs the light instrument, and sings—

"There were two lofty frigates from Old England came,  
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.  
One was the *Prince of Luther*, and the other *Prince of Wales*,  
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

Perhaps I'd better withdraw. May be it's Dr. HUNTER, or some other Scotch authority on humour, serenading some one in boat below. But then he'd have the bagpipes, not the guitar. Too late; I am observed. Figure turns upon me, and laughingly trolls forth—

"Oh, hail her! oh, hail her!" our gallant captain cries,  
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.  
'Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer so free?'  
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

"I'm neither," I said, thinking it well, as it was growing dark, there should be no misunderstanding on this head. "I'm just out for a breath of air, like yourself, though I didn't happen to bring a kettledrum or a trombone with me."

"That's not the answer," said PRINCE ARTHUR (for it was he). "You should have replied—

'Oh, I'm no man-o'-war, nor a privateer so free,'  
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.  
'But I'm a saucy pirate, and I'll sink you in the sea,'  
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

"Well, you seem in pretty high spirits," I said. "Something new for Leader of Opposition to leave a Bill to take care of itself in Committee, and go a philandering to the moon on the Terrace."

"Ah! you forget CHAMBERLAIN," sighed PRINCE ARTHUR.

"He's on the watch - tower, and all is well. Great comfort to one in my position to have an ally like that. Sort of foster-brother, doncha. We trust each other with a love that is more than love. DAVID and JONATHAN not in it. Besides which, things are going so well with us that I can afford a little relaxation. At outset we determined to make good fight and prepared for it. Things have turned out far beyond our expectations. Irish Members squabbling among themselves; Mr. G. full of benevolence; SAUVRE of MALWOOD muzzled; MELLOR increasingly beneficent. Here we are more than midway in June on fourth Clause of Bill, with thirty-six to follow. More than two weeks on Clause III. Can you do a sum in your head right off, TOBY? Then try this: If it takes two weeks to dispose of one Clause in Committee, how long will it take for thirty-six?"

Prince Arthur. "Great comfort to a man in my position."

Broadside to broadside, long time we lay,  
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.  
Till the man at the hellum shot the pirate's mast away,  
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!

Heard to day's news from Linlithgow? That gives you some idea of what the constituencies think of how we're getting on at Westminster. It'll be worse by-and-by.

'Quarter! oh, quarter!' those pirates then did cry,  
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.  
But the quarter that we gave them we sunk 'em in the sea,  
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!

Nice song that, don't you think? Heard the sailors chanting it one night as a schooner sailed by the Links in the darkling eve at North Berwick. There's the division-bell; wait a moment till I button my coat over the guitar; don't mind you, dear boy, but wouldn't do for everyone to come upon me taking a little wholesome relaxation."

*Business done.*—Still harping on Clause IV. Home-Rule Bill.

A "CRITERION" NOT TO "GO BY" BUT TO ENTER.—Our CHARLES WYNDHAM has done well—he always acts well, but "that's another story"—in reviving *David Garrick*. "He may take his little DAVY," as to that.

Mrs. R. heard someone one say that *I Rantau* was going to be produced at Covent Garden. "Ah!" exclaimed our friend, "I daresay someone will give an imitation of some old-fashioned tragedian. Very good title, '*I Rant So!*'"

INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENT.—In grateful and honouring remembrance of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's stay in Paris, it is proposed to change the name of the "*Place du Carrousel*" to that of "*Place de C. Russell*."

LINLITHGOWSHIRE.—Telegram last Friday from the Hope of the Unionists.—I'M IN,—URE NOT.



## ROBERT ON THE WEATHER.

It was horful!

Wen one's atome one can do pretty much as one likes, that is to say, pretty much as one's better hafi will let you, and set in your shirt sleeves. But how about an ed Waiter at a skrumphus dinner? Let any kind Kristiansole try to emagin my feelings on the sellebrated Munday, as was sed to be the ottest day as ever was, when I had to be drest in my werry fullest, and werry tifest, of full dress, and a waiting for ours and ours at one of the werry grandest of grand dinners as I has had to wait at all this busy season!

In course I don't at all kno how I looked all thro them melting howers, but I do no how I felt, and that was as if I was gradually melting away!

But I coudent take my estonished eyes off my three werry stout Gents, and they was sites to see if ever Gents was! The effecs of the werry ot Turtel Soup, was sumthink pozzitively startling, and yet two on em had a second elp!

There was jest one great blessing as we owed to the Heat, and that was, it so bootifully shortened the long speechees! The fact was that everybody was so dredful hot, that nobody had the pluck left to cheer, but all sat still and tried to listen to the poor Chairman, who, being ever so much hotter than the werry hottest on em, had the werry gratest difficulty in keeping the pot a biling, as we used to say at school.

Judgin from my xperience of that briling hot Munday, I should say, that the proper time for that werry grandest thing in natur, a reely grand Dinner, is a grand Winter's Night.

ROBERT.



## FOREWARNED.

*Claude Merriew, Leaderette-writer, Reviewer, &c. (sentimentally).* "WHENEVER I THINK OF ALTHEA, MISS VANSITTART I MEAN, I AM IRRESISTIBLY REMINDED OF THOSE MATCHLESS WORDS OF STEELE'S—'TO LOVE HER WAS A LIBERAL EDUCATION.'"

*Algy (following the idea with difficulty).* "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, 'COURSE I KNOW A LOT OF YOU WRITIN' CHAPS ARE LIKE THAT, BUT I THINK I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT HER FATHER IS ONE OF THE HEAD JOHNNIES IN THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE."

## OVERHEARD AT THE OVAL.

(When Mr. Ranjitsinhji, the Hindoo Cambridge Cricketer, went to the wickets.)

GIVE 'im a rouser! Don't be stingy!

Smart young batsman!

Comes from Ingly.

Name? Oh, something, RUN-GIT-SINGY!

Slogs, Sir, if 'is skin is dingy!

Like to see the trim young 'Indoo

Swipe a sixer through yon window, Same as THORNTON did some years ago.

Saw 'im do it, Sir!!! O, 'ere's a go!

Run out! Only three!! A pity!!!

Well young Dusky's style is pritty! Shapes well, don't 'e? at the wicket!

Fancy, Ingly playin' Cricket! Dark 'uns play as well as paley 'uns.

RUN-GIT scored agin the Orsetralyuns.

Fields a good 'un, a safe catch, Sir!

'E'll come off in the next match, Sir.

Wich may I be there to see it! Links the Hempire? Ah! so be it!

Ere's to Hengland, then, and Ingly,

And good 'ealth to RUN-GIT-SINGY!!!

"THEY DON'T MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."—After a row in the House of Commons the Reporters send "minutes" to their papers; but after a "scene" in the French Chambers the Principals send "seconds" to one another. Time is better occupied in the former than in the latter case.

## THE M.P.'s P.M.

(By a Member who has heard about "The Tea-on-the-Terrace Session.")

I'd like to be slung in my hammock at home, with iced-cup, and currants, and cherries,

Or perched in the cosy Pavilion at Lords a-watching GRACE.

GIFFEN, or FERRIS; [Tea-on-the-Terrace!]

But since I must stick in hot June to the House, I fall back upon

Within there seems nothing but heat and hot rows;

Amendments, not meant to amend, but to chouse;

A mountain of talk with an issue of mouse;

TIM HEALY and HARCOURT, much noise, and small nous,—

Better T on the Terrace than H in the House! [Elysian—]

So hail, Mazawattee, and MAUD's lively chatter—both truly

And here let me stroll, sprawl, or sip, till the Bell hales me in to Division!

HIS CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.—MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A., is painting a portrait of the Princess of WALES. This picture, says a paragraph in the *Times*, is to be "a three-quarter length, to the knees." The eminent artist will be justified in describing this work as one he can never surpass, or the "knee plus ultra."

PARADOXICAL.—In what sense does a well-brought-up girl of eighteen differ from a hardened criminal of forty? In no sense. ("Innocence"—"with the accent on the 'no.'")

## PUFF, PUFF!

[A banquet of Advertisers is shortly to be held.]

To think of five-score puffers all seated at a table, A-puffing one another just as hard as they are able: And each one just contriving (with a cunning eye to pelf), While he sings his neighbours' eulogies, to advertise himself. What heights of noble courtesy—no common folk could reach 'em—

When C-RT-R's little liver pills say pleasant things of B-CH-M!

And Mr. K-NE declares aloud, "I swear upon my soul, man,

Where'er I eat my beef at home I season it with C-L-M-N."

And Sozodont, not left behind in compliments by K-NE,

Says he polishes his wisdom teeth with fragrant Floriline.

And Anti-Stiff declares his faith—which causes a sensation—

In ELL-M-N's, the muscle-friend's, delightful embrocation.

And Mrs. W-NSL-W—bless her heart, the name just makes me

chirrup—

Holds nought in all the world can match with Mother S-G-I's

Syrup.

And L-MPL-GH quite outshouts them all, "No mere saline fo

me, no,

I always cure the mullygrubs by drinking quarts of E-O."

And finally the Sunlight Soap—I wish I had some shares—

With tears of joy proclaims the name and fame of Messrs. P-RS.

In short, I wish my feeble tongue more faithfully could utter

The thoughts evoked by dwelling on this feast of mutual butter.



## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!



[Prince BISMARCK, in reply to a deputation of the boys of the Hamburg Wilhelm Gymnasium, spoke of his love of music, saying: "I used to play formerly, but I was only a moderate hand at the piano, and was glad when I could throw it up, as it bored me to have to practise. Afterwards I was extremely sorry I did give it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all of you who have any talent for music to cultivate it, and take a warning from me, so that you need not reproach yourselves with the mistake I have made."]

AIR—"The Bells of Shandon."

WITH deep affection,  
And recollection,  
I often think of my youthful "strums,"

Which my heart enjoy would  
In my simple boyhood,

'Ere I knew the world and its heartless  
hums.

On this I ponder  
(As alone I wander)

And thus grow fonder of my "One—Two  
—Threes."

Why did I abandon  
 What would sound so grand on  
 My old piano with the saffron keys?

I've heard trumps blowing,  
 When to battle going,  
 (And battle trumps can kick up a shine!)  
 But their brazen blaring,  
 Though a call to daring,  
 My old piano was less sweet than thine.  
 My memory lingers  
 On those fleet "Five Fingers"  
 Rattled down the keyboard in bold notes  
 free.

Oh boys, toll-scorning,  
 In life's gay morning,  
 Do pray take warning by the likes o' Me!

Of work I grew sick,  
 And abandoned Music,  
 (That best companion through a life of  
 care),  
 Or I *might* have been, boys,  
 Not the "Prince" you've seen, boys,  
 But—a Herr Professor with exuberant  
 hair!!!

I might have "wallopped"  
 The keys, and galloped  
 Up and down the octaves like a Uhlan  
 charge;  
 Been weird and dusky,  
*A la* PADEREWSKI,  
 With a shock of snake-locks very fine and  
 large!

Ach! Conceive me spanking  
 The keys, and yanking  
 The Future's Music up and down the gamut,  
 With "vim" victorious,  
 And "go" quite glorious  
 As hard as ever I could "cram and  
 lam ut"

(To put it Pat-like).  
 Ah! to think I sat like  
 A male Saint Cecilia, and sonatas played:  
 And then chucked my chance  
 Just to—smash up France,  
 And then fall in *that* I am half afraid!

What charms environ  
 Mere "Blood and Iron,"  
 Compared with Music—which, they say,  
 soothes savages—  
 None can impugn it, I  
 Shaped German Unity,  
 And amidst her enemies spread rows and  
 ravages,  
 But I've missed the glory  
 Of the Musical Soirée.  
 I'm extremely sorry! To be Europe's  
 terror.  
 I've lost—greetings hearty  
 At an Evening Party!  
 Ach! boys, take warning by my woeful  
 error!!!

A FISHY BUSINESS.—According to the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday, June 20, a terrible tragedy was enacted within the boundaries of the basin of the fountain in Fountain Court, Temple. An illegal sparrow went to drink. Two legal fish got hold of the bird's legs, pulled him into the water, and the unhappy bird, not finding himself in his element, was drowned. His last words were, "In Fountain—Caught!" and so he expired.

"BRINGING HIM DOWN TO 'DOTS.'"—In the *Times* report of the *Gatty v. Farquharson* case, Mr. FARQUHARSON is reported as saying, in his evidence, "I *certainly* did dot originate them." From this it will be gathered that poor Mr. FARQUHARSON bust 'ave 'ad a bad cold id 'is 'ed whel he prodounded "not" as "dot."



### EQUIVOCAL.

"A—GOT ANYTHING ON TO-NIGHT, LADY GODIVA?"—"NOT MUCH, I'M GLAD TO SAY!"

### THE VERY COMPLETE ANGLERESS.

[“Miss CORNELIA CROSBY, of Maine, is said to have caught 52 trout in 54 minutes.”

*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*]

WITH anxious look and weary sigh  
 We wait imploringly for rain,  
 We bring the most attractive fly,  
 And make our skilful casts in vain;  
 Indeed, we well-contented feel,  
 With burning sky, and water low,  
 If hours of toil should bring our creel  
 A poor half-dozen brace or so.

But Miss CORNELIA CROSBY, she  
 Who comes from Maine, much-favoured  
 place,  
 Where must the trout abundant be,  
 Can catch them at a wondrous pace;

What bard could ask a loftier theme,  
 What artist could a nobler wish,  
 Than this fair lady at the stream,  
 Who every minute scores a fish?

Astute CORNELIA, you who land  
 The strangely unsuspecting trout,  
 Assist us here to understand  
 The means whereby you pull them out;  
 O can it be, for only thus  
 That *crux* of time can well be met,  
 You land your fifty (pardon us  
 The bold suggestion) *with a net*?

MOST APPROPRIATE NAME.—The Secretary of the Voluntary Early Closing Association is "MR. RESTALL." Perfect! "Rest all and be thankful!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 19.*—HENRY JAMES, customarily a canny man, put his foot in it to-night. Taking his turn in contribution to talk round Amendment to Home-Rule Bill



Amusement of the missing Jabez S. Balfour at reading the report of Mr. Gladstone's speech last Thursday, in which he forgot the name of the Liberator Society.

mittee forgotten that; so, for moment, had HENRY JAMES; Mr. G., even when half asleep, perceived how enemy had delivered himself into his hands.

"Why these jeers?" HENRY JAMES plaintively asked, looking round on jubilant Opposition, roused out of lethargy by this chance false step of a learned gentleman who rarely makes mistakes. "My Right Hon. friend," he continued, with eloquent tears in his voice, "always found me faithful to him when in office under him."

Yes, Mr. G. admitted that; but pointed out in one of those extemporaneous outbursts worth a week's ordered speech, that that was another story. Nothing to do with the spectacle of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of Government of 1881 scoffing at PREMIER of that day on account of particular measure introduced in Commons, and passed with the concurrence and approval of his followers, more particularly those seated on Treasury Bench. A soothing scene whilst it lasted; a swift gathering and mighty bursting of storm, momentarily clearing oppressively dull atmosphere.

*Business done.*—HENRY JAMES wishes he hadn't spoke.

*Tuesday.*—Whips crowding all passages of House to-night whilst WOLMER speaking. Used to be one of them, you remember, and a very good one too. Came to conclusion, on reflection, that it was not well to give up to Whips' room what was meant for House of Commons. Political stage always clearing off its great men; room ever found for new recruit. If anything in him, his welcome warm, and his success assured. In dead unhappy night, when rain was on the roof, WOLMER oppressed with his responsibilities. They are certainly great. "SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother," is a gracious figure that lives in history handicapped with such kinship. SELBORNE's son, SALISBURY's son-in-law, weighted in somewhat similar fashion.

LEVESON-GOWER, nothing if not critical, says WOLMER lacks the erudition of his noble father, and, even if he were qualified for post, would not look so imposing on Woolsack. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

doubts whether he quite comes up to the standard of the MARKIS, failing somewhat in the easeful power with which that inheritor of the traditions of the spacious times of ELIZABETH wields the Parliamentary broadsword, slicing a lemon held on the palm of ROSEBERRY's unflinching hand, or hewing Mr. G. in pieces before the Lords.

These remarks, probably unconsciously, tinged with jealousy. Last Session WOLMER was one of these Whips, coming and going hatless, in the Lobby. Now he sits among the elders, helping HENRY JAMES on knotty points of law, and giving JOEY C. a wrinkle on Parliamentary strategy. Even HENEAGE looks up to him; LUBBOCK consults him on the mysteries of finance; and JESSE COLLINGS regards him with fatherly pride. To-night he moved two successive amendments on the Home-Rule Bill, in course of remarks teaching BRYCE a thing or two about American Constitution, and giving Mr. G. pause as to the relations of Colonial Legislatures with the Imperial Parliament.

"It's all very well," said ANSTRUTHER moodily, "a fellow coming out like this when he's got no whipping to do. Very different for *nous autres*; on the go all day, by the door all night. We are the grubs, he's the butterfly. What I fear is probable effect upon BOBBY SPENCER. I had my eye on him whilst WOLMER was speaking. Saw the colour flush his young cheek, ambition glower in his ordinarily placid eyes. Expect before the Session's out we shall have BOBBY addressing the House on bi-metallism, or reviewing RUSSELL's management of the case for Great Britain before the Behring Sea Court of Arbitration. In my opinion the cobbler should stick to his last, and the Whip to the Lobby."

This again is jealousy, a frailty which sometimes affects the noblest minds.

*Business done.*—Committee on Home-Rule Bill varied by slight attack of swine fever breaking out amongst FELLOWS on Benches above Gangway, behind CHAPLIN. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER vigorously stamped it out.

*Thursday.*—House droned along hour after hour, further discussing Fourth Clause Home-Rule Bill. As is shown when Division Bell rings, more than 500 Members on premises or within precincts. Last place to find them is in House, listening to BARTLEY, CARSON, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, or T. W. RUSSELL. Terrace still maintains its position as centre of attraction. New rule been in force all week. Part of Terrace to left of doorway marked off for mankind. No women may cross boundary line; consequence is every daughter of Eve burning with desire to do so. Reserved territory marked by notice board such as is used when the street is "up." If you look closely, you can see where original injunction "Beware of Steam-roller," has been rubbed out; now it bears legend, "For Members Only." Pretty to see DICKY TEMPLE marching up and down within



TIME v. TIM. Midnight, Thursday, June 22.—"The Hour (midnight) and the Man!"

"Time cut him short, for, be it understood, He would have spoke much longer, if he could."

the enclosure. "Like a Royal Bengal tiger," as one envious, angry woman, audibly whispered.

"Immense relief this, Toby," said the Ex-Lieutenant-Governor



of Bengal. "Between you and me, it means all the difference between my continuing to serve my country in Parliament and retiring into private life. The way the women follow me about in this House is enough to wear one out. I really don't know what they see in me, but there's the fact. Often I try to pass them off on HOWORTH. He's always glad to be introduced, and gets on pretty well for a time. But, somehow, they work round again, and get me in tow. As long as they had the unrestricted run of the Terrace, I was at their mercy. Now if I can only run the gauntlet in the Lobby and down the staircase, I am in Sanctuary."

This all very well whilst it lasts, but signs discernible of possible *émeute*. Women's Rights Party regard new departure as fresh outrage on part of what they scornfully call "that muscular molecule, man." "Some fine afternoon," says the Member for Sark, "there will be a rush, headed by those desperadoes JACOB BRIGHT and WALTER McLAREN. The insolent no-thoroughfare barricade will be swept into the river; the policeman will be bonneted; the sacred

enclosure stormed; DICKY TEMPLE captured, and carried off in gilded cage."

*Business done.*—None.

*Friday Night.*—Having been engaged night after night, for several weeks, in discussing Irish Home-Rule Bill, it occurred to Dr. CLARK that this, being off-night, might agreeably be spent in talking about Home-Rule for Scotland. Accordingly brought forward Amendment, on going into Committee of Supply, declaring for Scotch Home-Rule. Miserable remnant of long-suffering House turned up at fresh trumpet-call. Ministerialists felt they must carry Motion; Opposition determined they shouldn't. House woke up when Division Bell rang. Over 300 Members poured in; quite exciting moment as the last men hurried back from Division Lobby. Ringing cheer, when paper handed to AKERS-DOUGLAS, hailed triumph of Anti-Home-Rulers.

*Business done.*—Motion of Scotch Home-Rule defeated by 168 votes against 150.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

*Monday, June 19.*—Good meeting of the House, with MASCAGNI in chair, conducting himself, and orchestra, admirably. Warm work waving the bâton and beating time into fits with both hands. DE

LUCIA and Madame CALVÉ take the leading parts in that idyllic but uneventful story of *L'Amico Fritz*. The Rabbi, in large hat, looks like some old-fashioned jug containing a large draught of the milk of human kindness "Du-frichely drawn." Signor DE LUCIA as good in this as in *Pagliacci*, and Madame CALVÉ, as *Suzel*, charming. Mlle. JORAN, as *Béppe*, was the *beau idéal* of the fiddling boy, playing the violin with taste and finish. But fiddle scarcely required to - night; there is so much bowing and scraping interchanged between the singers and MASCAGNI on every possible opportunity. All numbers encored, and each time the singers bow to the audience they deferentially point at MASCAGNI, who, in his turn, rises from his seat, bows still more deferentially to audience, and, with his hands and shoulders ("he all but spoke," as they say of a clever dog), intimates that really he, MASCAGNI, is after all only the composer, nothing more, and that his success as such is due to the orchestra, who, of course, bow to him, tap their violins (whence melodious sounds flow when scraped, but not when "tapped"), and in turn deprecate any reference to themselves as being instrumental in the evening's triumph. So everything went pleasantly and happily; and, whenever an act was over, and there was nothing else to be done, MASCAGNI was hauled out of his ambush at the wings, and dragged on to the stage by DE LUCIA and CALVÉ, when bouquets and baskets of flowers were presented by somebody somewhere, and Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS beamed again, for, like LESBIA, he has a beaming eye; and First-Lieutenant LATHAM smiled, as he was wont to smile, on seeing everybody, who was anybody, crowding into the "Aye, Aye" Lobby, just as he was bringing in next night's Operatic Bill for his chief's assent. Heat oppressive: audience enthusiastic.

*Tuesday.*—Yesterday evening most men at the Opera could have said or sung to coat and waistcoat, "How happy could I be with neither!" But to-night barometer has fallen, and house, though crammed to excess, and wonderfully enthusiastic, is cooler. Royalties are here. First appearance this season of Brothers DE RESZKÉ, playing together in *Roméo et Juliette*. Brother JOHN is *Roméo* to MELBA's *Juliette*, their union being blessed by Brother EDOUARD, in the character of *Frère Laurent*. Enthusiastic reception. The Brothers in excellent voice; MELBA also. MAN-

CINELLI merry, Sir DRURIOLANUS delighted. Grand Evening, and Good Night.

*Wednesday.*—*Il Vascello Fantasma*. "Don't quite know what it means," said a lady to whom the Opera was new; "but I rather think it's something about a phantom musical instrument, that is, if

there is such an instrument as the *vascello*, which may be Italian for violoncello." "My dear!" retorted her husband. "Don't you see, there's the translation of the name in the bill? It's 'The Flying Dutchman.' 'Vascello,' the Flying; 'Fantasma,' Dutchman." "Ah," observed a well-informed friend; "it used to be called 'L'Olandese Dannato,' or in English the 'D—d Dutchman.' It's the same story." The Opera was perfectly given with ALBANI as *Senta*, but though pre-eminent and of the gentle sex she ought not to be mentioned first, but should, as the name implies, come in the middle, sandwiched between



De Lucia Fritz and Suzel Calvé "personally conducted" by Mascagni.

*Dalando* and *L'Olandese*, and then, of course, she would be the "Senta of attraction," as Mr. WAGSTAFF observes whenever this Opera is produced. EDWARD DE RESZKÉ is the *Dalando*, and MONS. LASSALLE is the Dutchman. Fine performance all round.

## SQUELCHED!

MILLEVOYE malign, and DÉROULÈDE the mad,  
Resign their seats, and common sense is glad!  
So other snakes, across another water,  
Resigned their lives, "to save themselves from slaughter."  
O, *si sic omnes*! Spite and spluttering noise,  
Are worthy Vixen Girls and Angry Boys.  
When rampant among men, hate's arts abusive,  
Like vipers amidst flowers, are pests intrusive,  
And should without delay be made to feel  
The indignant "scrunch" of manhood's heavy heel.

POLITICS AND MUSIC IN GERMANY.—If the German Government are to be beaten in the Reichstag, such a victory can only be achieved by a very successful "RIGHTER Concert," with perfect performances in harmony and unison.

DANGEROUS.—In the summer there is no more dangerous place for harmless pedestrians than the Eton Playing Fields. Balls are flying about in all directions by day, and Bats by night.

"A JOINT OFFENCE."—An example of this would be when your cook sends up a leg of mutton very much underdone.



### THE SCIENCE OF THERE AND BACK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that there has recently been a correspondence in the papers about "outwitting the Post Office."

I fancy all you have to do if you want to register a letter is not to pay for it. Send it without a stamp and the G.P.O. will follow it up until someone defrays the cost of transport at the other end. This has suggested to me the best means of obtaining an interview with anyone you wish to see. Say that your name is BROWN, and you live at Camberwell. Your first visit is to General HAY. You wish to see him on some subject or other. You call at his private residence, and send up your name, and add that you are from "the War Office, Pall Mall." You are admitted at once. Say you wish to see Admiral BEE. All you have to do in his case is to say boldly that you have come from the Admiralty. If you know him to be disinclined to see visitors, add that you are the First Lord. If you want to see a clergyman, give the name of his bishop; an eminent barrister, the equally eminent name of a celebrated solicitor. Desirous of meeting an author, send in the card of a publisher; and if you want to get a few minutes private chat with a doctor you might do worse than introduce yourself as the representative of a firm of eminent undertakers. But these are the ways to enter. Your exit will even be speedier.

Yours ever,  
KICKED-OUT.



FESTINA LENTE.

"I'M AFRAID I SHALL LOSE MY TRAIN. DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD GO A LITTLE FASTER, CONDUCTOR?"

"NO, MUM! REMEMBER YOU AIN'T ON A FIRE-ENGINE TO-DAY!"

### Gilbert White,

Author of the Immortal "Natural History of Selborne."

DIED JUNE 26, 1793.

CENTENARIES come and go,  
Times for talk, and scenes of show,—  
Heroes, conquerors, poets, sages,—  
But thy book's perennial pages,  
Gentle GILBERT, shall outlast  
Many a Fame whose brazen blast  
Tortures ears that would far rather  
Close to their thrasonic blather,  
And in SELBORNE'S grassy hollows,  
List the twitter of thy swallows!  
Chronicler, afar from strife,  
Of the quiet country life,  
Naturalist as sage as simple,  
While leaves whisper, and brooks dimple,  
While bird-song and blossom-story  
Still bewitch, thy gentle glory  
Shall be the peculiar pleasure  
Of all lovers of wiseleisure.  
Time's moss-growths hide not thy name  
On the tablets of true fame.

QUESTION FOR LEGAL EXAMINATION PAPER.—Would not a Lady, *femme sole* or not, be justified in refusing to obey a "*Man-damus*?" Is a *Woman-damus* ever issued? and when?

CURE FOR SMOKE.—Baron PROFUMO, the intending Liberal Candidate for Peckham, withdrew from the contest last week. So the candidature of PROFUMO ends *In fumo*.

### IN THE DOLDRUMS.

(An Old Sailor's "Chanty" with a New Application.)

"DOLDRUMS. A part of the ocean near the equator, abounding in calms, squalls, and light, baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks."—*Webster's Dictionary.*

AIR—"Good-bye, fare ye well!"

Solo. It's of a stout barkie, a vessel of fame,

Chorus. A good try, pull ye well! A good try, pull ye well!

Solo. She's a bonny stout barkie—the *Home Rule*'s her name.

Chorus. Hurrah my boys! We're bound to go!

Solo.

2. She sails to the westward, where stormy winds blow,  
Bound away in the *Home Rule*, to the westward we'll go.

3. Oh when we were hauling right out of the dock,  
How the curious spectators on the pier-head did flock!

4. They gave three loud cheers when with yea-ho-heave-ho!  
Bound away in the *Home Rule* to the westward we'd go.

5. But now we are lying in the Doldrums far east,  
And of visible progress we scarce make the least.

6. For the sky is like fire, and the ocean like oil,  
And light baffling breezes mock the mariners' toil.

7. The sea-sarpint, Obstruction, gives a hitch with his tail,  
And we don't shift a spar, and we can't fill a sail.

8. Our gallant Grand Old Skipper looks cheery enough;  
But this lobskally drifting is all bloomin' stuff!

9. With the winds all a-drowse, and the hot waves a-wobble;  
We shall get, if things change not, in a doose of a hobble.

10. Why the fish of the ocean, as they swim to and fro,  
Wink at us with hoptics like a staring round O.
11. As though saying, "If you don't go a-head and near shore,  
*Home Rule* will be behind, as it's oft been before!"
12. Ah! it's all mighty fine for our magnanimous Old Skipper  
To take things as easy as in dressing-gown and slipper!
13. When instead of full canvas and a fair wind brisk blowing,  
We've to lower the dinghey and betake us to towing!
14. We're supposed to be steering for the wild Irish shore,  
But our passengers are all sick—and our new mates all sore!
15. Here's a health to the Captain, and all his brave crew,  
Here's a health to the *Home Rule* and the passengers too!
16. But if still in our Captain we're expected to believe,  
*He had better play that card (if he's got one) up his sleeve!*

COLOURABLE TERMS.—Black and White are not "colours." It is, then, quite erroneous to speak of a Nigger as a "Coloured man." Evidently he is no more coloured than a white man—less so, indeed.

FROM OUR INCOMPLETE RECITER.—Sir, can you tell me where I can find the couplet complete to which this line and a half belongs?

"All the art I know  
To keep men happy, is to make them sew."

"VERY UNGALLANT," QUOTH MRS. R.—"The other afternoon a well-known cricketer, whose name," said Mrs. R., indignantly, "ought to be made public, actually, as I am informed, *bowed* a maiden over, and never picked her up or apologised!"



## “IN THE DOLDRUMS.”

WILL H-RO-RE (*sings*). “AND NOW WE’RE ALL SAILING FOR THE WILD IRISH SHORE,  
OUR PASSENGERS ALL SICK, AND OUR MESSENGERS ALL SORE.”

“THE DOLDRUMS. A part of the ocean near the Equator abounding in calms, squalls, and light baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks.”—*Webster’s Dictionary*.



## ENGLAND'S LAMENT

For the loss of the Iron-clad Flag-ship "Victoria," rammed accidentally by her consort H.M.S. "Camperdown," and sunk off Tripoli, with the loss of Admiral Tryon and some 400 of her Crew, June 22, 1893.

"TOLL for the brave!" Ah! not since  
COWPER sang  
"The Royal George," when round the land  
there rang  
One universal plaint,  
Has sorrow stricken thus our sea-girt isle,  
With news that chills the glow of woman's  
smile,  
And makes the man's heart faint!

As though a sudden storm from Heaven's  
clear blue  
Should shock the earth unheralded, and  
The shore with hideous wreck,  
So England's great and grievous loss assails  
Our unforeboding souls, the brave cheek pales,  
And bows the proudest neck.

Lost, lost! Four hundred glad and gallant  
lives,  
At one chance stroke! Vainly the spirit  
strives  
To stand against the shock.  
Not summoned swift to fall in battle brave,  
Not, storm-confounded, whelmed beneath  
the wave,  
Or dashed upon the rock.

But dragged, from Admiral to Gunner, down  
To death in peaceful waters, doomed to  
drown  
Unwarned and unaware.  
Oh, gallant TRYON! oh, great-hearted host!  
England's lament for English souls so lost  
Saddens the summer air!

TRYON, like KEMPENFELDT, sank near the  
shore,  
And that brave crew the fated vessel bore,  
Stricken by friends, went down.  
They led no charge, they rushed upon no  
foe;  
But England mourns the loss, and she will  
know  
How to award the crown.

Toll for the brave! And let a reverent sigh  
Of silent, but most heart-felt sympathy  
Rise from each British breast  
For those whose kindred and whose comrades  
true  
Beneath the inland ocean's waters blue  
Sleep honoured and at rest!

## AD EXAMINATOREM.

(By an Enraged Undergraduate.)

Look here, I have stood a good deal  
From other tormentors and you,  
But now I decidedly feel  
That a vigorous protest is due;  
Such feats as your latest success  
Are not to be tamely endured,  
And if ever we meet in the college or street  
I'll hope, for your sake, you're insured!

You've ploughed me again and again  
In papers of intricate kind,  
A fact, to be perfectly plain,  
Which did not much trouble my mind,  
For, having impressed them at home  
With the standard examiners ask,  
I had led them to see that to gain a degree  
Is an almost impossible task.

But you, and the rest of your kind,  
Conferred in the Senate, and then  
A vile resolution designed  
That women be placed with the men!  
And what is the consequence, please,  
Which thus you've absurdly allowed?  
My sister, alas! has obtained a first class,  
While I, Sir, am utterly ploughed!

That sister whom, up to this day,  
I always despised as a "crook!"  
O what will my relatives say,  
And how my acquaintance will mock!  
Meanwhile, Sir, I send you a hint  
That I owe you a certain amount,  
And I eagerly wait for a suitable date  
To settle our little account!

## PLEADERS AT PLAY.

SCENE—Hall of one of the Inns of Court, during the progress of a Barristers' Strike, organised after the recent Spanish model. "Strike Committee," consisting of Benchers, Queen's Counsel, and representatives of Junior Bar, in consultation.

Mr. Feetail, Q.C. How much does our Strike Fund amount to at present?

Mr. Bluebag (Organising Secretary). Only £500, I fear. The public are not subscribing at all readily, in spite of the fact that collecting-boxes are placed outside the Bankruptcy Court, the Central Criminal Court, and other likely spots, and that the wives of several struggling young Barristers are stationed at various street-corners in the more fashionable suburbs soliciting help.

Mr. Feetail, Q.C. (gloomily). Then we shall only be able to pay seven and sixpence on Saturday night to the strikers. Is there any confirmation of the report that the



IN THE "RESTORED ANTIQUITIES"  
DEPARTMENT OF THE IMPERIAL  
INSTITUTE. A.D. 2500.

LORD CHANCELLOR is importing American Counsel as blacklegs?

Mr. Bluebag. It's quite true. A wagonette containing twenty of them has within the last hour been driven up to the entrance of the Law Courts. (Groans.) I am glad, however, to say that the very strong picket stationed there, consisting of University athletes taken from the ranks of the newly-called, have proved quite equal to dealing with them. (Cheers, and cries of "Down with Free Labour!") Yes, those of them that are not removed to the hospitals are on their way back to America by first steamer.

[Laughter and cheers.]  
Mr. Feetail, Q.C. (with more cheerfulness). Well, that's satisfactory, anyhow. I should have thought that the total failure of the LORD CHANCELLOR's attempt to bring a boat-load of Indian "vakeels" to plead in our Courts would have been a lesson to him. And

how is the system of litigants conducting their own cases succeeding?

Mr. Bluebag. I am pleased to say, as badly as might have been expected. A case that ought to last three days now takes thirty. Plaintiff and Defendant occupy the benches set apart for Queen's Counsel (loud cries of "Shame!"), and are separated by a strong iron partition, which has recently been erected. The accumulation of arrears is frightful. Several Judges who are known to be privately favourable to us don't begin hearing cases till twelve, and rise punctually at three. [Sympathetic cheering.]

Mr. Feetail, Q.C. (rising). That's all right. Nothing else to settle, is there? Oh, I may as well mention that Mr. Alderman TILLET will address the strikers at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, in the Inner Temple Gardens, on "How to treat legal Blacklegs," and it has been unanimously decided to elect him and Messrs. JOHN BURNS, TOM MANN, and KEBB-HARDIE, as Benchers of the Honourable Society on condition that they will get a weekly levy in aid of our Strike Fund, from their trades.

[Cheers, and the Committee disperses.]

## ALL IN (FRENCH) PLAY.

SCENE—Drury Lane Theatre. French play just over. Audience enthusiastic.

First Enthusiast. Are they not wonderful? Second Enth. I should think so! Splendid! So different to our people!

First Enth. And they are very proud of their native authors, you know—they consider MOLIÈRE and RACINE the peers of SHAKESPEARE.

Second Enth. Ah, I daresay. By the way, do you know what MOLIÈRE and RACINE and all that lot wrote?

First Enth. Oh, a heap of things. I forget exactly what. Let me see, wasn't *Taming the Shrew* theirs?

Second Enth. Yes—(hesitatingly)—at least I think so, and (vaguely) SHAKESPEARE did a version of it afterwards.

First Enth. Ah, very likely. They were awfully good to-night.

Second Enth. Oh, capital. But I lost my programme, and it's always difficult to follow French just at first. Can you lend me your playbill?

First Enth. Very sorry, lost mine too. What was it all about?

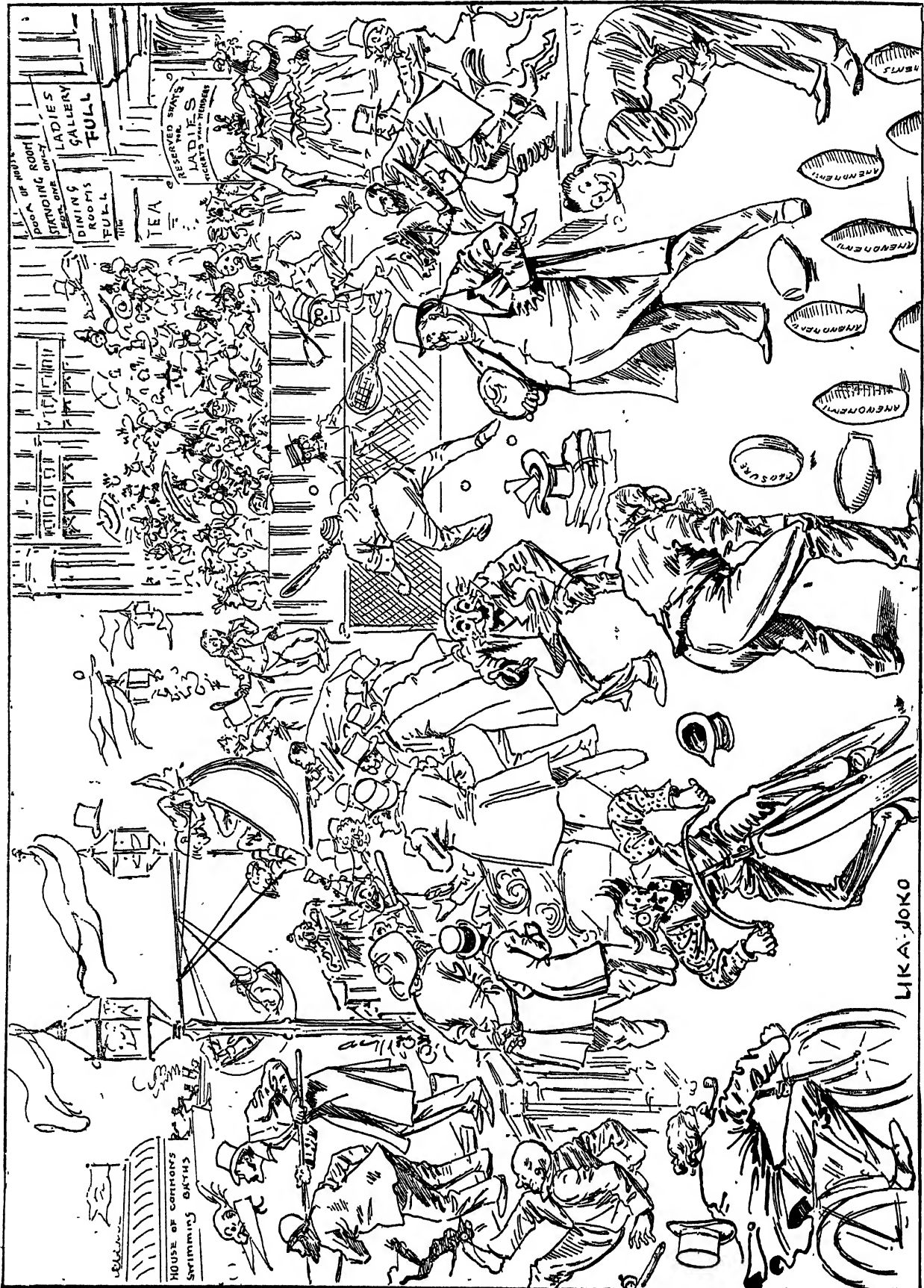
Second Enth. Well (frankly) I haven't the faintest idea.

First Enth. More have I. But the whole thing is splendid!

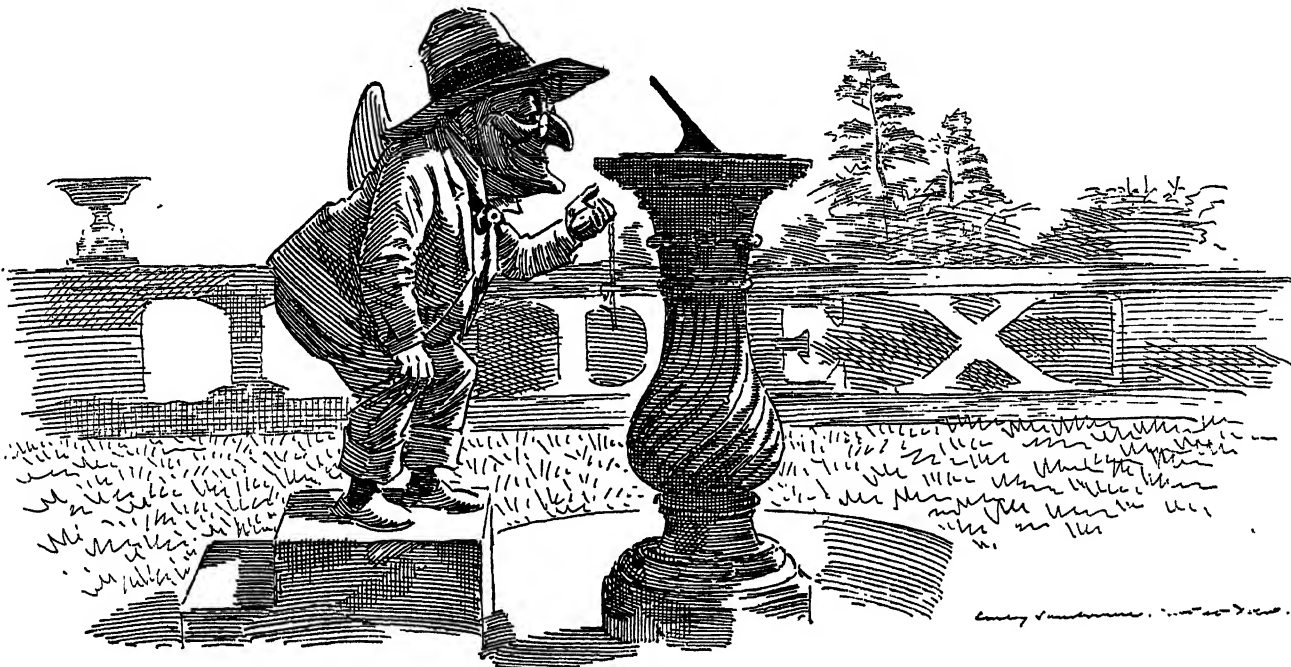
Second Enth. First rate!

Exeunt severally.





THE TERRACE, WESTMINSTER, FOR THE RECREATION OF "MEMBERS ONLY."



- ACTON EST, 157  
 Ad Examinatorem, 309  
 Admiral's Doom (The), 285  
 Advertisement's Adversaries, 161  
 Advice to a Young Party Scribe, 169  
 After the Banquets are over, 284  
 After the Volunteer Review, 157  
 "Again we come to thee, Savoy!" 42  
 "All a-blowing!" 183, 216  
 All in (French) Play, 309  
 All Round the "May" Week at Cambridge, 292  
 "All's Well that Ends Well," 45  
 Among the Savoyards, 257  
 "Angling," 270  
 Aniline, 237  
 Anti-Epidemic Treatment, 228  
 Anti-? (The), 66  
 "Apparent Failure," 1  
 Appeal for Inspiration (An), 241  
 Appreciation of Gold (The), 69  
 Ars Longissima, 265  
 "Art, how she is Learned," 154  
 Assault (The), 126  
 At an Afternoon Entertainment, 160  
 At Ancient Drury, 4  
 At the Confectioner's, 148  
 At the New Gallery, 244  
 At the Westminster "Tournament," 270  
 "At the Window," 89  
 Author (The), 159  
 Back to School, 162  
 Ballade of an Oxonian, 261  
 Ballad of Wealthy Wooing (A), 97  
 B. and S. Drama at the Adelphi, 149  
 "Bang went Saxpence!" 1  
 Bank Note (A), 65  
 Basqueing in a New Language, 17  
 Beastly Superiority, 78  
 Becket, not a Becket (The), 81  
 Before the Private View, 197  
 Between the Rounds, 114  
 Big Lion among the Little 'Uns (A), 90  
 Biography à la Mode, 277  
 Bow-wow (The), 292  
 Brighton Boors, 125  
 Bubble Shop (The), 145  
 Building the Snow Man 18  
 Buridan's Ass, 74  
 Business Letter (A), 241  
 Butters Buttered, 13  
 By George! 198  
 CANDID Friend (A), 73  
 Charley's Old 'Aunt at the Royalty, 40  
 Cheap at any Price, 183  
 Cit to Sir John (A), 264  
 Civil Note for the Military (A), 245  
 Clerical Outcomes, 185  
 Coleridge adapted to a Current Controversy 298  
 Coming Car (The), 277  
 Coming Coal-Scuttle (The), 117  
 Coming of the Bogys (The), 27  
 Complaint (A), 264  
 Complaint and Simple Remedy (A), 129  
 Conversational Hints to Young Shooters, 22, 25, 37, 69  
 Court Out! 201  
 Cracked! 273  
 Credit without Cash, 195  
 Crinoline, 21  
 Cry of the Cue-ist (The), 157  
 Curiously Appropriate Conjunction of Names, 1  
 "Cut and Come Again," 12  
 Dark Saying (A), 27  
 Dearth of Dancing-men, 57  
 Dearth of Geniuses (The), 2' 6  
 Delicate Question (A), 150  
 Delicate Request (A), 72  
 Dentist's Chair (The), 257  
 Deprecation of Gold, 41  
 Derby Dreams up to Date, 261  
 Derby "Sweep;" or, The Gipsy's Warning (The), 258  
 Der Cophetualschehochzeitverein, 93  
 Descent into the Maelstrom (The), 83  
 Designs for Mi-Carême, 87  
 Diary of a "H. D.," 233  
 Dirge of the Diner-Out (The), 257  
 Discovered in Drury Lane, 72  
 Doleful Prospect (A), 93  
 Double Ballade of Proper Names, 178  
 "Down among the Dead Men," 104  
 Dramatic without being Stagey, 65  
 Drury Lane Opera Record, 201  
 Dwarfs, 29  
 EARLY and Late, 181  
 Easter Regulations for Volunteers, 153  
 "Ecclesiastical Intelligence," 197  
 Elevating the Masses, 184  
 Eligible Parti (An), 113  
 Emphasis Gratiâ, 66  
 Employment for the Unemployed, 61  
 "Encore, Aladdin!" 17  
 End of the Drought (The), 243  
 England's Lament, 309  
 English as she is Spoke, 217  
 English-French Embassadors at the Manshoun House (The), 125  
 En Philosophie, 238  
 Essence of Parliament, 58 70, 82, 94, 106, 118, 130, 142, 154, 166, 178, 190, 202, 208, 220, 238, 250, 274, 286, 298, 304  
 "Eternal Feminine" (The), 60  
 Ethnographical Alphabet, 30  
 Evident, 73  
 "FACTS and Figures," 53  
 Fair Play at the World's Fair, 266  
 Falbulous! 201  
 Far too Previous, 187  
 Figaro in Egypt, 273  
 Finality, 87  
 First Bal Masqué of the Season (The), 53  
 Fisherman and the Genius (The), 54  
 Flowers of Fashion, 213  
 For a Byronic Exam., 42  
 Fox and the Guinea Pigs (The), 171  
 French "Serpentine Dance" (The), 6  
 From a Modern English Exam. Paper, 25  
 F. R. S. s Vade Mecum (The), 274  
 Full Measure of Justice (A), 113  
 Further Fall in Irish Stocks, 101  
 Future hoped by Hawkins (The), 207  
 Fytte of the Blues (A), 129  
 GEE Ho, Goschen! 153  
 Genuine Building Society (A), 111  
 Genuine Philanthropist (A), 147  
 Gilbert White, 306  
 Gladstone's Aside on the Irish Members, 90  
 "Going," but not "Gone," 265  
 "Going Strong," 41  
 Good Sir John, 292  
 "HAPPINESS in Folkestone," 111  
 Hare-ing his Diplomacy, 100  
 Haymarket Hypatia (The), 28  
 Heathen Chinese in the House (The), 183  
 Her "Day of Rest," 158  
 Her First Appearance, 80  
 Her Way of Putting it, 43  
 Hibernia Victrix, 256  
 His Little Game at the Comedy, 60  
 Hitherto Unreported, 111  
 Holiday Tasks for the Recess, 150  
 Home, Cheap Home! 123  
 "Home, Sweet Home!" 87  
 Horace in London, 264  
 House that Bill (Sykes) Burgled (The), 89  
 How it strikes "The Contemporary," 183  
 How it would Look in English, 188  
 How not to Do it, 177  
 How's that for—High-Tea? 233  
 ICHABOD! 73  
 Idyll of the Crowd (An), 9  
 In a Pickwickian Sense, 61  
 In a Tight Place, 282  
 Inaudible Proceedings at the Hotel Victoria, 245  
 Inderwickedness, 97  
 Infant's Guide to Knowledge (The), 16, 72  
 In Memoriam—"The Devil's Own," 217  
 In Sheffield Park, 281  
 In the Doldrums, 306  
 In the Key of Ruthene, 210  
 Is Science Played Out? 51  
 Just for the Fun of the Thing, 293  
 Lady Visitor (The), 267  
 Lament of the (would-be) Irish Emigrant, 49  
 Lapsus Linguae, 27  
 Last Light (The), 61  
 Last Straw (A), 101  
 Last Woman (The), 61  
 Latest from the "Gilbert Islands," 6  
 Latest Paradox (The), 30  
 Latest Trade Outrage (The), 30  
 Lay of the (Music-Hall) Laureate (The), 33  
 Legal Infant's Guide to Knowledge (The), 84  
 Legal Query answered Satisfactorily, 150  
 Les Enfants de Molière à Londres, 297  
 Letters to Abstractions, 173  
 Liberator Lay (A), 145  
 Liberty Loquitur, 198  
 Lien on the Lea (A), 196  
 Lines on a Life-Belt, 97  
 Lines on the Author of the Labour Bureau, 66  
 Lion and Lamb, 159  
 Liquid Air, 123  
 Litigant's Vade Mecum (The), 225, 250  
 Lovely Cheese; or, A Welsh Rare-bit, 93  
 Lured from Lunch, 264  
 Lusus Nature, 73  
 Man from Blankley's (The), 34, 46, 52, 64, 76, 88, 99  
 Manners, 246  
 Mantle of Many Sins (The), 281  
 Man who Would (The), 16  
 Margarita, 58  
 Mary-Anner on the Coming Mode, 75  
 May 10, 1893, 222  
 Melancholia, 194  
 Mem. on the Behring-Sea Business, 221  
 Merry Jest (A), 78  
 Metropolitan Mayor's Nest (A), 63  
 Minstrel Boy (The), 246  
 Mischief! 42  
 Mister Jacky's Vade Mecum, 165  
 Mixed Notions, 10, 49, 85, 109, 121, 141, 197, 217, 253  
 Moan of Merry Christmas (A), 5  
 Moan of the Two (Exchequer) Misers (The), 182  
 Modern Martyr; or, The Real "Flowing Tide" (The), 254  
 Mon Cocher, 285  
 Money-Boxing Kangaroo (The), 242  
 Montagu Williams, 9  
 More Power to Miss Cobbe, 231  
 Mr. Gladstone's Change of Name, 218  
 Mr. Punch's Child's Guide to Knowledge, 105  
 Mr. Punch to the Betrothed Pair, 219  
 "Much Ado about Nil," 201  
 Muse v. Mechanic, 219  
 My Doctor, 181  
 My Landscape, 9  
 NALLER! 93  
 Nana would not give me a Bow-wow! 230  
 New "Arnold's Exercise" (A), 181  
 New Bards and Old, 239  
 New Coinage (The), 93  
 Newest Humour (The), 60  
 Newest Tale of a Tub, 228  
 New (Norwegian) Nonsense Song, 105  
 New Turn (A), 45  
 Next Egyptian Lesson (The), 41  
 Noble Self-Sacrifice, 166  
 No Doubt as to the Answer, 105  
 (Not) Hand in Glove, 276  
 Novel, but not New, 4  
 Nursery Rhyme for the Neo-Crinolinists, 78  
 Nuts for Knutsford, 117  
 Odds Bobbili, 241  
 Old Frenchman and the Young (The), 96  
 On a New Year's Card, 6  
 On an Old Quartette, 15

One for the Other Side, 117  
On the Income-Tax, 228  
On Three Poets, 21  
Opening of the Imperial Institute, 229  
Opera and Disestablishment, 106  
Opera Dramatists, 177  
Operatic Notes, 249, 261, 269, 285, 289, 305  
Orleans Plum (A), 106  
"O Sine Sine" (A), 249  
Our Booking-Office, 24, 29, 45, 53, 72, 77, 105, 111, 128, 129, 137, 161, 172, 181, 193, 229, 262, 279, 298  
Our Own Ambassador, 234  
Out of Work, 51  
Overheard at the Oval, 301  
Pair of Spectacles (A), 221  
Painful, 209  
Pathetic Lament (A), 205  
Patriotism at the Law Courts, 60  
"Per damna, per cades," Perambulator, 183  
Phantasma-gore-ia! 73  
Pick of the Pictures, 227  
Pick of the R.A. Pictures (The), 214, 226  
Pilgrim's Progress (A), 174  
Pill-doctor Herald, 112, 124, 136  
Plaint from Parnassus (A), 61  
Pleasers at Play, 309  
Plea of the Party Man (The), 187  
"Plucky" Answer (A), 93  
Polite Speaker (The), 90  
Political Meetings, 169  
Politics and Politeness, 225  
Politics and Trade, 187  
Politics in Play, 75  
Poor Man and his Beer (The), 171  
Popular Songs Re-sung, 117  
Possible Bungler (A), 117  
Private View (The), 195  
Problem, 12  
Prodigious! 277  
Prof. Whitewash's Guide to History, 125  
Puff, Puff! 301  
Punch to Mr. Berrett, 281  
Put a Stop to it! 93  
Putting it Pleasantly, 103  
"Putting Off" (A), 138  
Q. E. D., 221  
Queer Queries, 53, 72, 121, 157, 180, 282  
Questions and Answers for a Criminal College, 172  
Quite a Chic Cargo! 154  
Quite Another Thing, 107  
Quite the First Mrs. Tanqueray, 273  
Races in Paris, 291  
Radical Riddle (A), 137  
"Railway Rates," 48, 65  
Railway Servants' Vade Mecum, 38, 48  
Real "Diplomacy," 96  
Recently-Elected R.A.'s (The), 233  
Reflection by a Reader of "Reminiscences," 15  
Rhyme by a Rad, 65  
Rhymes for Readers of Reminiscences, 73  
Rhymes on the Decay of Romance, 219  
Robert at the Boat-Race, 149  
Robert on the Great Question of the Day, 3  
Robert on the Weather, 301  
Robert with the Children at Gildhall, 29  
Robin Poor Fellow! 24  
Round the Royal Academy, 268  
Royal Rewards to Good Players, 159  
Said, but True, 96  
Safe Predictions for the Year, 12  
Science of There and Back (The), 306  
School for Patriotism (The), 13  
Scottish Trevelander (The), 210  
Shakespeare on Ulster, 245  
Shakespearean Juniors, 114  
Shooting the "Chutes," 286  
"Sic Itur" 9  
Sic Itur ad—Astor! 287  
"Silver Shell" (The), 180  
Simple Stories, 40  
Sketch after the Italian (A), 265  
Small by Degrees, 183  
"Some Day" (A), 51  
"Some Talk of Alexander," 5  
Something for Nothing, 287  
Song of the Shirt (The), 2  
Songs of Society, 165  
Sovereign Maxim (A), 231  
Sporting Answers, 157, 177, 185, 196  
Star of Hope (The), 62  
"Stiff Job" (A), 66  
Stray Thoughts on Play-writing, 193  
Suggestion for Pantomime (A), 36  
Suggestions for Ride Park, 89  
"Supposititious," 107  
Suspiria, 241  
Swinburne (A), 221  
TAKEN in, but not Done for, 202  
Tartarin à Londres, 262  
Telephonic Love-Song (The), 153  
Thank You! 225  
That Cassowary's Complaint, 270  
"That's Swear it is!" 223  
Thin Brown Line (The), 14  
Those Silent Boots, 153  
Three (The) 53

Thrilling Escape from the Bastille, 280  
"Ticket-of-Leave Man" at Cambridge, 57  
Time-work versus Piece-work, 84  
Tim O'Howlign's Lament, 129  
Tip to Teetotallers (A), 185  
To a Fashion-Plate Belle (A), 291  
"To be Continued," 17  
To Blackham's Boys, 205  
To Chlorinda, 21  
To Molly—an April Fool, 153  
To Mr. John Davitt, 183  
To my Umbrella, 223  
Tone and Tint, 182  
Too Bad to be True, 196  
To Seraphine, 98  
To the Royal Geographical Society, 269  
To Zante, 209  
Transformation Scene, 29  
Treats for Tommy, 87  
"Twas Merry in (St. James's) Hall," 290  
Tweedledum and Tweedledee, 154  
"Two Gentlemen of Verona" at Oxford (The), 77  
UNCLE Toby and Widow Wadman, 186  
Universal Vent (The), 173  
Upon Terms, 141  
VALENTINE VERSES, 78  
Very Civil Law, 10  
Very Complete Angleress (The), 303  
"Very Latest" (The), 21  
Very Natural, 135  
Village Beauty and the Rival Swains, 147  
Vino Italiano con Temperanza, 132  
"Vox Pop," 285  
WAGES, 102  
"Wait for the End," 72  
Waiting for the Processions, 232  
What Might have been, 302  
Whittington Record Beaten (The), 93  
Wild Ideas, 221  
Will Waterproof's Monologue, 142  
With "The Old Masters," 78  
"Witler" and the "Wasser-Maiden," 122  
Witler's Vision of Wengance (The), 134  
Women's Wrongs in Japan, 117  
"Words! Words! Words!" 73  
Work of—some Importance (A), 213  
Wyldes Vade Mecum (A), 246  
You Fall, Eiffel! 73

## LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"AFTER the Banquets are over—" 295  
Assault (The), 127  
Back to School; or, Dr. Gladstone and his Young Friends, 163  
Behind the Scenes, 151  
Between the Rounds, 115  
Derby "Sweep;" or, The Gipsy's Warning (The), 259  
Fisherman and the Genius (The), 55  
French "Serpentine Dance;" or, Pas de Panama (The), 7  
"In a Tight Place!" 283  
"In the Doldrums," 307  
Lullaby (A), 91  
May 10, 1893, 223  
"Minstrel Boy" (The), 247  
Mischiefs, 43  
Old Woman and her Pig (The), 79  
Our Own Ambassador, 235  
Parliamentary "Tournament" (The), 271  
Pilgrim's Progress (A), 175

"Point to Point Race" (The), 211  
Putting it Pleasantly! 103  
"Putting Off," 189  
Shocking Trade Outrage! 81  
Snow Man (The), 19  
"Stiff Job" (A), 67  
Taking a "Breather," 199  
Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman, 187

## SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

AMFABLE Stranger and Our Artist, 193  
Agricultural Ass (The), 74  
American Family visiting Oxbridge, 114  
American's Introduction to Tragedian, 27  
Antony Bull and Cleopatra Egypt, 218  
Applying for the Children Hundreds, 119  
Artful Nephew's Reason for Smoking, 22  
Artist and his Old Friend, 237  
Bacchus on a Bicycle, 159  
Back Seat on a Friend's Dog-cart, 251  
Bedroom full of Dreams (A), 6  
Bewildered Usher (The), 143  
Bismarck and the Boys, 302  
Bobby and Mamma's Evening Dress, 66  
Borrowing a Club Friend's Name, 256  
Boxing Kangaroo Knocked Out, 242  
British Tourist's Plate of Quail, 228  
Brothers Beloved by Women, 293  
Brother's Scrapes with Women (A), 149  
Butcher's Matrimonial Investment, 133  
Butler's Hollow Tooth (The), 196  
Cabman and Lady Fare's Sixpence, 142  
Cab Tout and Policeman, 3  
Chairman of Committee's Dream, 251  
Cheap Law in the City, 17, 29  
Chicago Belle and English Baronet, 282  
Chicago was once her Native Place, 109  
Chucked-Out Burglar (The), 49  
Cockney Art-Teacher and Pupil, 202  
Convalescent and the Rude Boy, 123  
Crinolines Boney (The), 26  
Curate and Little Fox-hunter, 118  
Daughters of a Defeated Candidate, 97  
Detective Sold on the Underground, 12  
Doctor and the Horse-dealer, 121  
Easter at the Zoo, 167  
Economic Lady and her Cook, 216  
Electric Star of Hope (The), 62  
Elderly Spinster and Baronet's Choice, 207  
Emperor Crying for his Bow-wow, 280  
Foreign Goose-Owner's Crackers, 265  
Fox and Guinea-Pig Directors, 170  
Furrier who doesn't keep Catskin, 63  
Gargery Chamberlain and Balfour Pip, 132  
Geoffrey's Little Brother, 294  
German Governess's Dirty Hands, 51  
Gladstone Terror catching Votes, 155  
"Governess" (The), 61  
Grand Old Marionette (The), 88  
Grand Old Printer (The), 11  
Grandolph and Sarum Rehearsing, 110  
Grandolph the Wanderer Returned, 86  
Guest and Irish Waiter, 297  
Hairdresser and Bald Customer, 221  
Hawkins and Justice, 206  
Horse-Dealer and Duke's Stud-Groom, 279  
Hostess bidding Major Good-night, 222  
Housemaid on Footman's Reserve, 123  
Housemaid's Day at Home (The), 233  
How Jones became a Wagnerite, 180  
Hunter having a Season in Town, 267  
Irish Carman and Swell Furrier, 90

Irish Doctor Chaffs a Patient, 209  
Irish Emigrant's Trunk (An), 82  
Irish Gentleman tired of Waiting, 130  
Irishman's New Chimney (An), 171  
Jack defines the Equator, 147  
Japanese Irving (The), 289  
Kathleen's Empty Liqueur-Glasses, 58  
Khedive's Box of Soldiers (The), 50  
Lady Godiva's Equivocal Reply, 303  
Lady Palmist's Artful Flattery, 150  
Lady's Reason for Cutting Countess, 174  
Leaderette-Writer and Friend, 301  
Light Huntswoman Leading, 1  
Little Boy's Inquiry of Mamma, 30  
Little Mike and his Aunt, 15  
Little Simpkins and Departed Great, 210  
Looking at Wedding Presents, 284  
Maelstrom of Corruption (The), 38  
Making Dumb Animals Comfortable, 162  
Mamma's Example of Economy, 157  
Martyr Ratepayer (The), 254  
Melancholia, 194  
Military Tournament (The), 275  
Misses Roundabouts' Crinolines, 102  
Miss Matilda and her Short Admirer, 106  
Mounted Volunteer Officer in River, 169  
M.P.'s Fighting for Seats, 94  
M.P.'s Smashed Hat (The), 85  
Mr. G.'s Room in the Commons, 95  
Mr. Phunkie and the New Rails, 57  
Mr. Punch Salutes the Head of the House of Molière, 280  
Mr. Punch's Skating Party, 23  
Mrs. Columbia-Squeers and her Boys, 266  
Mrs. Sharply and the Village Doctor, 111  
Mrs. Smart's Reply to Thinking Swell, 246  
Mr. Witler's Vengeance on Stiggins, 134  
Muriel's Heavenly Frook, 33  
Murphy's View of Home Rule, 183  
Nervous Gent and Effy's Likeness, 126  
New Dean's Legs (The), 274  
New Gallery Pictures, 227  
Newly-Gazetted Officer and Q.C., 10  
Old Gent Falling in the Snow, 41  
Old Lady and an Old Picture, 138  
Old Lady and Bus Conductor, 306  
One Fish in the Private Water (The), 195  
Opening of the Imperial Institute, 239  
Paris Figaro and British Lion, 278  
Parliamentary Bill Market (The), 71  
Parliamentary Golf Handicap (The), 203  
Parliamentary Shooting begins, 59  
Photographed as an English Beauty, 178  
Pick of the R. A. Pictures (The), 214  
Poet Laureate of the Music Halls, 35  
Political Fancy Ball at Covent Garden, 107  
"Political Sandow" (The), 179  
Political Water-Show (The), 203  
Poodle Cloak (The), 39  
Practical Use of a Clairvoyante, 277  
Professor's Good-night to his Hostess, 258  
Publican Knight and Local Option Mermaid, 122  
Punch Skating, 1  
Putting Conservative Heads together, 287  
Racer's Trainer and Irish Jockey, 262  
Reformers and Parliamentary Officials, 191  
Regular Knout and Knouter (A), 101  
"Restored Antiquity" at the Imperial Institute, 281  
Rich People having a Golden Wedding, 87  
Royal Academy Pictures, 226  
"Scenes in the Lobby," 131  
Settling whom they shall have to Eat, 245  
Shirt Destroyers (The), 2  
Shoeblack's Free Polish (A), 75  
Shop-Girl's Day of Rest (The), 158  
Sir Pompey and the Tea Grocer, 18  
Skating Lady and Gent have a Fall, 13  
Smithson starts on a Driving Tour, 250  
Stout Gent on Weighing-Machine, 253  
Swells Adopting Crinolines, 72  
Tea in an Officer's Quarters, 78  
Tea on the Commons' Terrace, 299  
Terrace for "Members only" (The), 810  
Tommy Atkins and Egyptian Soldier, 14  
Tommy escorts Fair Cousin to Meet, 105  
Two Exchequer Misers (The), 182  
Two Prize Animals, 283  
Ulster Ladies practising Shooting, 190  
Uncle Charles's Hard Bed, 42  
Undergraduate's Governor's Money, 219  
Undertaker and New Drainage, 154  
"Urgent Private Theatricals," 54  
Vicar and Shoemaker's Son, 45  
Vicar Four-Armed (The), 270  
Victim of the Sex (A), 166  
Village Beauty and Rival Swains, 146  
Waiter's Gentle Snub (A), 135  
Wanting a very Plain Cook, 135  
War-Office Clerk and Fusiliers, 172  
Welsh Disestablishment Cheese, 98  
Where Page-Boy saw the Show, 241  
Who took Mamma in to Dinner? 243  
Writing the Queen's Speech, 47  
Young Doctor and Matrons, 84  
Young Irishman flatters Fair Pianist, 198  
Young Lady next Door to a Fool, 291  
Young Widow's Portrait (The), 255  
Youth who has been Abroad (A), 286

